LIFE



DECEMBER 22, 1941 10 CENTS
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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Once the coffee of the few...

NOW MAXWELL HOUSE IS ENJOYED BY ALL AMERICA!



"Don't flatter me!" she laughed.

The scene shifts to the present. After-dinner coffee is being served . . .

For a moment there is a hush; then all eyes turn to the hostess in admiration. "Don't flatter me!" she laughs. "It's the new Maxwell House that deserves the credit!"

Mellow, heart-warming, vigorous . . . the new Maxwell House is indeed true to its great tradition. Today it has been made *far richer* in extra-flavor coffees from the distant, upland plantations of Central and South America.

These choice coffees have always been limited in availability. Fortunately we are able to secure a sufficient supply. Each adds its special quality of flavor . . . body . . . aroma.

Ask your grocer for the new Maxwell House today. See why this famous coffee—once available to only a few—is now the world's largest-selling vacuum-packed coffee.

1-2-3 CORRECT GRINDS—Drip, Regular, or Glass-Maker. Roasted *evenly* by the special "Radiant Roast" process. Packed in super-vacuum Vita-Fresh tins. The air's taken *out* . . . the flavor's sealed *in*.



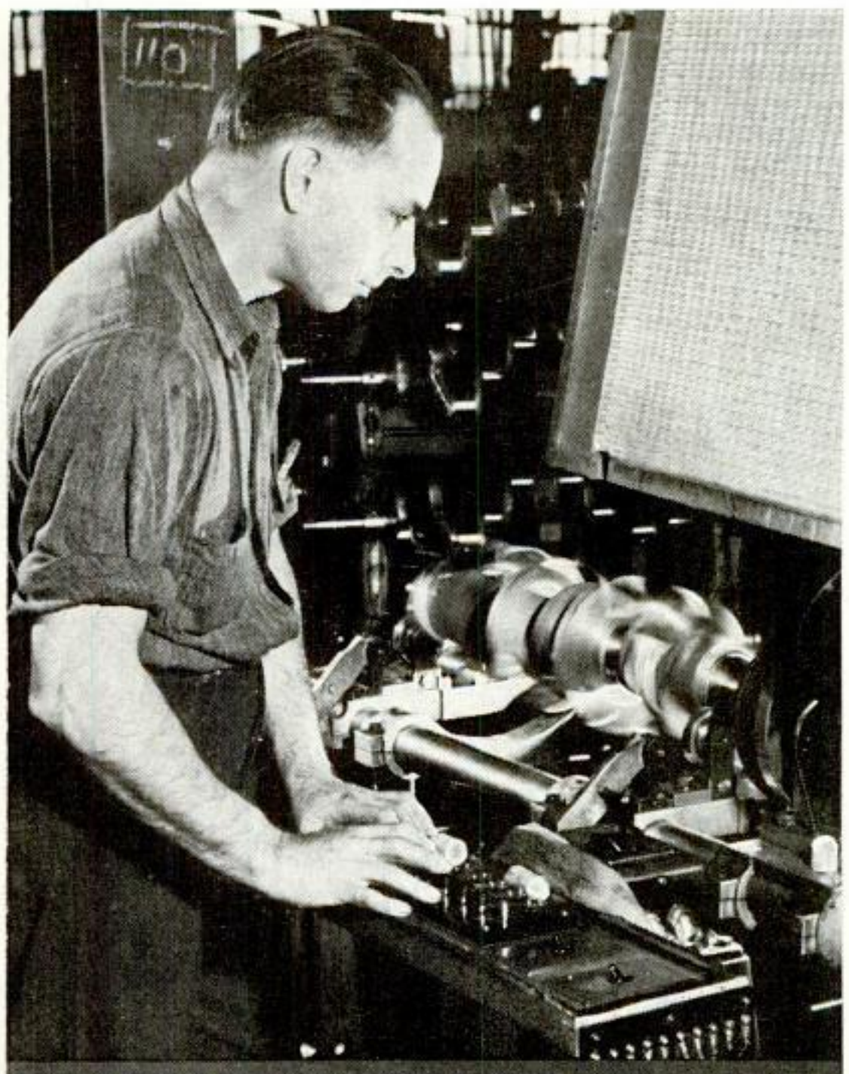
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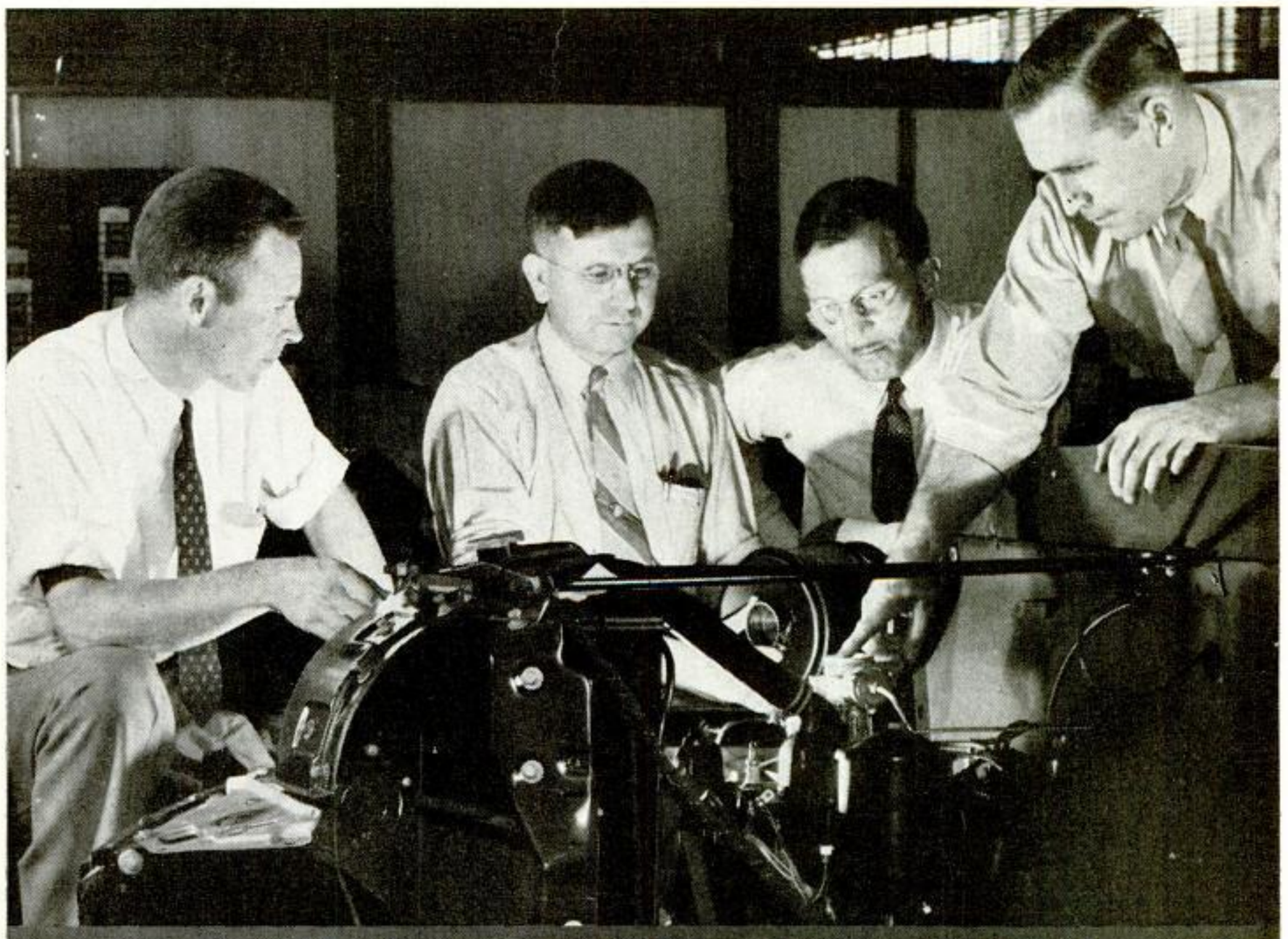
★ ★ ★ ★ **FANNY BRICE** *as "Baby Snooks,"* **FRANK MORGAN,** *Meredith Willson's Orchestra in "Maxwell House Coffee Time". . . Tune in every Thursday Evening, NBC Red Network.*

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

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Here's E. A. Koontz, one of many thousands of veteran master craftsmen who build your Studebaker.



Studebaker leadership in economy stems from brilliant engineering. Pictured are some of the men responsible—M. P. De Blumenthal, Thomas Scherger, A. G. Laas and D. L. Davis.



Studebaker craftsmanship and engineering mean more than ever to you today

They put finest quality . . . long-lasting soundness . . . consistent gas and oil savings . . . behind your investment in a new 1942 Studebaker

THE same top-flight engineers and painstaking craftsmen who have given Studebaker cars their great reputation are the designers and builders of these top-quality new Studebakers for 1942.

And that's one reason why so many motorists, who never drove Studebaker cars before, are turning with confidence to the soundly built, brilliantly engineered, brand-new 1942 Studebaker Champions, Commanders and Presidents.

The Studebaker Champion is the Lowest Priced Six in America

Lower than any other 6! Lower than any 8!

Every 1942 Studebaker is a stand-out in quality—and the big, roomy, distinctively styled Studebaker Champion is the lowest priced Six in America.

Beautifully designed by famous Raymond Loewy, it's solid and sound with the best of materials. And it delivers remarkable gas and oil economy because it has no burdensome excess bulk.

Built by the world's most expert motor car craftsmen in cheerful, modernly equipped shops—relentlessly pre-tested in Studebaker's laboratories and on its 800-acre, million-dollar proving ground—the Champion, Commander and President 8 for 1942 add luster to the Studebaker name.



Big, roomy, good-looking Champion Custom Sedan, $840 delivered at factory, Federal tax included—This Champion is lower priced than any other six-cylinder sedan in America. It comes equipped complete with automatic choke, planar safety front wheel suspension, multi-ratio steering, etc. See it and drive it now at your local Studebaker dealer's. C. I. T. terms.

PRICES BEGIN AT **$810*** for a Champion Business Coupe, Federal tax included

CHAMPION . . . $810 and up
COMMANDER . . $1108 and up
PRESIDENT 8 . . $1242 and up

*These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Ind., as of Nov. 24, 1941. Federal tax included. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice—but Studebaker quality will remain constant.

This One
UPJ3-T04-YKYK
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She loves me, YES,
She loves me, NO.
It's "NO" because
of DOUBLE O

He wondered why girls went out with him a few times and then left him carrying a torch. But there was a good reason . . . they just didn't like going out with a fellow who was careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

What to Do About It

If *you've* been careless about this double offense, why not get after it with the delightful double precaution that so many wise and popular men and women use?

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of 8 years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste was created specially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many people say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

For a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

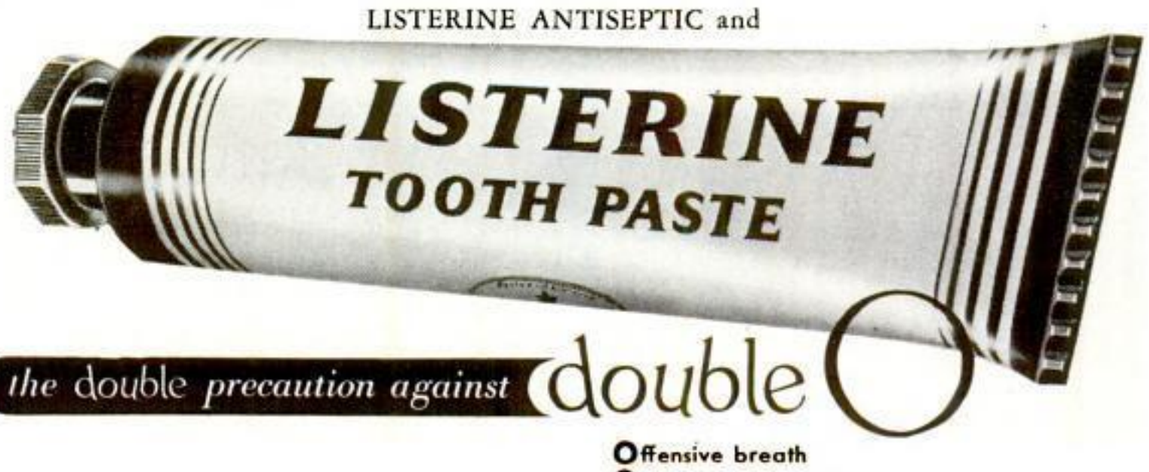
Delightful Daily Double

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and



the double precaution against double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

China's Villages

Sirs:

As one who loves China and knows a little of it, I must express my warm appreciation of Carl Mydans' splendid picture story on the Chinese village (LIFE, Nov. 24). The little market towns do indeed "make China unconquerable." The common people of China—the millions of *kuli's* (coolie not being a term of disrespect)—have stalemated Japan's mechanized armies.

Carl Mydans has demonstrated that democracy in China is not something imported from the West, but inherent in the race. Can you imagine a government of elder statesmen chosen for "dignity without pay" anywhere else in the world?

This is the final answer to observers like Edgar Snow or Vincent Sheean who have said that the only democratic striving in China comes from the ranks of the Chinese Communists and that "all democratic processes are paralyzed."

Longer than any other nation in the world, China has been on the front lines, fighting the world alliance of despotism and reaction. With our help, the democracy of China's villages will win through to victory.

MRS. GEORGE A. FITCH
United China Relief
New York, N. Y.

War and Trademarks

Sirs:

Marine Studios uses great quantities of silica, or sand, for the bottom of the oceanariums here at Marineland. Until the Great Conflict started, you will note that Dawes Silica Mining Co. unconsciously was using the swastika and rising sun as its trade emblem. More recently, its bags of silica have been arriving plainly showing that a paint brush has been used to remove the two emblems.



RISING SUN & SWASTIKA

MILTON E. BACON JR.
Marine Studios
Marineland, Fla.

Rotterdam

Sirs:

In your story on the amazing picture of Rotterdam (LIFE, Dec. 1) you failed to tell your readers that the tombstone of Hendrick VanRosevelt, whom the Dutch claim to be one of the ancestors of President Roosevelt, is in the Groote Kerk (or St. Lawrence Church), the shell of which is shown standing in the devastated area. You might also have added that the Pilgrim Fathers left for America from a point not far from the scene which you have depicted.

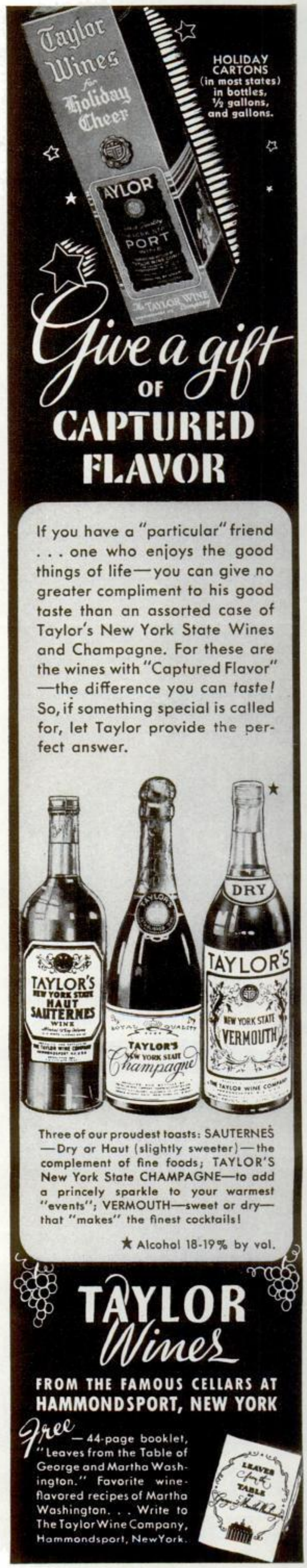
J. MEREDITH SMITH
Detroit, Mich.

Bomber

Sirs:

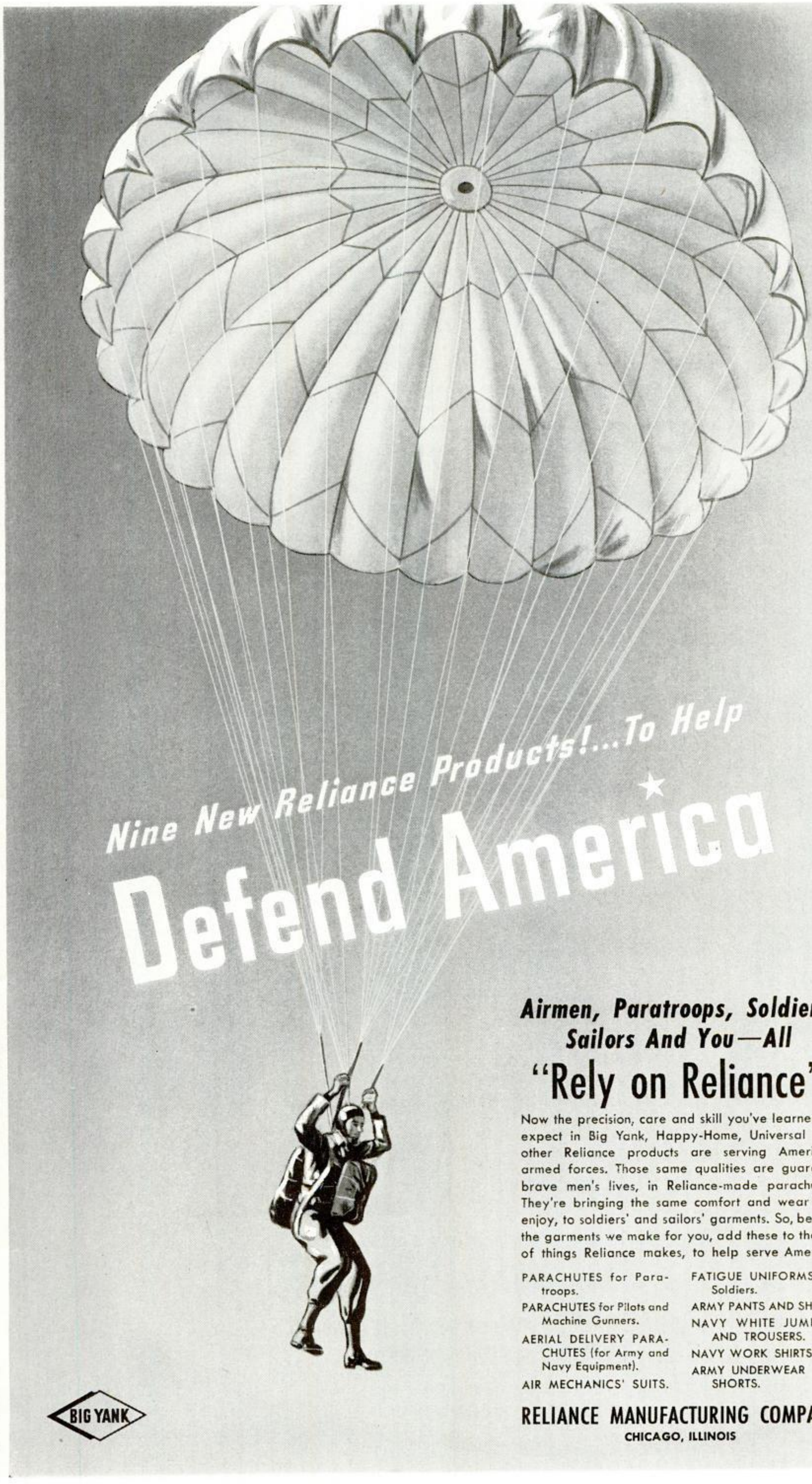
We believe that we have detected a physical fallacy in the picture of the B-17 dropping its practice bombs, shown in your Army Air Force story (LIFE,

(continued on p. 5)



LIFE is published weekly by TIME Inc., 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter November 16, 1936 at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Authorized by Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter. Subscriptions $4.50 a year in U. S. A.; Canada, $5.50. Volume 11 Number 25

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Defend America

Airmen, Paratroops, Soldiers, Sailors And You—All

"Rely on Reliance"

Now the precision, care and skill you've learned to expect in Big Yank, Happy-Home, Universal and other Reliance products are serving America's armed forces. Those same qualities are guarding brave men's lives, in Reliance-made parachutes. They're bringing the same comfort and wear you enjoy, to soldiers' and sailors' garments. So, beside the garments we make for you, add these to the list of things Reliance makes, to help serve America:

- PARACHUTES for Paratroops.
- PARACHUTES for Pilots and Machine Gunners.
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- AIR MECHANICS' SUITS.
- FATIGUE UNIFORMS for Soldiers.
- ARMY PANTS AND SHIRTS.
- NAVY WHITE JUMPERS AND TROUSERS.
- NAVY WORK SHIRTS.
- ARMY UNDERWEAR SHORTS.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Rely on Reliance

for Long Wear, Smart Styling In these Famous Garments On Sale Everywhere:



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Shirts . . . and Sedgwick Shirts, Aywon Shirts; Vacation Land and Mutiny Sport Shirts.

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Style Frocks . . . and Glenbury Dresses, Hampton Hall Dresses, and Kay Whitney Dresses, and Jeep Suits for women in industry.





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A Holiday ★ FOR THIRST



5¢

THE FOUNTAIN FAVORITE FOR YEARS

VARICOSE VEINS

Need Not Keep You From Having

Beautiful Legs

A new two-way stretch stocking that gives perfect support entirely unnoticed under sheerest silk hose. Now, bulky elastic stockings are unnecessary. At Department, Surgical or Drug Stores.

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT



Mail Coupon Today

BELL-HORN *Tropical Weight* ELASTIC STOCKINGS

BELL-HORN, 451 North 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Send me helpful free booklet: New Facts about Varicose Veins and Beautiful Legs.

NAME

ADDRESS

A TRULY PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Dec. 1). The stick of bombs, as pictured, is falling in a vertical line.

According to the known laws of mo-



BOMBS FALLING IN LINE

tion, the only explanation for such a phenomenon would be the total lack of forward movement on the part of the plane.

WILLIAM S. LITMAN *et al.*
Keyser, W. Va.

● Angle of bomb-stick flight is nearly perpendicular to path of plane (*see cut*) since bombs are released in rapid succession and lose little of forward speed in flight to ground. Bombs, released far from target, strike target when plane is almost directly overhead.—ED.

Sirs:

Enclosed is a shot of LIFE Photographer Bernard Hoffman taken from the ranks while Hoffman was taking a



HOFFMAN ATOP SCAFFOLD

group picture of the enlisted personnel at Chanute Field.

KENNETH OWEN FRILEY
Chanute Field, Ill.

Oz House

Sirs:

Glinda the Good and Ozma the Great have little to fear from Hitler the Little as their kingdoms, full of rich mines worked by organized gnome labor, lie beyond the Nonestic Ocean and the Deadly Desert. But apparently even the Kingdom of Oz has been visited in the search for new ideas for National Defense. And from Oz comes the "bubble house" (LIFE, Dec. 1).

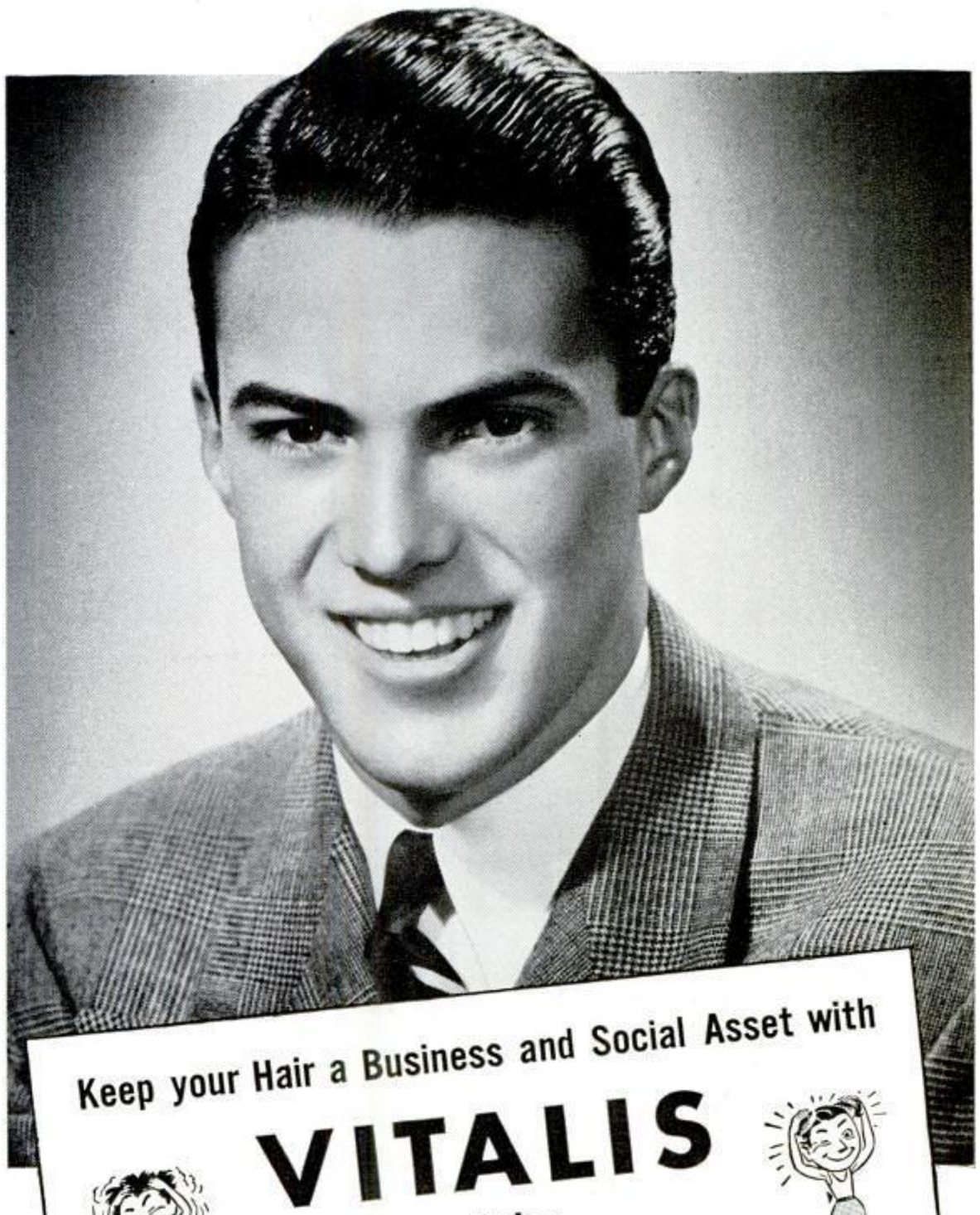
Any one familiar with architectural styles in the Kingdom of Oz will recognize the "bubble house" as a favorite form for the houses of the Oziatics. I wonder if Hollywood Architect Wallace Neff spent about one-quarter of his childhood waking hours in the Land of Oz as I did, or if he got his idea from the Hollywood opus-epic, *The Wizard of Oz*.

Tom Swift had some swell ideas, too.

LISLE SELBY JR.
Stanford University, Calif.

"A Picked Man! Slated for Success!"

THAT'S THE IMPRESSION GOOD-LOOKING HAIR CAN GIVE!



Keep your Hair a Business and Social Asset with

VITALIS

and the

"60-SECOND WORKOUT"!

50 Seconds to Rub—Just feel that stimulating "tingle" as circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing natural oils, your hair takes on a fresh, natural lustre.

10 Seconds to Comb—Your hair stays in place—with no "patent-leather" look. And what's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs embarrassing loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you *keep* your hair.



The good job looks for the man—if his qualifications include a personal appearance that will be a teammate—not a drawback—to his ability. So let the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" keep your hair well-groomed—an aid to your personality and success.



Good grooming confers an air of personal pride that wins you admiration and respect. So don't miss the popularity and success that should be yours! Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" to give you well-groomed, handsome hair! Get Vitalis today!

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

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SPEAKING OF

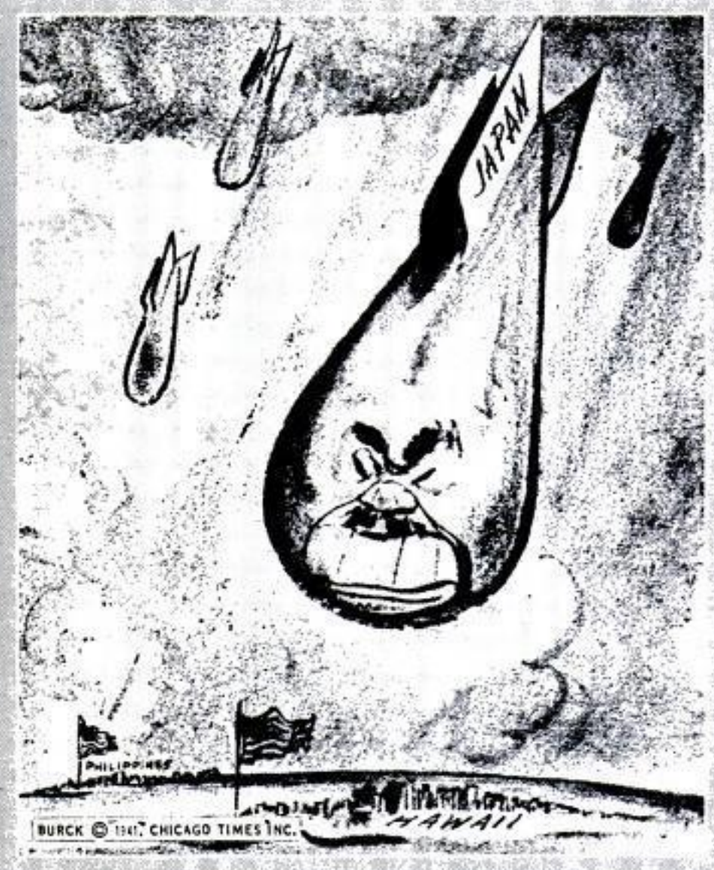
NEWSPAPER CARTOONS REFLECT



PACKER IN N. Y. "DAILY MIRROR" LABELED THIS "THE BIG PUSH"



"HARA-KIRI" SEEN BY MANNING, PHOENIX "REPUBLIC"



BURCK IN CHICAGO "TIMES" GAVE JAP NEW FACE



CARLISLE IN N. Y. "HERALD TRIBUNE" SHOWED HUMOR



COMBES OF CLEVELAND "PRESS" DREW TREACHERY



WERNER OF CHICAGO "SUN" DREW A BESTIAL JAP



RAY IN KANSAS CITY "STAR" PROCLAIMED UNITY

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PICTURES

THE COUNTRY'S ANGER

When the attack came, the cartoonists of the U. S. stabbed at their drawing boards in cold, bitter anger. The next day their cartoons on the editorial pages of the nation's newspapers mirrored the clenched resentment of the country against the treachery and arrogance of the Japanese. The whole cartoon aspect of the Jap changed overnight. Before that sudden Sunday the Jap was an oily little man, amiable but untrustworthy, more funny than dangerous. But the Jap enemy was different. To a pen point, the cartoonists agreed on his salient characteristics.

The new cartoon Jap was still a little yellow man but he was no longer amiable, no longer funny. He was swarthy, evil and ominous. He had small weak eyes that glinted with a kind of crazy lust and were usually set off by big goggles. His toothy mouth was filled with oversized incisors. They stretched all across the front of his mouth as it opened wide in a hypocritical grin. Although he was often shown knifing his victims, the Jap was repeatedly pictured committing hara-kiri either on his broadsword or bayonet, or on Uncle Sam's bayonet. Uncle Sam himself was no longer an easygoing guy. He was a grim and resolute symbol whose bearded face grew taut with purpose.



HEARST SPORTS CARTOONIST JENKINS DENOUNCED FOUL PLAY



DUFFY IN BALTIMORE "SUN" DREW VIGOROUS CARTOON, CALLED IT "THE TOUCH OF THE SON OF HEAVEN"



JOHNSTONE IN N. Y. "WORLD-TELEGRAM" DREW "EVEN A RATTLESNAKE GIVES WARNING." EVEN THOUGH HIS JAP WAS A SNAKE, JOHNSTONE GAVE HIM MOUTHFUL OF BIG TEETH

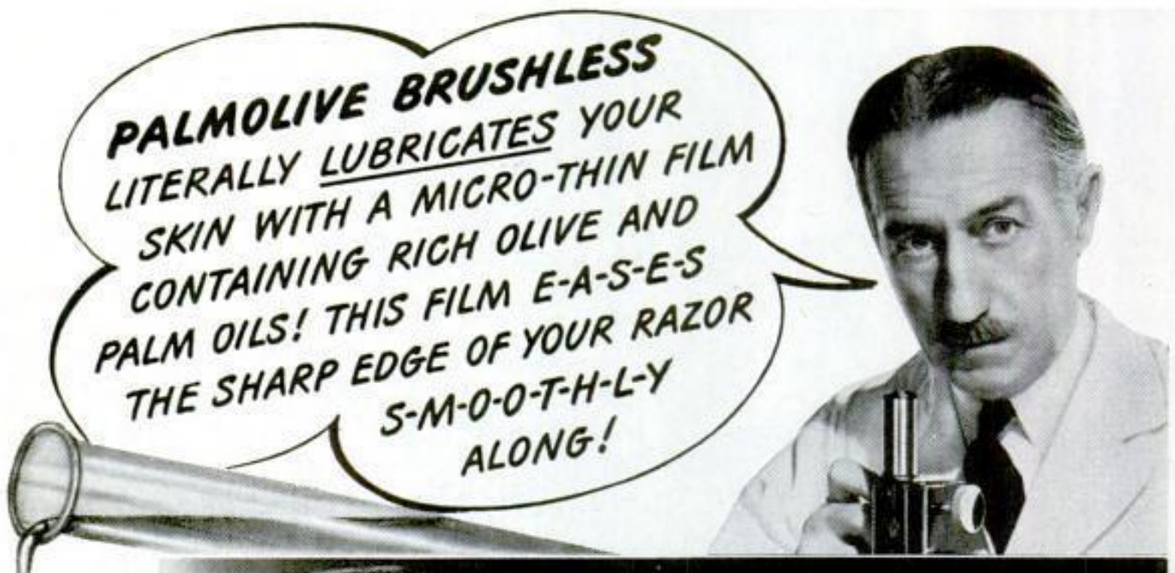
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See How Amazing New Palmolive Brushless

CONTAINING OLIVE AND PALM OILS

Lets Us Guarantee*

NO RAZOR BURN!





READ COMPLETE DETAILS

1 **BELIEVE IT OR NOT,** razor burn—that aching, burning, stinging sensation—is not caused by tough beard. It's caused when your razor *scrapes against your skin*—making hundreds of tiny nips, cuts and gouges!

2 **PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS** helps protect you against this! *It lubricates your skin!* Covers your face with a micro-thin film containing rich Olive and Palm Oils. This film *e-a-s-e-s* the sharp edge of your razor gently along!

3 **NO SHAVE CREAM** not made with Olive and Palm Oils could possibly give you this same film! Because of it, your beard comes off *crisply, closely!* You get a smooth, comfortable shave. Your skin feels cool, fresh, clean!



TRY THE BIG MONEY-SAVING HALF-POUND JAR

THE ONLY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRUSHLESS CONTAINING OLIVE AND PALM OILS!

*AN AMAZING GUARANTEE TO USERS OF ANY BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM!

Buy a big tube of PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM. Shave with it! *Use the entire tube* . . . down to the last squeeze!

If you do not find it allows absolutely *no burning and stinging—no razor burn*—return the *empty* tube to Palmolive, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund your money.

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET CO.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

For many months, the New York *Daily News* bolstered its isolationist position with a cartoon lady named World War II, drawn by Pulitzer Prizewinning Clarence D. Batchelor. A ghastly anti-war symbol, World War II had a bony, eyeless death's-head skull perched on top of a voluptuous body. She was often depicted luring brave boys to her fatal couch.

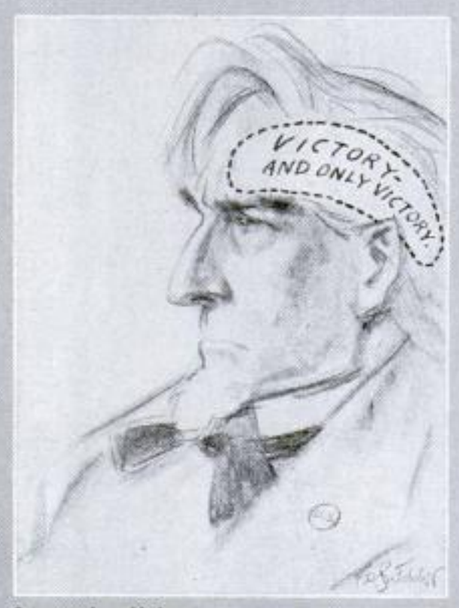
Working ahead, Batchelor drew a death's-head cartoon for the Monday, Dec. 8 *News*. It showed World War II chain-smoking cigarets labeled Youth, Anzac, Asiatic, American (*see below*). When war news broke, the editorial page with this cartoon was already printed. The first edition of the *News* managed to get war headlines on page 1. But the editorial page came out at 7 p. m. with the inappropriate cartoon. For the second edition at 9 p. m. Batchelor hastily produced a drawing of a grave Uncle Sam with a single thought in his head. Accompanying it was a resigned editorial entitled *Well, We're In It.*

Next day, Batchelor had a cartoon, far more restrained than most, on the theme of treachery. That day the *News* restored to its editorial page a motto it once flaunted daily but had recently abandoned. It was Stephen Decatur's brave toast: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

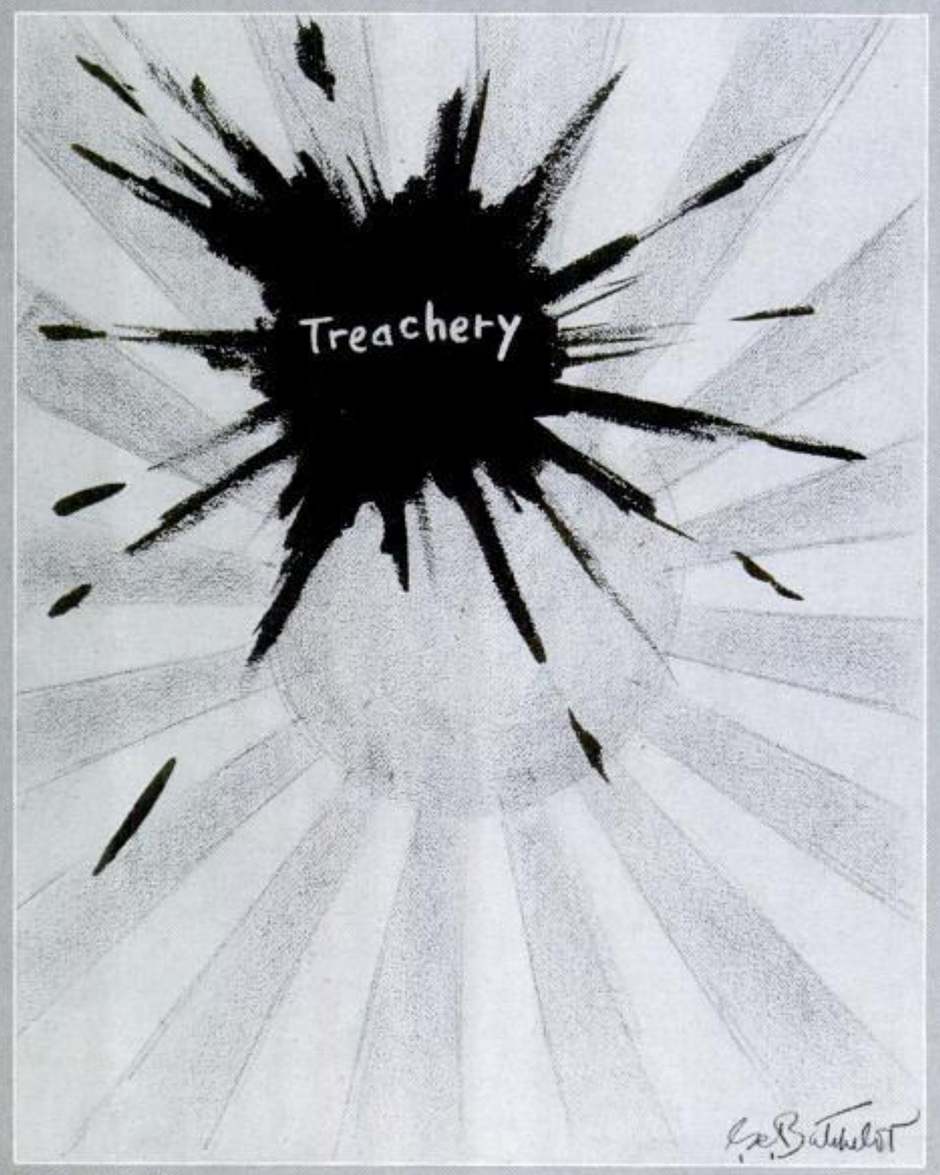
ALL CARTOONS © 1941, NEWS SYNDICATE INC.



First-edition *News* cartoon showed death's head smoking soldier cigarets.



Second-edition cartoon had Uncle Sam's head filled with one thought.



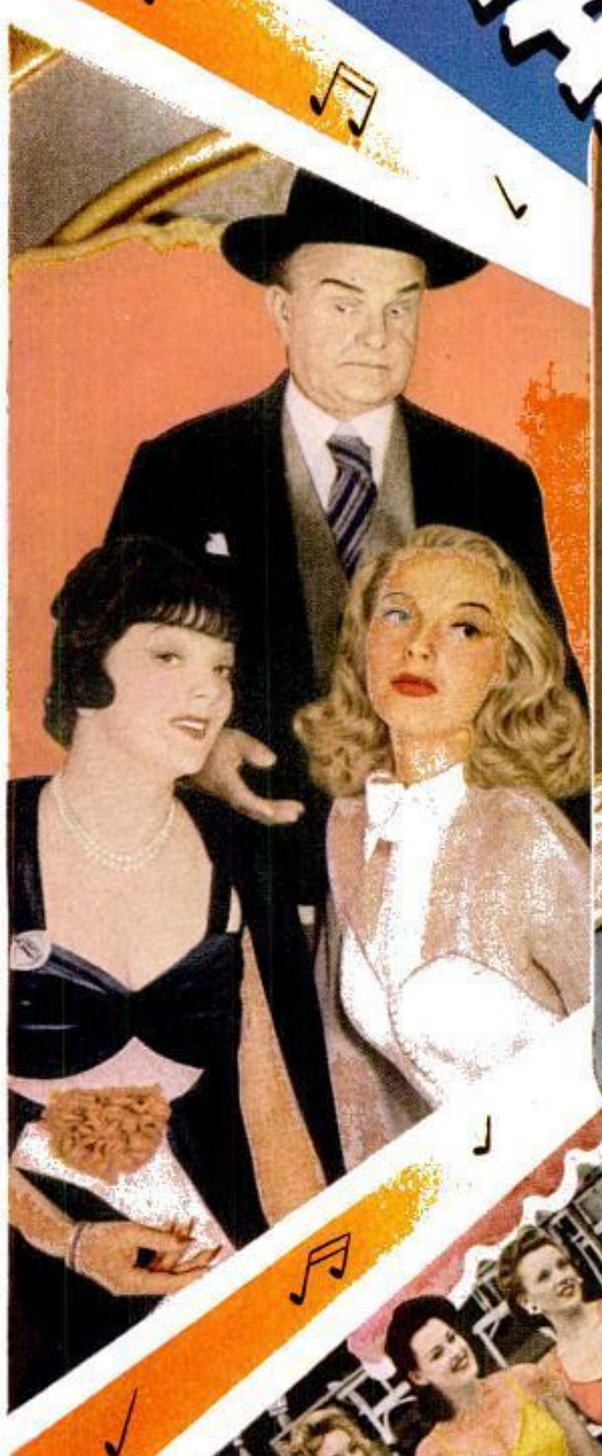
Better late than never, the *News* next day carried Batchelor cartoon which did not attack Japan but assailed treachery which had sullied Japan's flag.

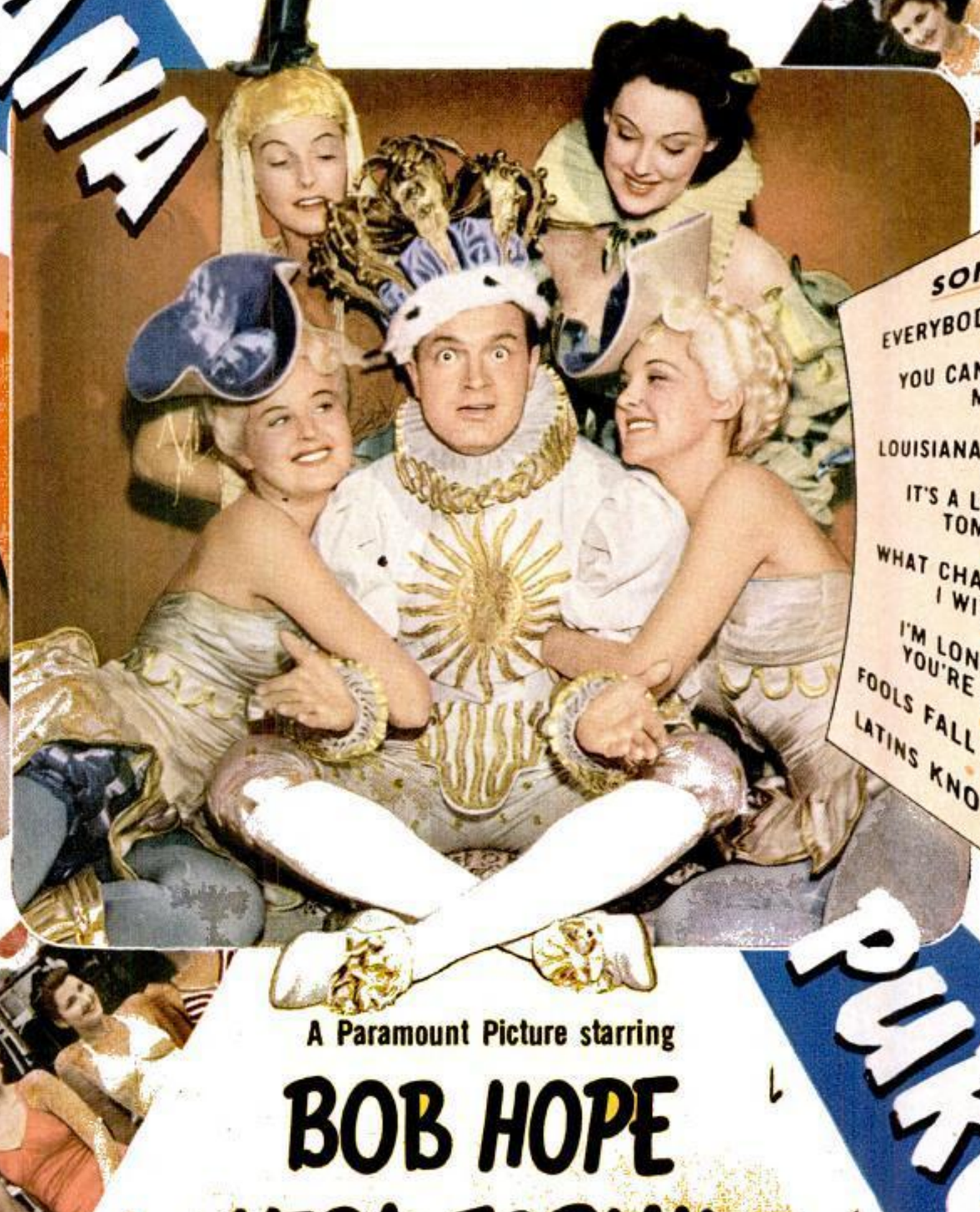
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The Greatest Screen Comedy Hit Ever Set to Music!

Bigger, better, happier than you ever dreamed a screen hit could be! Funny-man Hope gives you more laughs than ever! Zorina will take your breath away with her grace and beauty! Victor Moore, Irene Bordoni, a hundred singing, dancing, ever-loving Louisiana Belles and Irving Berlin songs to set your heart a'singing! It's the perfect musical entertainment . . . even more perfect in the eye-filling splendor of gorgeous Technicolor!

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE"







SONGS

EVERYBODY DANCE

YOU CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF

LOUISIANA PURCHASE

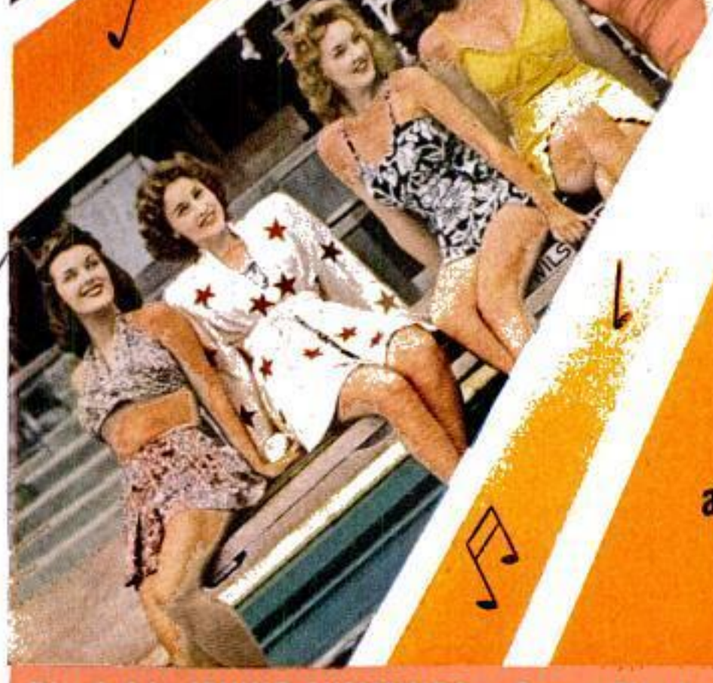
IT'S A LOVELY DAY TOMORROW

WHAT CHANCE HAVE I WITH LOVE

I'M LONELY AND YOU'RE LONELY

FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

LATINS KNOW HOW



A Paramount Picture starring

BOB HOPE
VERA ZORINA
VICTOR MOORE

with **Irene Bordoni · Dona Drake**

and 100 Louisiana Belles **IN TECHNICOLOR!**

Music and Lyrics by **IRVING BERLIN**

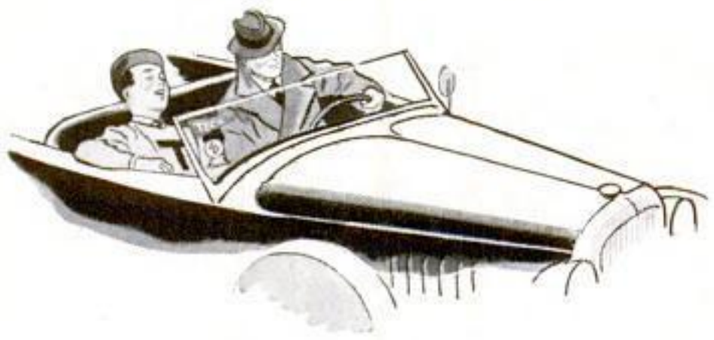
"PURCHASE"

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Screen Play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields • Based on the Musical Comedy by Morrie Ryskind • From a Story by B. G. DeSylva

LOUISIANA PURCHASE IS COMING SOON. ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE DATE!

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Is he the true-blue friend who...



...shared rooms (his car, and all his clothes!) with you at college?



...traveled a thousand miles to be best man at your wedding?



...paced the hospital corridor with you the night your heir arrived?

...then widen his eyes on December 25th with this blue ribbon winner!



Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1941, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

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Vol. 11 No. 25

LIFE

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December 22, 1941

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LIFE'S PICTURES

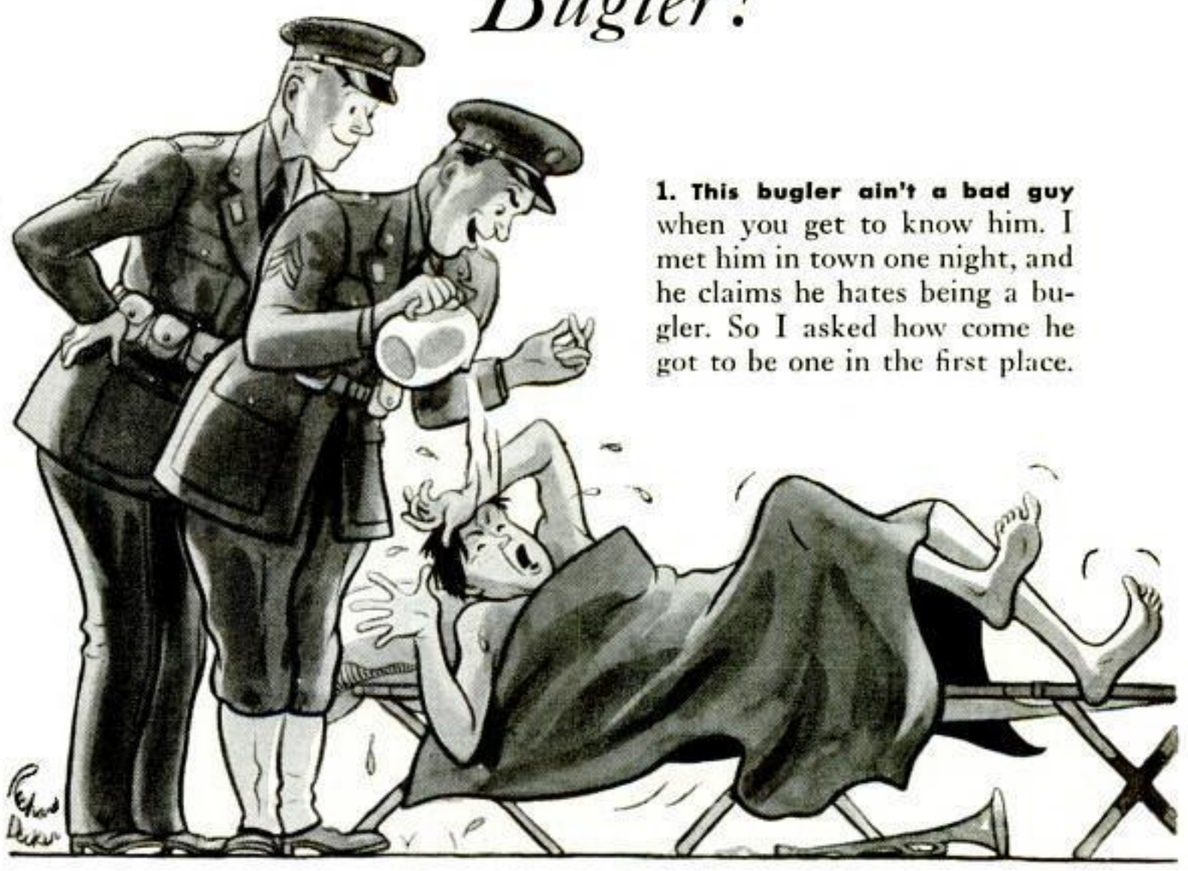
More war has passed before the camera of Carl Mydans than that of any other LIFE photographer. He photographed the war in Finland, the war in France, the war in China .And when the Japanese bombers began blasting the Philippines, Mydans was there. On one of the last Clippers out, he had sent LIFE his preliminary report on Philippine defenses which appears this week on pages 26-35. There is to be seen America's first heroic garrison of this war.

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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; EUR., EUROPEAN; H. & E., HARRIS & EWING; INT., INTERNATIONAL; P. I., PICTURES INC.; W. W., WIDE WORLD

"So we had to wake up the Bugler!"



1. This bugler ain't a bad guy when you get to know him. I met him in town one night, and he claims he hates being a bugler. So I asked how come he got to be one in the first place.



2. "It's a long story," said the bugler. "I can't sleep. I toss and turn most of the night, so I might as well get up, anyway. That makes me a natural for a bugler." "Too bad!" I sympathized. "But why can't you sleep?"



3. "Coffee!" says this sorrowing horn-tooter. "A soldier likes his coffee, but the caffein in the stuff keeps me awake. I should never touch it, but how I love it!" This gave me an idea, so I said: "You should drink Sanka Coffee!"



4. "It's 97% caffein-free and can't keep you awake!" I told him. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!' "



5. So he got a can of Sanka Coffee. I tipped the mess sergeant off, and he agreed to brew this bugler's Sanka Coffee for him special. Well . . . he ain't a bugler any more . . . on account of Sanka Coffee let him sleep so good!



6. He slept right through reveille, and the whole outfit was late. The colonel sure was mad. So was the captain. He fired this bugler. but when the colonel heard the story, he sort of grinned and went to drinking Sanka Coffee himself!



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: *Tuesday night:* **"We, the People"** • *Sunday afternoon:* news by **William L. Shirer,** the famous author of "Berlin Diary." See your local newspaper for times and stations.

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There'll always be a Christmas in little Tommy's home . . .

Santa Claus will never let you down, little Tommy . . .



For you there'll always be the thrill of a glittering tree . . . the exciting treasure hunt among gaily wrapped packages . . . and all the other delights that make Christmas a children's paradise.

Your Dad has seen to that. If anything should happen to him, there'll be a Prudential check in the mail every month, provided by his foresight and love.

And so when Christmas comes each year, you'll never be on the outside looking in. There'll always be a Christmas—a merry Christmas—in your home.

What Is the Best Way to Leave Your Life Insurance Money?

Except on small policies, the usual lump sum cash settlement sometimes raises difficult investment problems for the beneficiary.

Therefore, where the amount is sufficient, all Prudential Ordinary policies provide the following optional methods of payment: The proceeds may be—

Paid to your beneficiary as a monthly income of a definite amount and continuing for life.

Paid in installments of a set amount for a limited number of years.

Left with your life insurance company, with the interest to be paid to your beneficiary each year. Withdrawal of all or part of the principal may be arranged for as desired.

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, N. J.



Tune in! Hear The

PRUDENTIAL FAMILY HOUR

Sunday afternoon, CBS network

A glorious new radio show, starring Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor, Ross Graham, and Al Goodman's famous orchestra and chorus.

SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

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Volume 11, No. 25

LIFE

December 22, 1941

THE DAY OF WRATH

by HENRY R. LUCE

EDITOR OF LIFE AND TIME

This is the day of wrath. The disaster which befell America on Dec. 7, 1941 was an episode. But it was also a sign. It was a sign of all the weakness and wrongness of American life in recent years. The thousand-odd dead at Pearl Harbor that first day were not merely the victims of Japanese treachery. They were the victims also of a weak and faltering America that had lost its way and failed the world in leadership.

We have come to the end, now, of as pusillanimous an epoch as there ever was in the history of a great people: the twenty years of American history between 1921 and 1941. It is not even possible to call these years tragic, for tragedy implies at least the dignity of fate. And there was no dignity in these years, and nothing of fate that we did not bring upon ourselves. The epoch that is closing was much less tragic than it was shameful.

The President says we have learned a lesson. Some people think he means that we have learned that the Japanese (as now constituted) are a treacherous and dangerous people. But if that is the only lesson we have learned, then God knows what agonies we shall have to undergo before we learn the lessons we have got to learn.

We *will* learn. Every American, not excepting Mr. Roosevelt, now faces the deepest necessity of his life—the necessity of learning that he must find a spiritual rebirth or lose his soul alive. "Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, an humble and a contrite heart." It is not enough for us at home to say: "Okay, let's go!" as if we could forget the past by one easy act of renunciation.

We will learn these things. Looking at the past, we know that we have not been worthy of ourselves—but looking at the future we know that we can and will be a better people than we have been. We know, too, that however we have misused it, we are the principal trustees in this century of a great heritage of human freedom under God. And therefore we must have victory. We must have victory for the faith of our fathers and for the hope of our young people and our children.

We have still at this moment all—or *almost* all—that is needed for victory. We have, first of all, the young men and young women of America. Despite the meanness of the spiritual environment which we have recently provided them, the strength of this land is in their hearts. We have natural wealth in more abundance than any other nation. We have our American scientists and engineers who stand ready to serve us with their knowledge and their creative toil. We have now, as major allies, Britain and China, two nations bound closer to us by the things of the spirit than any bond that Hitler can forge with terror. We have common military interests with Russia and the chance to build a new bridge between a changing Russia and a changing West. We are seeing Pan-Americanism become a fact and not a phrase. We have other allies of deathless gallantry—in conquered countries and elsewhere.

All these are good things, great things. We have others. We have already the example of heroism of our soldiers and sailors in the far islands of the Pacific. We have at home the greatest productive ability and capacity in the world—in many ways a greater ability and capacity than all the rest of the world put together.

What then do we lack? In this first hour of common counsel in an aroused nation, it is necessary to concentrate first on two things. We lack good organization. And we lack unity.

Victory depends on the whole people. But it begins with leadership—for organization begins with leadership. It is no use to have the greatest resources, the best workers and the ablest managers in the world—if resources, workers and managers are not linked together in clear and dynamic organization which provides for both initiative and control.

We are fortunate that we have done what we have done, that many ships are on the ways, that great factories are built and being built, that we have trained fliers and sol-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 11

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diers and sailors. But the fact is that we haven't done enough—nor done this vast job well enough. And the principal reason is that the organization of our war-effort has not been good. It has been poor.

All that is past. There is no demand for anyone's head. Every man in Washington will be working harder today than he did before Dec. 7—and doing better than he knows how. But it must be insisted that there be no "freezing" of the existing management simply to "save face" or to "spare someone's feelings"—or for political reasons. If some men are not equal to the terrific jobs assigned to them—and there are such—both kindness and patriotism demand that they be given more suitable tasks. If better men can be found—and they can—they must be used.

But quality of personnel—vital though it is—is of less importance than correct organization. Our war-effort has not been correctly organized. It must be correctly organized—at once.

And now what about unity? Are we united? Are we resolved? We all say the same hearty, manly-sounding things. What, then, makes our brave words sound a trifle hollow, and our rage carry a slight suggestion of impotence?

What we lack, still, is a brave acceptance of our terrible reality. We demand victory, but the price of it, in risk, hardship, pain, adventure, is not yet clear to us. The high resolve is yet to come to us that it would be better to leave America a heap of smoking stones than surrender it to the mechanized medievalism which is the Mikado or to the anti-Christ which is Hitler.

This lack of resolve is not surprising. The actual destruction of the American nation by a force outside has seemed fantastic. But it is not fantastic now. It could happen. And America will never win this war against the forces of evil until Americans in every walk of life are gripped at the throat by the realization that *we can lose the war.* For three years we *have* been losing it. When we realize that—then, only then, our own righteous fury will be unloosed.

We must cultivate that realization, and all the resolves that go with it. For the day is not coming; the day is come. It is the day we have all dreaded, yet known in our secret hearts it was our inescapable duty to meet when the world attack on freedom finally came home to us.

This is the day of wrath. It is also the day of hope. For this is the day that Churchill described to the people of Britain in their own blackest hour: the day when "the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old." Now at last the issue is inexorably joined: either our ideals as free men shall dominate in this century, or the pitiless bayonets of our enemies will.

We have lost something of our power and might. But now at last our battleground is the whole world. The whole world is now our battle-stake. What we have temporarily lost in might we will gain forever in vision and resolve.

For this hour America was made. Uniquely among the nations, America was created out of the hopes of mankind and dedicated to the fulfillment of those hopes. It is for this reason that we accept only two alternatives—either to die in the smoking ruins of a totally destroyed America or else to justify forever the faith of our fathers and the hopes of mankind.

Years ago Woodrow Wilson begged us not to "break the great heart of the world." We go forth now from a half-beleaguered continent to join hands with all men everywhere and by our character and our deeds to write with them the happy and triumphant songs of a new world.

* * *

These are brave words, brave resolves. If our 130 million people truly believe them, no combination of our enemies or their resources, nor any hazards of war, can cheat us of victory.

There is terrible fighting to be done. Every true American will rise to take military arms or civilian action to seize conclusive victory.

There is terrible fighting to be done. All of us will be in the fight—men, women and children, for this is indeed total war. But let us never forget that the hardest fighting is done at the front by our soldiers and sailors.

We have fighting men in the field and on the high seas. Thousands of soldiers and sailors in the Pacific are at this very hour facing death. We tell ourselves how young they are, how gallant, how brave. We salute with our hearts in our throats, tears in our eyes—pray for them too. But also—day after day we must be asking ourselves how good a chance we here at home are giving them to fight and live on. Are we straining every last nerve to see that help, arms, material reach them as soon as possible? If they die (or thousands more like them in the long hard days to come) will they die *through any fault of ours?*

Democracies are always "inefficient," are they? Then let's get it said: This inefficiency cherished in times of war is another word for manslaughter, if not murder. To the extent that we coddle it from here out in ourselves, in high places or low, we're making our own soldiers in the field the cannon fodder of a barbarous and indecent complacency.

In the great fog of battle, we cannot see our soldiers, where they fight or how. We know they fight with every ounce of guts a good American has. And that's plenty. But as we cannot see them in the fog of battle, they cannot see us. When the fog lifts, in the days to come, let us see to it that they look upon us, here at home, and can say as honestly to us as we say to them, "Good going, boys." That will be the day of victory and of peace in our hearts.

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THE CAPITOL'S GREAT DOME, FLOODLIT FOR 23 YEARS, IS BLACKED OUT FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR. ABOVE: THE CAPITOL ON DEC. 8. BELOW: THE CAPITOL ON DEC. 9.

AMERICA GOES TO WAR

In the nation's capital and in cities on both continental coasts the lights of peace flicked off. Troops in steel helmets bared bayonets before the gates of military establishments and areas of arms production. Enemy aliens—Japanese, Italians, Germans—were banged into prisons and detention camps. Interceptor planes stood ready and patrol planes roared ceaselessly along the shores of America's two oceans. Congress prepared to muster a gigantic pool of manpower — 10,000,000 men between 19 and 45 for military service; 30,000,000 men up to 65 for defense activities of all kinds. The ban on overseas duty for selectees was lifted. Air-raid alarms sounded in Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York.

At long last two-ocean war had come to America. It had spanned the Pacific treacherously and with catastrophic effect Dec. 7. It roared across the Atlantic in harsh Hitlerian tones Dec. 11. Now all the battles of the hemispheres were fused into one titanic war of the world without parallel in time. Men were fighting and dying in the frozen lightless Arctic and all around the warm girdle of the Equator. Into this stupendous struggle the U. S. marched without indecision or fear. Congress accepted war with Japan within a day of the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. It unanimously declared war on Germany and Italy less than eight hours after the Axis dictators had hurled their joint challenge across the sea.

At first all the news was bad. No one knew precisely what happened at Pearl Harbor, but rumors of unprecedented disaster spread and magnified across the land. The Philippines and intermediate U. S. outposts in the Pacific shivered under savage and recurrent assaults. Britain's mighty *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* went down off Malaya. Singapore faced mortal danger. But at week's end the Stars and Stripes still waved over all of America's Pacific establishments except Guam. U. S. fliers had sunk at least three Japanese warcraft, including the battleship *Haruna*. Dutch submarines blasted four Jap troopships off Thailand. And Nazi armies in Russia were fleeing before a great resurgent Red wave of attack.

Americans took the news, good and bad, with admirable serenity. Initial incredulity changed quickly to fierce determination that the Axis nations would pay enormously for the cataclysm they had brought on the earth's free people. Politics were suspended. America First announced it would dissolve. Prophets who had accurately foreseen the course of events refrained from recrimination. Ideologically the nation was united as it had never been at any other military crisis in all its history. U. S. industry made ready to operate 24 hours a day, 365 days a year and to produce $1,000,000,000 in arms weekly. The civilian populace prepared to do without new motorcars, new tires, and the encyclopedic news coverage to which a free press had made it long accustomed. Significantly, it stopped using the word "defense." The ultimate goal had become "Victory." And for its battle cry America had a fine fighting slogan. For its origins, turn the page.

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TED KAUTZKY

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"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR"

From the tragedy at Pearl Harbor, from the blood spilled and the ships lost and the treachery of the foe, came the U. S. battle cry of World War II. Divided and dubious on the morning of Dec. 7, the American people arose the morning of Dec. 8 united by a common enemy and a common hurt. Never before in history had the U. S. been attacked by surprise. Never before in history had the U. S. Navy suffered such a blow. Some 130,000,000 Americans would remember Pearl Harbor as long as they lived. The phrase, "Remember Pearl Harbor" (which first appeared on OPM publicity), stirred Americans in 1941 as "Remember the Maine" had stirred their fathers 44 years ago.

For tactical reasons the full story of Pearl Harbor has not yet been disclosed. But from published military facts and other information available to the public, Artist Ted Kautzky has recreated the attack in the drawing shown here. The morning mists are just lifting from the headlands behind Pearl Harbor. Formations of carrier-based dive bombers have just begun to blast the Pacific Fleet, the naval planes on Ford Island, the oil-storage tanks east of the harbor and the Army's Hickam Field above the narrows. In the distance you see the white roofs of Honolulu, and Diamond Head.

How many vessels the U. S. lost beside the one battleship and one destroyer officially admitted by the Navy, how Jap planes managed to elude Hawaii's farflung patrols, were unhappy questions which the Government could not immediately answer. In the middle of the week Navy Secretary Frank Knox flew to Honolulu. On Dec. 13 he returned to the U. S. mainland. The nation anxiously awaited his report.

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MEN TO ARMS

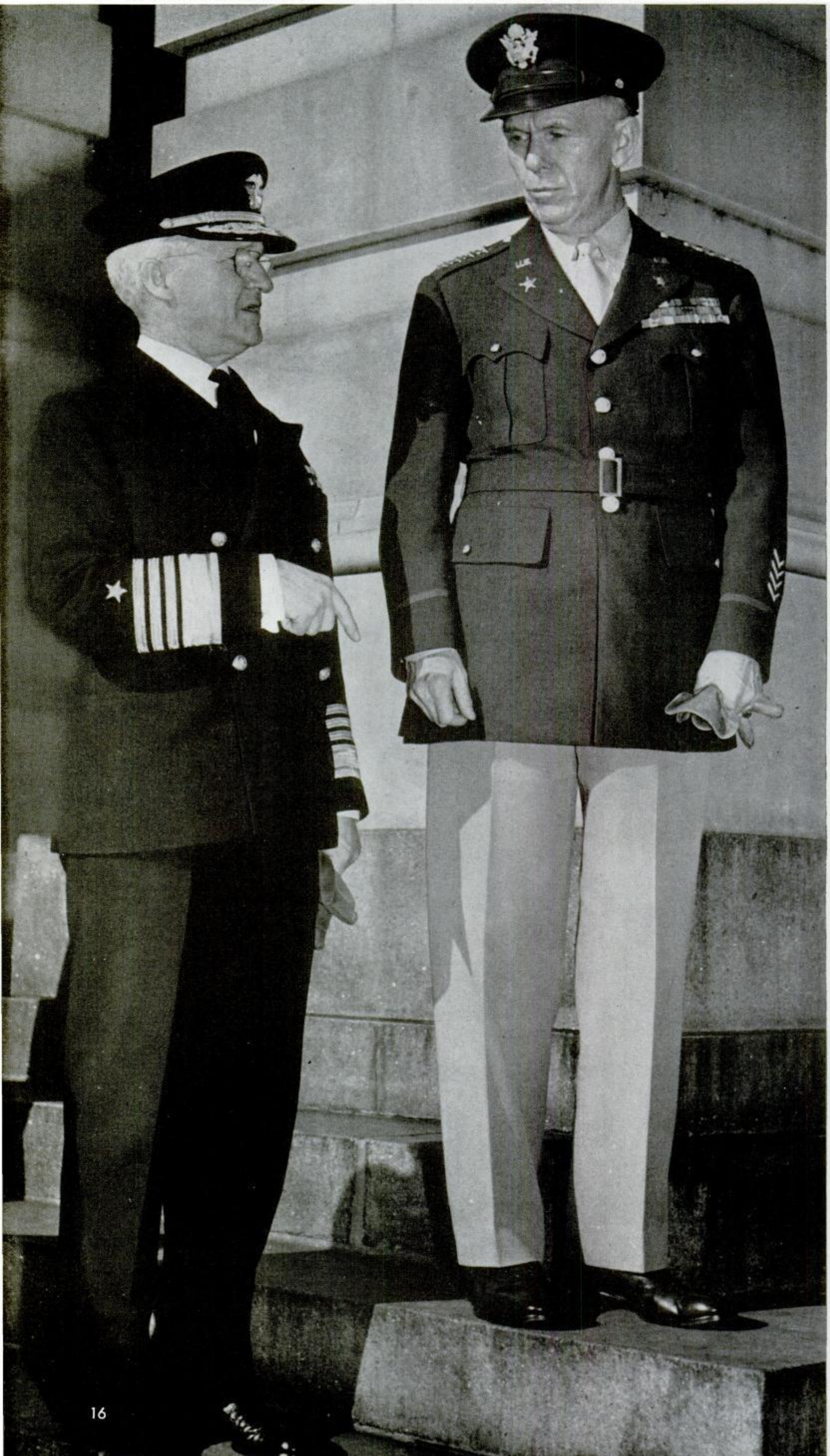
NATION BEGINS TO CHANGE

Within a few hours of the Pearl Harbor attack, the face of America began to undergo a swift transformation. First came a rush of uniforms as men on leave reported back to their posts and all officers up to the Chief of Naval Operations and the Army's Chief of Staff (*below*) switched from mufti to uniform.

To prevent possible sabotage, soldiers and police immediately took up guard outside the chief office buildings at Washington and outside all the important war factories (*below, right*). The plants themselves began switching to a total output schedule: 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Meanwhile the FBI was making a swift roundup of enemy aliens, by week's end had some 2,541 in cus-

IN WASHINGTON ADMIRAL HAROLD STARK AND GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL GO INTO UNIFORM FOR DURATION



BIG NEW YORK CITY COP ESCORTS JAPAN'S DAPPER CONSUL



tody. On the West Coast, where Japanese are thickest, misguided mobs beat up a number of slant-eyed citizens including not a few Chinese. Reporters trying to interview the head of the Japanese School at Seattle were told: "So solly. No school today. FBI have principal." To head off a foolish persecution by local authorities, Attorney General Biddle urged citizens to recognize that most aliens are loyal, leave roundups to the FBI.

Many thousands of young men did not wait to be drafted under the new and tighter draft regulations. The rush to get into uniform was such that long lines soon piled up outside recruiting offices. One young New Yorker, finding the Army line too long, impatiently switched to the Navy line. One young Bostonian named Tom Mahoney pinned a note to the wall of the New Haven Railroad engine house where he had been working: "To my buddies at the roundhouse: . . . The liberty we enjoy will never be destroyed while boys like you and I can prevent it. That is why I left my job here and enlisted in the United States Marines."

GENERAL MORITO MORISHIMA FROM HIS CONSULATE



AN ARMY REGULAR GOES ON GUARD DUTY OUTSIDE THE BIG BOEING AIRCRAFT FACTORY AT SEATTLE, WASH.

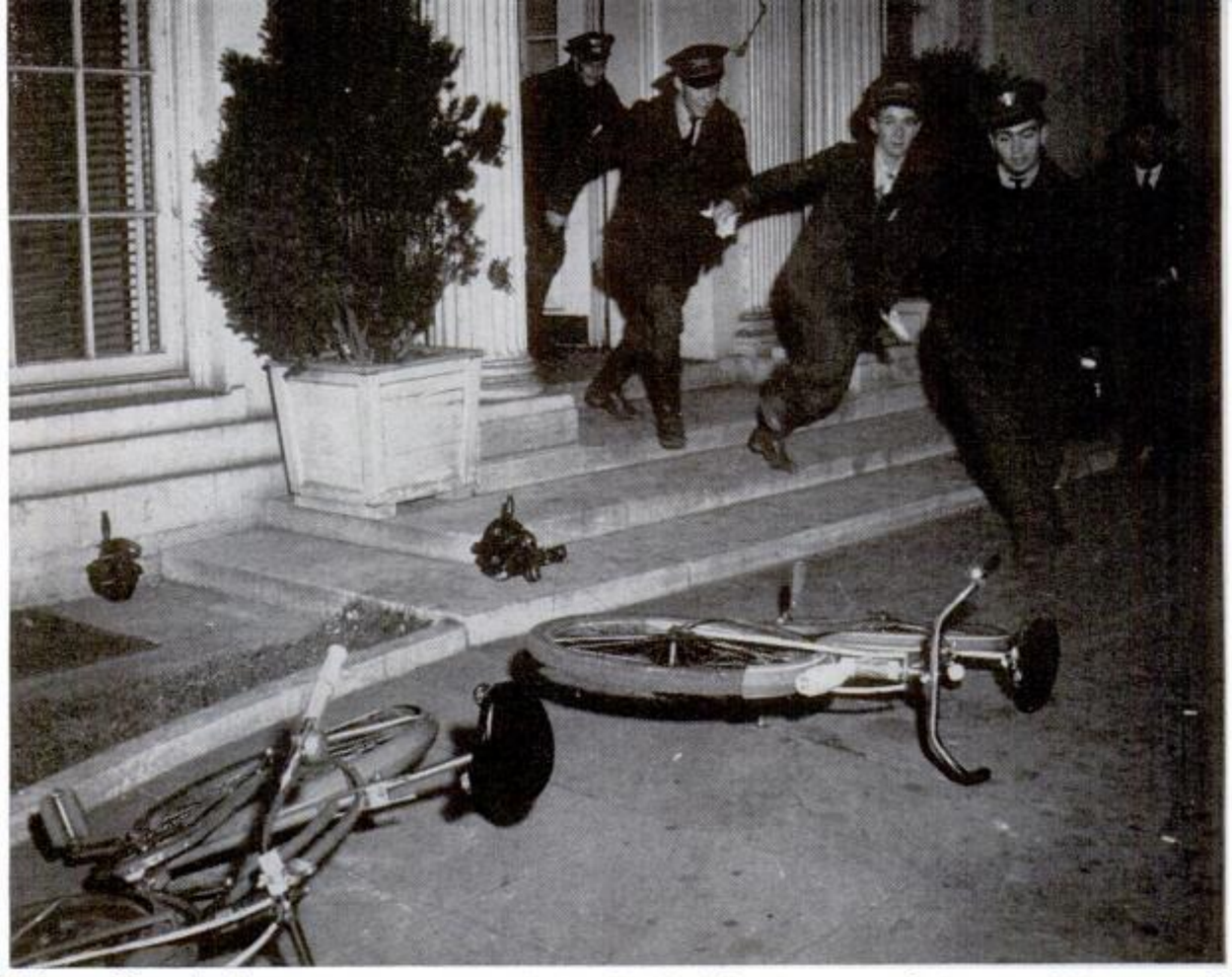


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Presidential Secretary Stephen Early (*above*) gave first official bulletin on unexpected Japanese attack at Hawaii to Washington newsmen at 2:20 p. m. on Sunday, Dec. 7.



Telegraph boys dash from the White House during Sunday's hectic news rush. Army and Navy sent all reports on Pacific fighting direct to the President. Radio microphones invaded press room for first time.



RADIO BROKE NEWS TO MOST AMERICANS ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON. THIS IS NBC'S NEWS ROOM IN RADIO CITY, N. Y.

WAR DECLARED

UNITED NATION FACES FOES

With swift, decisive action the U. S. last week declared its war on Japan, Italy and Germany. From the moment the Japanese attack was announced by the White House, there was no division of opinion in America. The armed forces struck back at once, with all their might. And in Washington, the capital, there was enacted the impressive drama of a people's government voting itself at war with its sworn and mortal enemies.

The first declaration, against Japan, came on Monday, Dec. 8, 27 hours after the first bombs fell. Through most of the night President Roosevelt had been receiving military reports, conferring with his Cabinet, Senators and Congressmen. Precisely at noon Monday he emerged from the White House, wrapped in a big, dark naval cape. He was grim, angry, unsmiling. Carloads of heavily armed Secret Service men whisked him to the Capitol, where the Congress waited in joint session. At 12:30 he began his brief, historic message, ending: "I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan . . . a state of war has existed. . . ." Eighty million Americans, listening to radios, heard his voice.

The Senate and House raced to pass the declaration first, the Senate winning while a lone female dissenter voted "Nay" in the House. At 1:10 o'clock Congressional action was completed, and at 4:10 p.m. President Roosevelt signed the nation's declaration of war. Three days later, when Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany announced that they were at war with the U. S., Congress slapped right back with declarations in kind. This time the President simply sent his message. And there was no dissenting vote.

Speaker Rayburn of Texas was the first to sign war resolution.



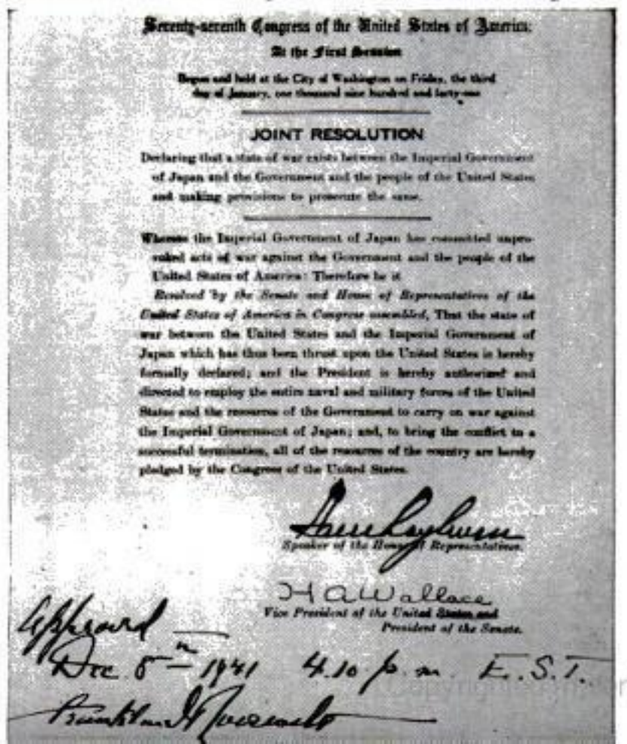
Vice President Wallace, as Senate's presiding officer, followed Rayburn by seven minutes in signing.



The President wrote "Approved Dec. 8, 1941, 4:10 p. m. E. S. T." above signature on war resolution.



Resolution passed by both Houses states war exists between U.S. and "Imperial Government of Japan."



Seventy-seventh Congress of the United States of America;
At the First Session
Begun and held at the City of Washington on Friday, the third day of January, one thousand nine hundred and forty-one

JOINT RESOLUTION

Declaring that a state of war exists between the Imperial Government of Japan and the Government and the people of the United States and making provisions to prosecute the same.

Whereas the Imperial Government of Japan has committed unprovoked acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial Government of Japan which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and the President is hereby authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial Government of Japan; and, to bring the conflict to a successful termination, all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

Sam Rayburn
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

H A Wallace
Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate.

Dec 8th 1941 4.10 p.m. E.S.T.
Franklin D Roosevelt

The President spoke to Congress, Dec. 8, delivering his war message from the dais of the House. The temporary roof supports and radio microphones were not in the chamber when Wilson asked war against Germany, April 2, 1917. Otherwise scene was the same.

The people listened, standing bareheaded in the cold. This sober-faced crowd heard the President via radio and loudspeaker in New York's City Hall Park. There was no wild applause here, but plenty of grim nods as the President made his points against Japan.

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AIR ALERTS & BLACKOUTS

BOTH COASTS PREPARE FOR ATTACKS FROM AIR

In no time at all, the civilians got a taste of war. Air-raid alarms shrieked on both coasts. Big cities blacked out, or tried to. There were dozens of casualties, mostly from auto accidents in the darkened streets. The tests showed that the citizens had very little idea of what to do when bombers come. But they also showed that the country was quick and eager to learn.

Monday night, air-raid alerts startled the West Coast. Enemy planes were reported coming in over San Francisco. Searchlights could not find them and they dropped no bombs. If they were enemy planes, as the Army insisted they were, they would have had little trouble finding the metropolis because blackout hardly dimmed it. Alcatraz Island was lit up like a gay ocean liner. A rosy neon glow bathed the downtown sky. A big insurance company sign on Market Street placidly spelled out its traditional message: "S-A-F-E." Next day Lieutenant General John L. De Witt almost split with rage. "It might have been better if some bombs had dropped to awaken this city," he stormed.

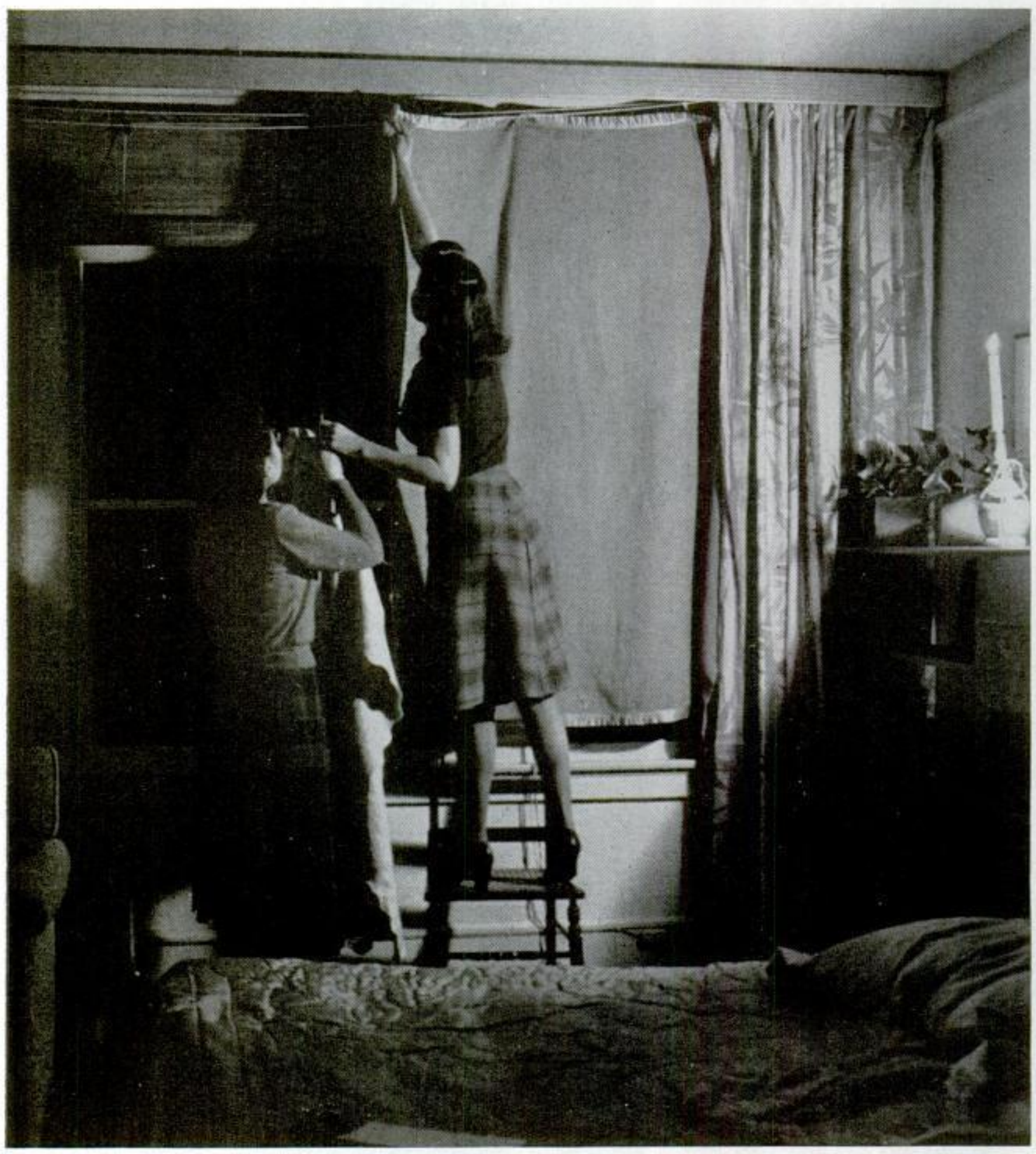
In Los Angeles and San Diego, the great aircraft center, there was a test alert on Wednesday which sent 17,000 men home from darkened plants. Next day companies began painting windows black to save the vital night-shift work. In Hollywood the darkness fell impartially on movie star and stumblebum alike. The citizens of the city of klieg lights and floodlit grocery stores found a new beauty in simple starlight. The movies talked of canceling night work and getting up earlier to start work.

Seattle had practiced blackouts last spring, went at the problem with a comparatively professional air. First blackout night 2,000 citizens went on a window-smashing spree, broke the fronts of 26 stores which did not turn their lights off.

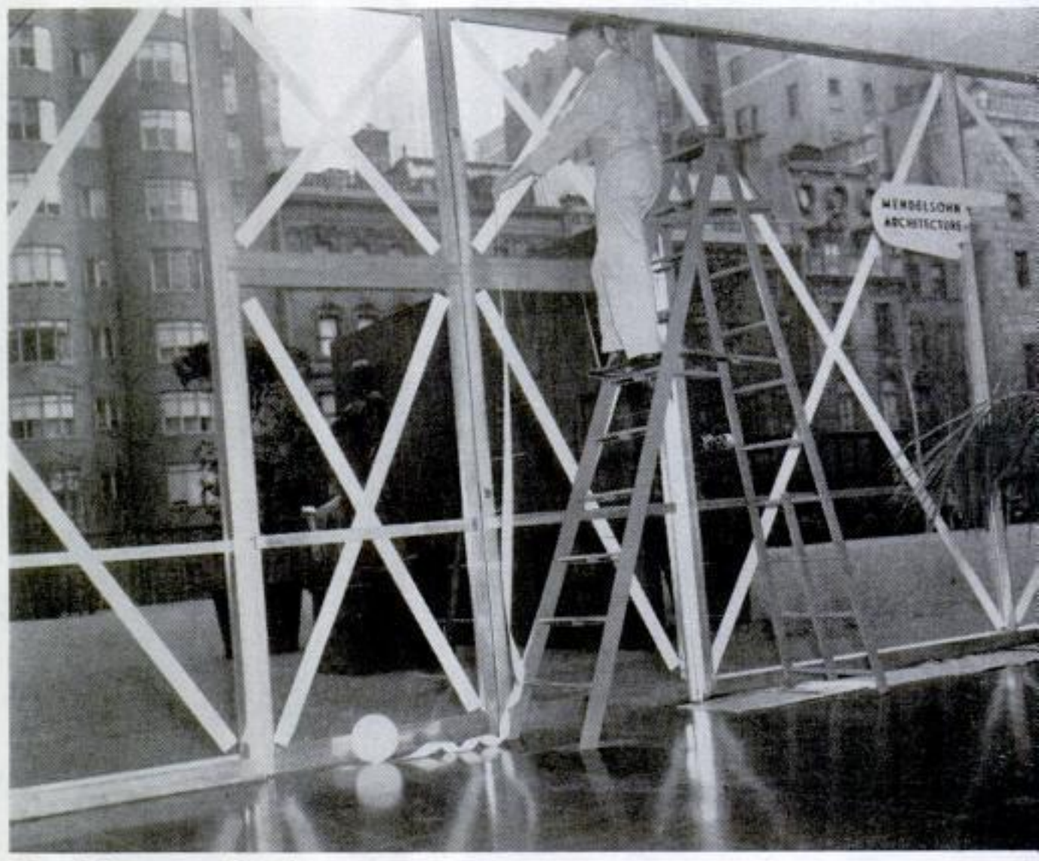
The eastern U. S. had its air-raid alarm on Tuesday when news came that enemy planes were coming in at New York from the Atlantic. Some Army men afterward classed the news as a "phony tip," others as a test alert. Interceptors whirred up to meet the enemy. But the people of New York waited curiously in the streets to see what would happen. Nothing stopped—traffic, business, lunch, conversation. The fire sirens wailed but their sound did not carry very far and nobody heeded them. A million delighted school kids were sent home and a few frightened elevator girls ran their cars down to the basement and refused to come up again. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, Director of the Office of Civilian Defense, was in Seattle when he heard about the shameful way his own citizens behaved. "Am I embarrassed?" he proclaimed. "Am I humiliated? And won't somebody catch hell about this when I get home!"



THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF NEW YORK CITY SPARKLE UNDER THE GAZE OF TWO



Blankets black out the windows of a boarding-house room in San Francisco and a candle on the bureau replaces the electric light. The nation's stores did bonanza business in black cloth, candles and flashlights.



Big windows were taped at New York City's Museum of Modern Art as protection against shattered glass. The Museum's many art treasures, however, were not moved.

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AIR-RAID WARDENS ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. CITY HAS 10,000,000 WINDOWS TO BLACK OUT AND WILL NEED 30,000 MEN TO TURN OUT ITS STREET LIGHTS ALL AT ONCE



Northwest defense is practiced harder than ever on a giant map in Seattle which locates enemy planes. Names on grid are place code.



Casualty: Guard on San Francisco bridge shot Mrs. Don Sayre because her auto didn't stop.



Sandbags were piled against the street-level windows of San Francisco's Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Building, vital communications center.

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KILLED IN ACTION

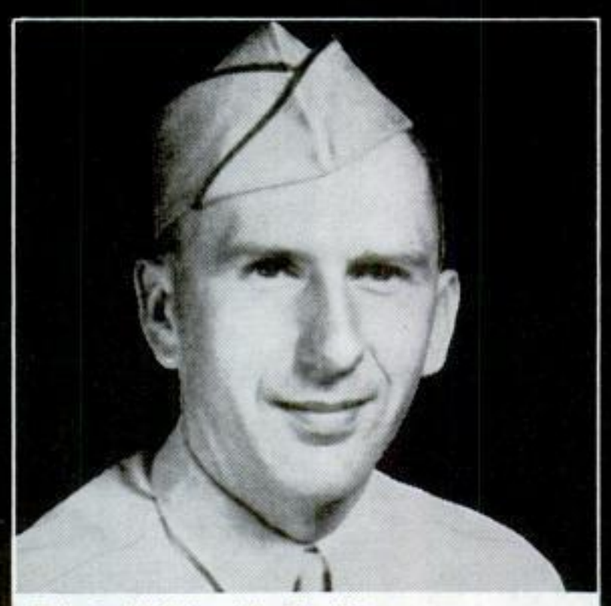
THESE MEN FELL FIRST AT HAWAII

These 30 young Americans (*below*) from Nebraska to Florida were on the first U. S. Army casualty list of this war. They were killed in action in Japan's surprise bombardment of Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7. They are only a few of the total casualties, now estimated at 3,000, and their names are among the last to appear in a public casualty list for the war's duration.

Speaking for the Army and Navy, President Roosevelt declared



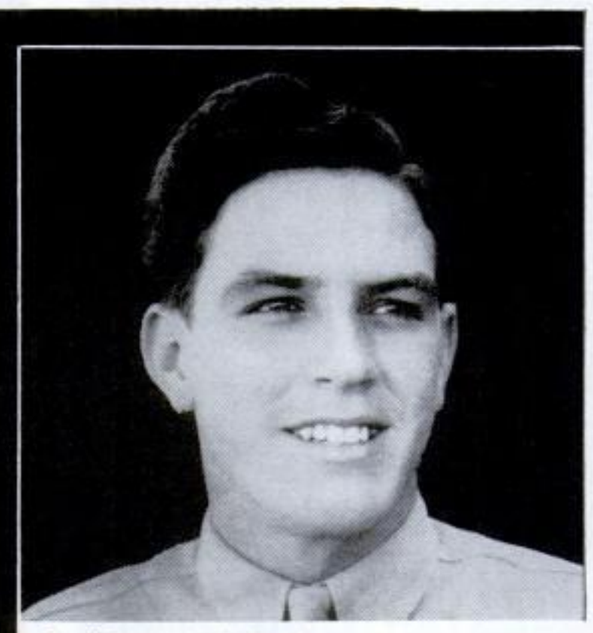
Rear Admiral Isaac Cambell Kidd was in command of battleship division at Pearl Harbor.



Private William W. Merithew is survived by a son, William Merithew Jr., at Oneonta, N. Y.



Staff Sergeant Joseph C. Herbert of the Army Air Corps used to live in Clear Spring, Md.



Staff Sergeant John Henry Mann of the Army Air Corps came from Stow, N. Y. He was 22.



Private Conrad Kujawa from Hammond, Ind. was with the Coast Artillery Corps in Hawaii.



Sergeant Joseph J. Chagnon is survived by father of 319 East 100th St., New York City.



Private John R. Fletcher of the Army Air Corps is survived by family in Janesville, Wis.



Private Robert L. Schott belonged to the Army Air Corps. His family lives at Elkhart, Ind.



Sergeant Robert C. Sherman of the Army Air Corps used to be resident of Middletown, N. Y.



Private John G. Mitchell of the Army Air Corps once was a resident of Hoisington, Kan.



Sergeant Walter R. French was a member of Medical Corps. His home was Delphos, Ohio.



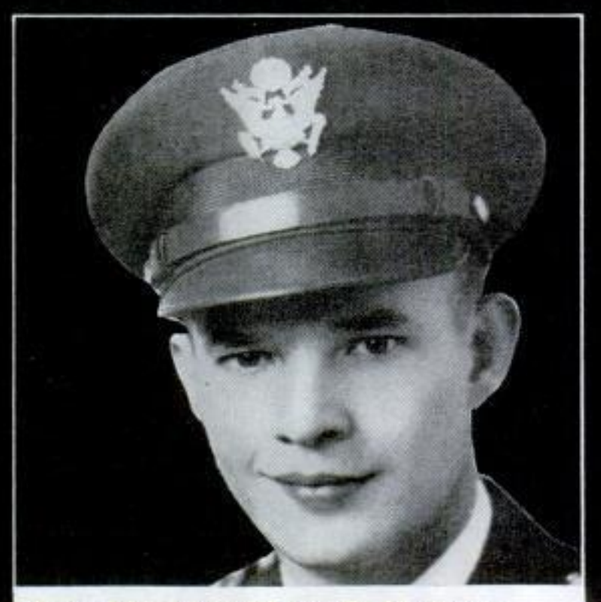
Staff Sergeant George Gannam of Savannah, Ga. was stationed at Hickam Field, Hawaii.



Private Leland V. Beasley of Loretto, Tenn. is survived by his father, Cyrus C. Beasley.



Private William M. Northway of Providence, R. I. is survived by his aunt, Bessie Barton.



Second Lieutenant Louis G. Moslener was a resident of Monaca, Pa. where his parents live.

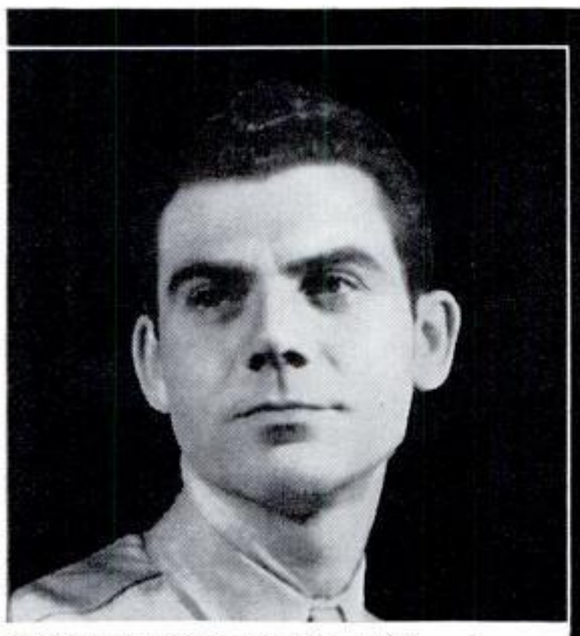


Private Ralph S. Smith of Essington, Pa. is survived by his father, Mr. Harry A. Smith.

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last week that hereafter radios and newspapers should refrain from announcing complete lists of dead or wounded, for such lists would give useful information to the enemy. In case of a casualty, the next of kin would be notified at once, however, with instructions not to divulge the name of their relative's ship or station. The President said he thought it would be permissible for newspapers and magazines to print news of individual war deaths if military or geographical information was withheld.

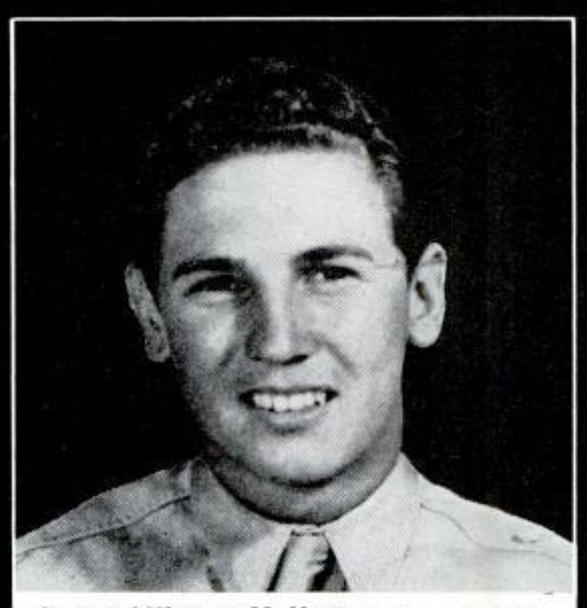
The bravery of Captain Colin Kelly Jr. (*right*) on Dec. 12 off Luzon in the Philippines provided America with its first war hero. Kelly dove his plane straight at the Japanese battleship, *Haruna*, released a stick of high explosives almost into the mouths of flaming guns, and then vanished himself in the mighty explosion that ushered the 29,000-ton ship to the bottom of the sea.



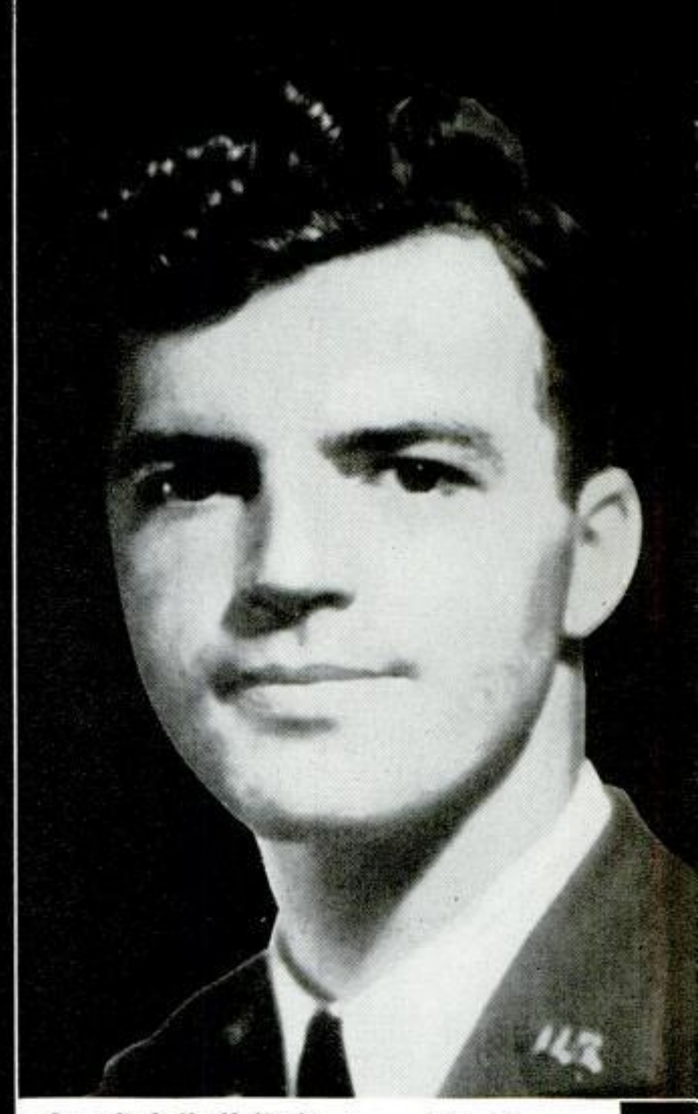
Corporal Malachy J. Cashen, Air Corps, leaves mother, Gertrude Cashen, in Lamont, Iowa.



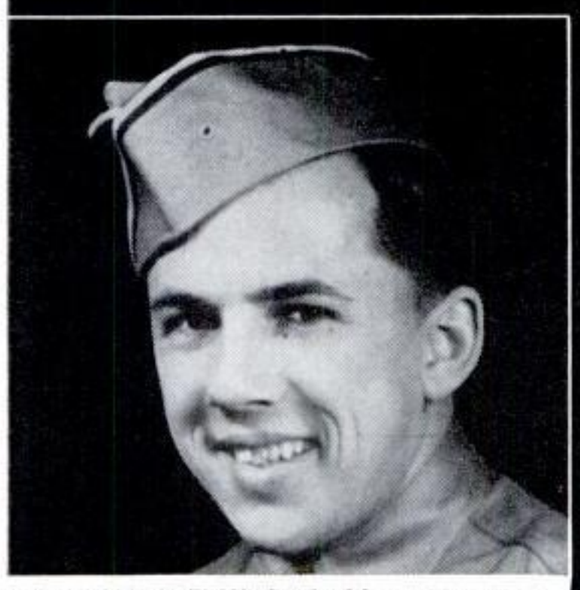
Lieutenant Hans C. Christiansen, Air Corps, of Woodland, Calif., died at Pearl Harbor.



Corporal Vincent M. Horan belonged to the Air Corps, used to live in Stamford, Conn.



Captain Colin Kelly Jr. who sank the *Haruna* is survived by wife and son in Brooklyn, N. Y.



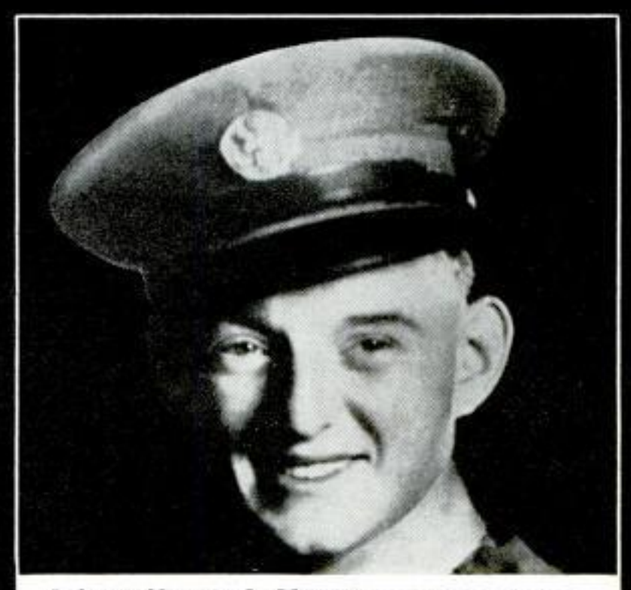
Private Robert R. Niedzwiecki was with Army Air Corps. His home was Grand Rapids, Mich.



Corporal Robert P. Buss of the Army Air Corps came from Elkhart, Ind. He was 26 years old.



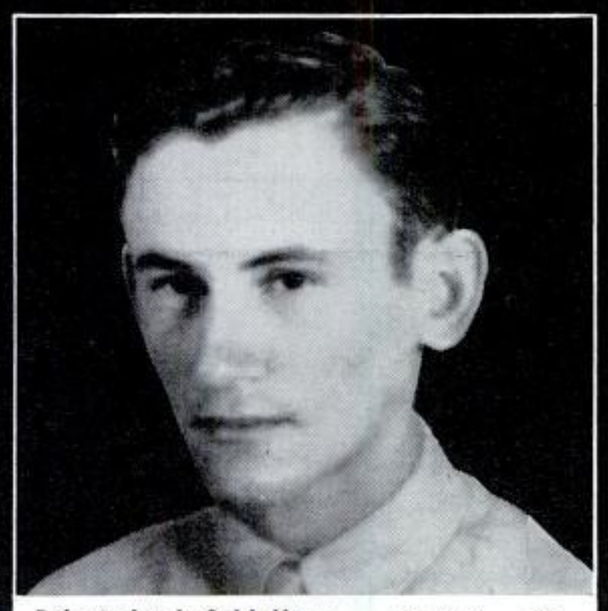
Private Eugene L. Chambers of Army Air Corps was formerly a resident of Apollo, Pa.



Private Horace A. Messam was from Barberton, Ohio and is survived by his father Ernest.



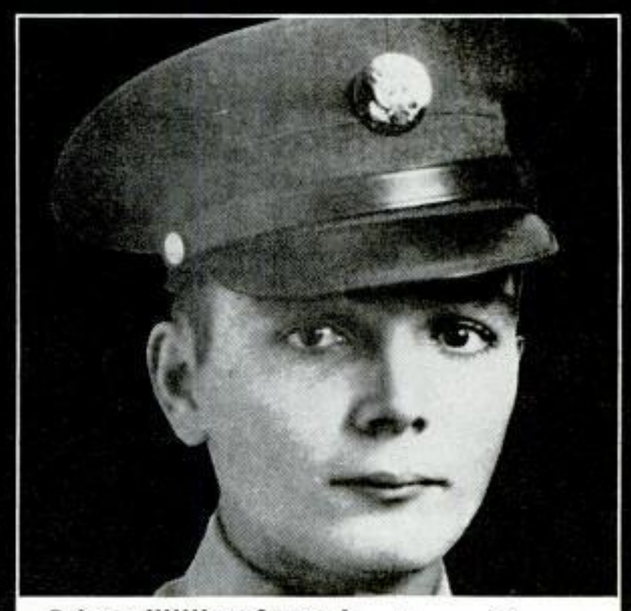
Private Jack H. Feldman of Philadelphia, Pa. is survived by mother, Mrs. Reba Feldman.



Private Louis Schleifer leaves his father, Mr. Morris Schleifer, who lives in Newark, N. J.



Second Lieutenant George A. Whiteman of the Army Air Corps was from Sedalia, Mo.



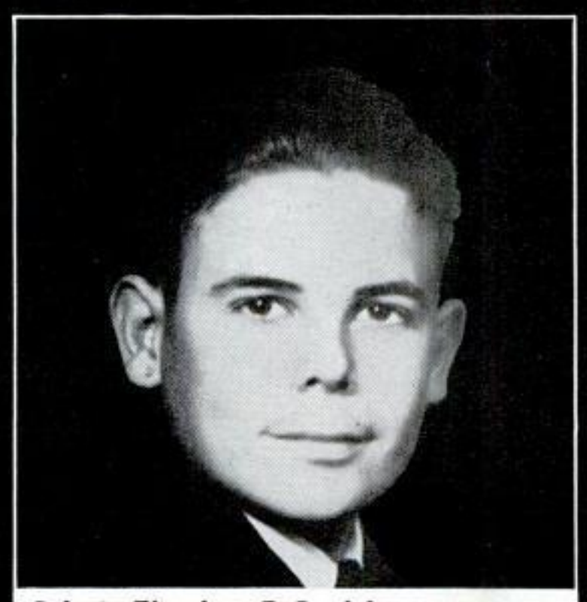
Private William Coyne Jr., who was 20 years old, was Kansas City's first known casualty.



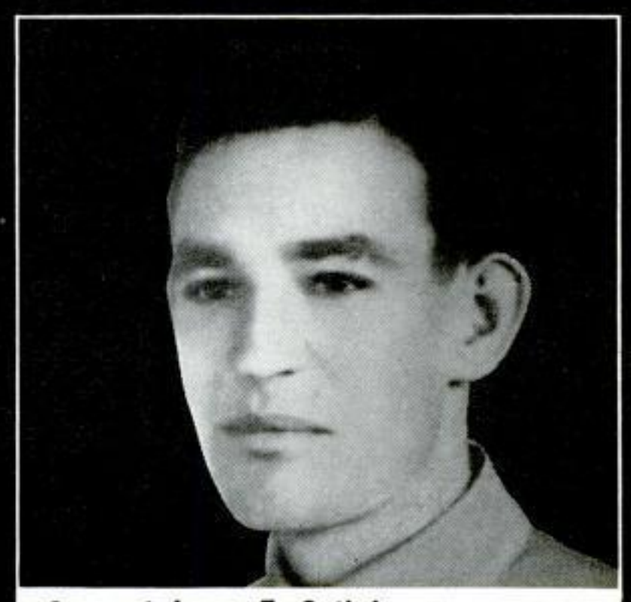
Private Victor L. Meyers, 24, of Hendley, Neb., was born on the final day of World War I.



Private Elmer W. South came from Indianapolis, was among those killed at Pearl Harbor.



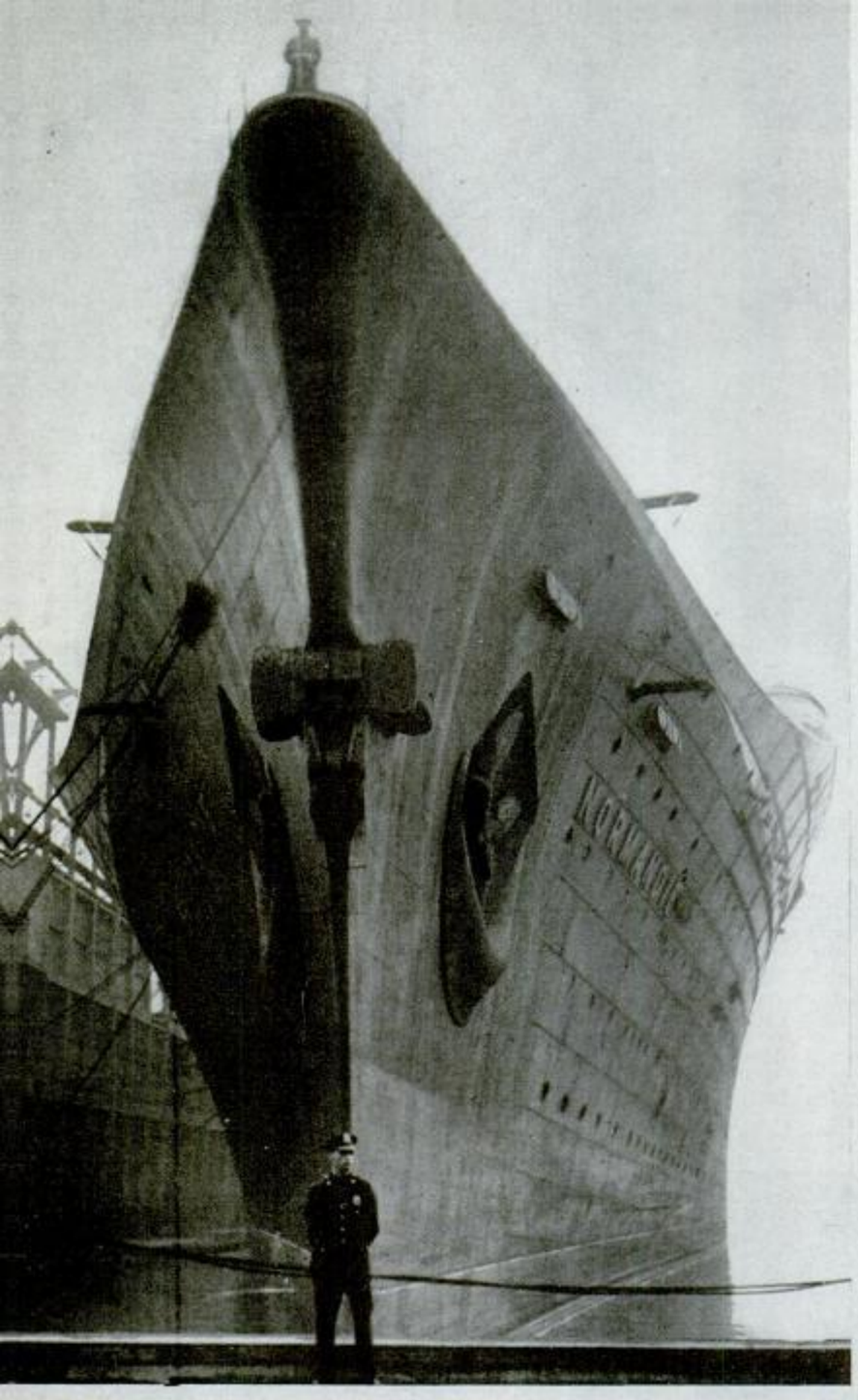
Private Theodore F. Byrd Jr. of Army Air Corps is survived by father in Tampa, Fla.



Sergeant James E. Guthrie from Nathalie, Va., is survived by his father, Claude Guthrie.

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U. S. SEIZES THE "NORMANDIE"

IT CAN BE MADE INTO TROOPSHIP AND CARRIER

For four years after her maiden voyage in 1935 the French Line's *Normandie* was the Mistress of the Seven Seas. She was rich and impractical. Through her lavishly ornamented streets, squares, shops, restaurants, bars, hairdressers, theater, salons, swimming pools and libraries, there paraded the notables of the world. She cost $60,000,000 and there will never be another like her.

The war came when she was in New York. For fear of German submarines she tied up at her North River dock (*left*). Gradually she shed her grandeur. Her bright funnels turned a dirty rust and the gold leaf peeled off the pillars in her grand salon. She got old before her years. Last week, as Vichy France swung closer to outright alliance with Germany — an alliance which would mean turning the remnants of the battered French Fleet over to the Nazis—the U. S. seized the *Normandie* and 13 other French ships in U. S. ports. Nobody knew what the U. S. would do with her. Some naval men thought that, with her 32 knots, she should be made into an aircraft carrier. Others thought she would be better as a troopship.

LIFE shows in the drawing below how she can be converted into both an aircraft carrier and a troop transport. Thus reconditioned, her 40 planes can act as a self-sufficient convoy to the ship and to the 10,000 soldiers aboard her. Because she is 1,029 ft. overall, her entire length is not required for a flight deck. Some 125 ft. of the after-deck space on four different levels can be used for troop recreation. In addition the flight deck (longest of any ship in the world) is perfect as a drill and parade ground for infantrymen and machine-gunners.

Contrary to general opinion, the *Normandie* was not designed as a carrier. The updrafts from her boilers terminate in funnels on the center line instead of terminating in the side of the ship, as they must in all carriers to make room for the flight deck. To convert her, this portion of the ship must be completely torn down and the updrafts concentrated in a starboard island, as near amidships as possible.

Other important changes must also be made. The flight deck, converted from the boat deck, must be of very heavy construction, and to build a hangar deck two and a half decks deep, the entire promenade deck must be ripped out. From this hangar deck to flight deck must be built two huge hydraulic plane elevators, which must also be cut through present construction.

NORMANDIE

ARMORED CAVALRY OF PHILIPPINE SCOUTS CAN RUSH

TO MEET JAP INVADERS ON THE PHILIPPINE BEACHES

DEFENDERS OF PHILIPPINES

LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER REPORTS ON NATIVE AND AMERICAN GARRISON ON WAR'S EVE

Photographs for LIFE by Carl Mydans

The very last peacetime look taken of the defenders of the Philippine Islands is represented by the pictures on these and the following pages by LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans. They arrived in the U. S. by Clipper the day war broke when these same defenders began a desperate and crucial fight for the security of all Americans everywhere.

To preserve military secrecy, LIFE has retouched identifiable backgrounds and eliminated unit insignia in certain photographs. Their improper use would unquestionably have given valuable military information to the Japs.

What is superlatively evident in these pictures is the hard, efficient speed with which General MacArthur and the U. S. Government were strengthening this key garrison. Photographer Mydans gladly agreed not to photograph many new weapons that had arrived in the last few months. Men and guns tore to their stations in the carefully planned line-up of defenders. Not for many months had there been in the Philippines any military notion that there was plenty of time. The defenses were due to be complete by late 1942, but General MacArthur had advanced this to March 1. Every section of his forces was rounding rapidly into fighting trim, and this was doubtless one reason why Japan attacked. With his combination of crack U. S. Army troops, crack Philippine Scouts and half-trained Philippine Army divisions, General MacArthur was prepared to carry out his orders to hold out to the last man.

These photographs of the U. S. Army's preparations for the defense of the Philippine Islands against the Japanese were taken within the past few weeks by LIFE's Camera-reporter Carl Mydans, with factual research by his wife, Shelley Smith Mydans. They arrived on the last Clipper to come from Manila and reached LIFE's office just before this issue went to press. Because a dozen pages have been added to this issue, LIFE is enabled herewith to present the final scene in the Philippines as war broke.



Army-Navy football game is followed on blackboard at Manila's Army and Navy Club on Nov. 29, but the radio broadcast fell through and officers heard only the final score. A war alert an hour before took most Navy men away, left empty tables. Unseen in dark beyond scoreboard, lies the U. S. Asiatic Fleet. After the game, Navy gave Army ghost a mock funeral.

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PHILIPPINE DEFENDERS (continued)

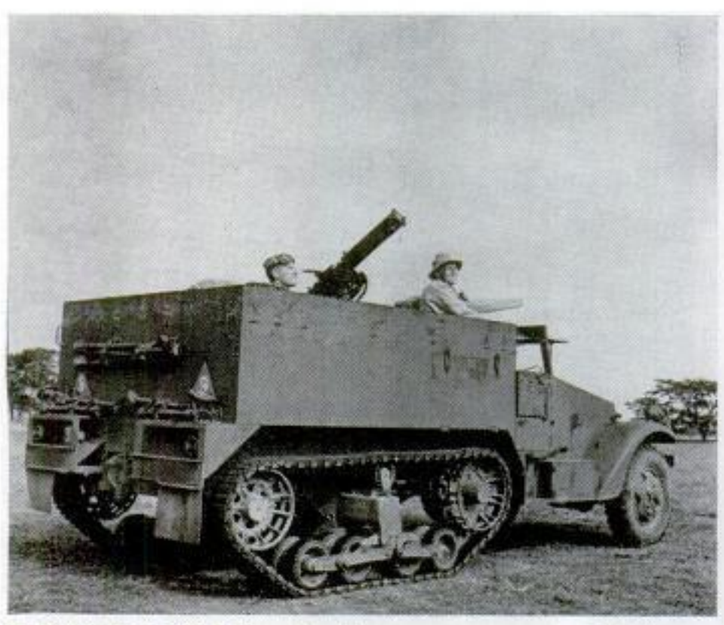
ARMORED AND HORSE CAVALRY ARE ELITE



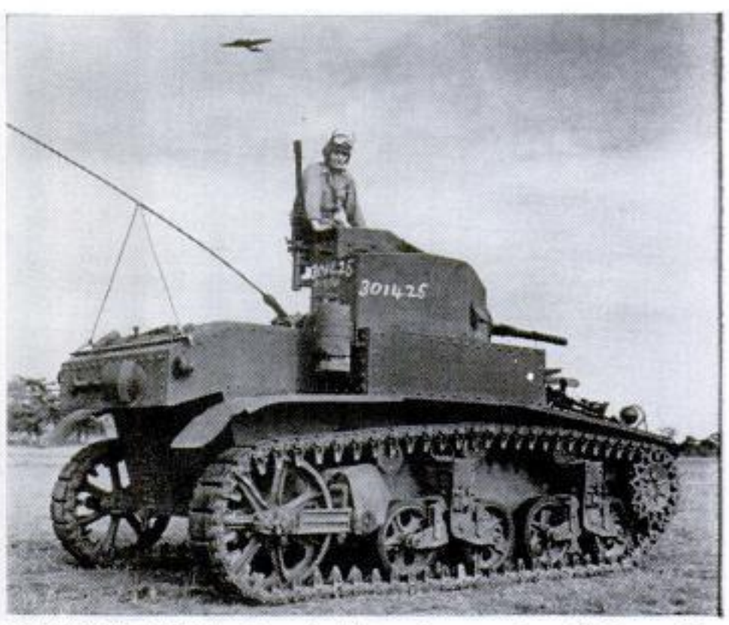
Philippine Scouts, commanded by an American officer in the lead, ride on maneuvers through the high, unconquerable cogon grass that overruns the islands. The Philippine Scouts are the veterans of Filipino soldiery, well-trained, well-armed and indoctrinated with the American Army spirit. These cavalrymen operate side by side with regular U. S. armored units.



Low-lying jeep car is used by officers to get around the vast, shifting battlefield in the remote corners of Luzon Island.



Half-track scout car pushes in enemy outposts. It is faster and better armored than jeep car at left, carries more men.



U. S. light tank, like those in Libya, is part of small, fast striking force that can be thrown against Japanese beach-heads.



U. S. trucks, equipped with four-wheel drive, are here shown with Filipino Army student drivers along palm-topped ridge. Filipinos, now trying to acquire Americans' familiarity with modern machines, are taught in the Philippine Army Motor Transport School how to run these fine Army trucks, what to do under enemy air strafing and how to negotiate 40° hills.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

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With **MAUREEN O'HARA**
it's Chesterfield for Christmas
She is appearing in the
20th Century-Fox Production
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"



FOR CHRISTMAS

It's Chesterfield

Here are your Milder Better-Tasting Chesterfields again **. . . in the most attractive, up-to-the-minute Christmas gift package of the year.**

Buy them for the folks at home . . . send them to your friends and don't forget to mail them to the boys in the Service.

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE *They Satisfy*

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Give the Luxury of 8 Year Old

Ancient Age

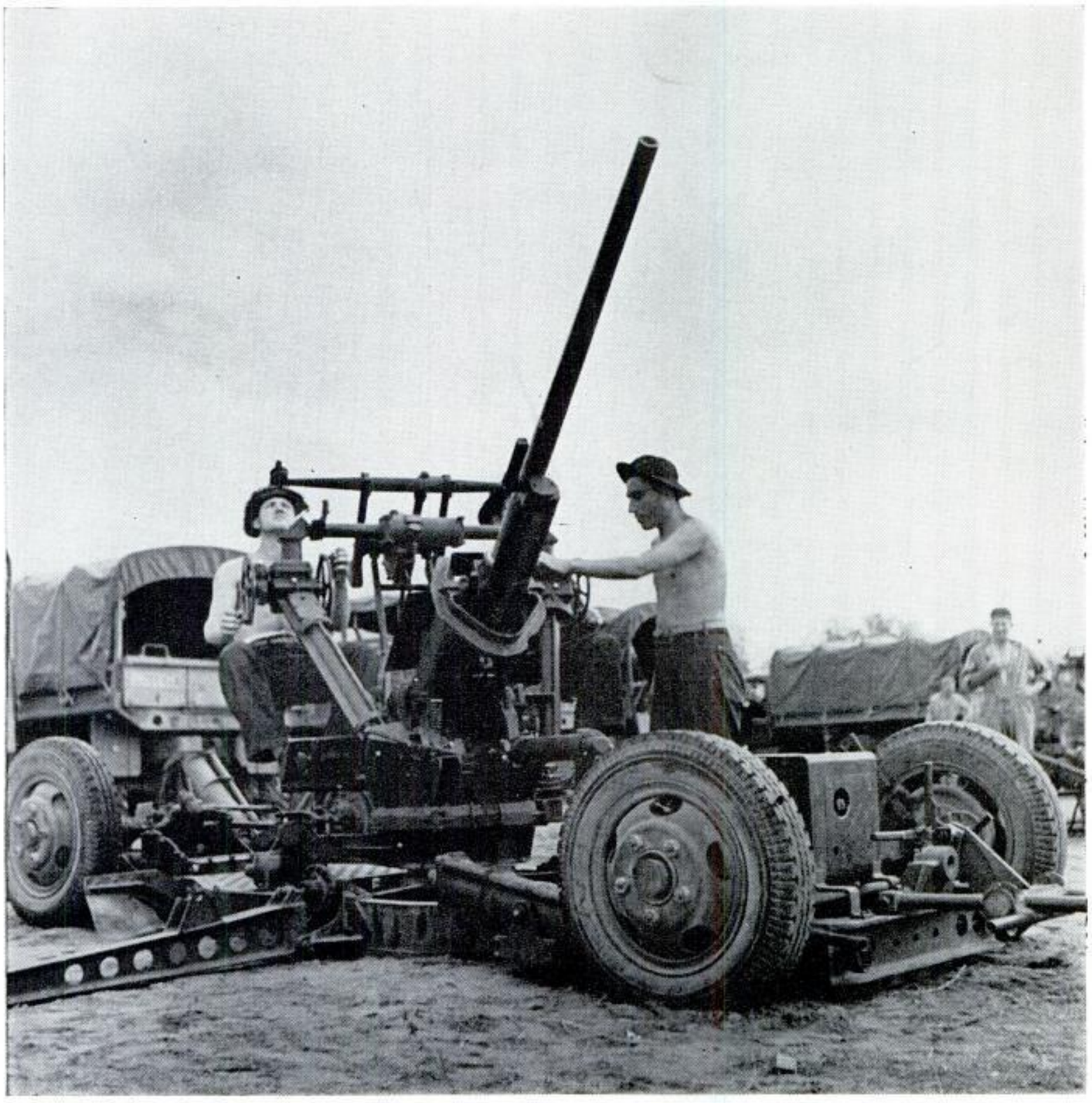


Only at 8 years of age *does whiskey fully achieve the luxury of the "Flavor Years"... a rare richness of taste-character, plus the mellow mildness of ripe maturity. You give pleasure not to be found in whiskies of lesser age, when you give this famous old favorite. To honor an ancient friendship . . . suit your gift to the sentiment. Give Ancient Age* **8 years old.**

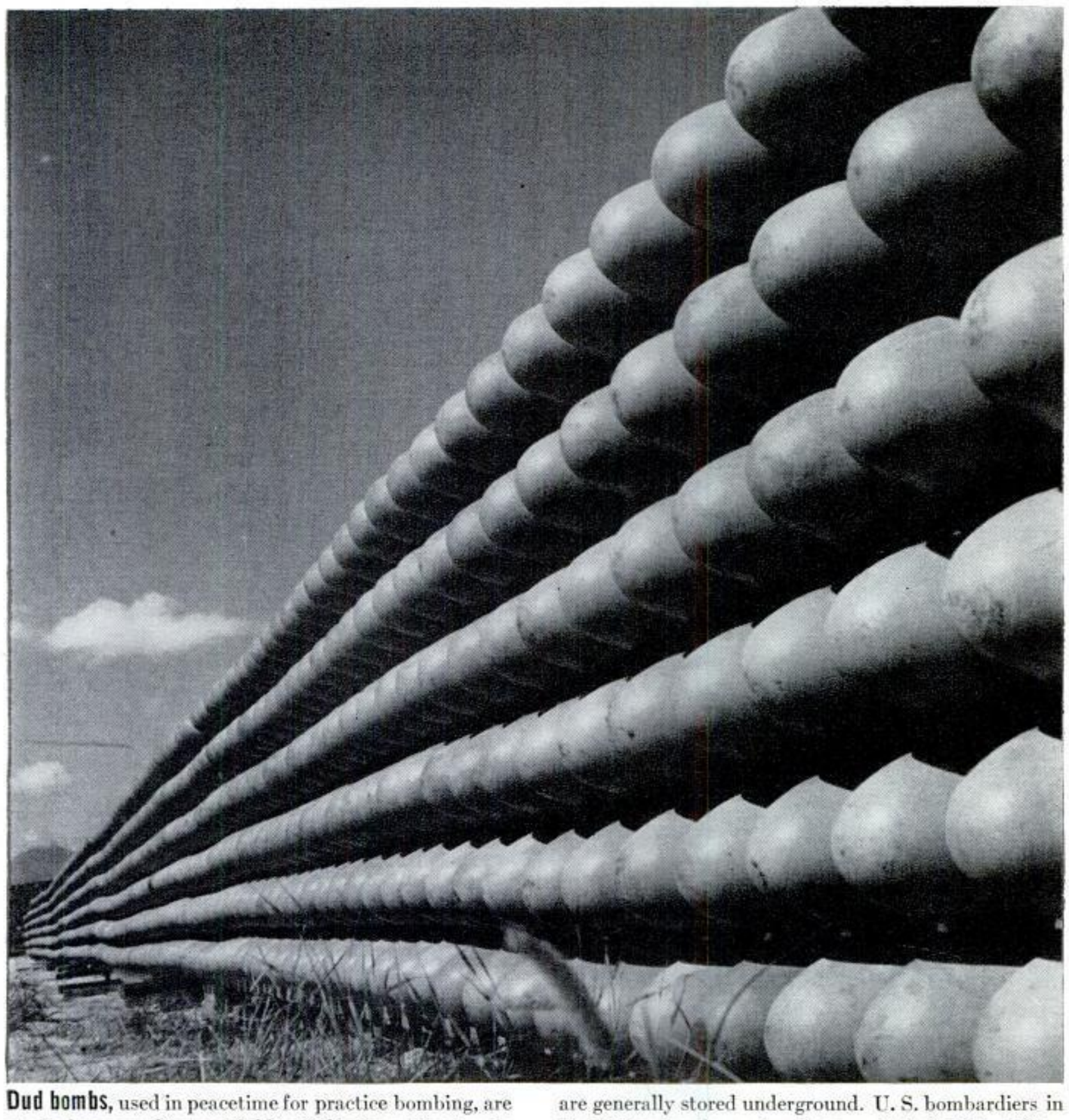
The Whiskey of 8 "Flavor-Years"

BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 8 YEARS OLD. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

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Mobile anti-aircraft gun, possibly like the ones manned by Sergeants Smith and Womack, sweeps the Philippine sky. These and fighter planes are most important to keep Japan from getting control of the air over the Philippines.



Dud bombs, used in peacetime for practice bombing, are stacked near a military airfield in Philippines. Live bombs are generally stored underground. U. S. bombardiers in the Philippines have already proved their high ability.

WE SHOOT DOWN THE FIRST JAPS

TWO U. S. GUNNERS FROM NEW MEXICO MEET ATTACK ON PHILIPPINE FIELD

by SERGEANT JOE SMITH

The first Japanese attack on the Philippines occurred Dec. 8, when two squadrons of pursuit bombers attacked Clark Field. This is the story of two sergeants in the anti-aircraft battery defending that field. Both come from Carlsbad, N. Mex., where they trained in a National Guard unit which now has 83 members in the Philippines. Sergeant Joseph Stanley Smith is 21, married and has a four-months-old son. Sergeant Paul ("Doc") Womack, 22 and unmarried, used to be a rancher.

We'd just finished lunch at the gun battery and I was brushing my teeth when one of the fellows called over: "Hey, it's just 12 o'clock. Let's listen to the news." We had been alert all night and just after breakfast we were at our positions. I had radio earphones on when the news flash came that Oahu had been bombed at the same time Secretary Hull received the note from Kurusu. I told the fellows and we all said, "Well, it's here. This is what we came over for." Somebody said: "Okay, let's get it over with and then maybe we can go home." We were still fixing gun positions and started digging foxholes near the gun. We figured that since Honolulu was attacked, we'd probably get it soon.

I had the radio on all the time and at about 11:30 heard the report that Clark Field had been bombed. Well, we were right in the middle of Clark Field, so we just laughed. Then we thought it might have been fifth column or something—couldn't figure it out. We were sort of suspecting we'd get action within four or five hours and we were just sitting around shooting the breeze. Our chow service came and we finished lunch and that was when one fellow said, "Let's listen to the 12 o'clock news."

"Look at the pretty planes"

Just then somebody from the next battery yelled, "Hey, look at the pretty planes," so we walked out a little ways and saw them. They were about 20,000 ft. high, in perfect formation. There were two waves: nine, nine, eight, and then nine, nine, eight in the second wave I counted. We thought they were our Navy planes. They looked nice. They were directly overhead when I looked through glasses and saw they were a different type from the Navy's. It looked like they were four-motored, but I didn't have time to think about it—just then there was the darndest noise. It sounded like the darndest thing I ever heard and gave me the darndest feeling. Those bombers just came over once and dropped their stuff in a straight line across our field. Our mess truck which had just left us, cutting straight across the field, got a direct hit. Smoke and dust just went up like a fountain. We found later that both drivers were killed. Those were the only casualties from our outfit. It all happened so quickly that for a minute it seemed like a death trap.

We could see the dust spurt up from the bombs as they got closer and each time the noise was louder. It looked like they would cut a path right across us, but they stopped about 200 yd. short of our positions. After the last bomb it seemed kind of quiet and everything was all dirty from the explosions.

We stood up and had a kind of relaxation period for a minute. We all said: "I never knew what war would be like. I guess this is it—let's get busy." We started loading guns. We had never fired at a live target before and felt kind of funny as we talked over concussions and how we felt. We wished we

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SHOOTING DOWN JAPS (continued)

could fire a couple of rounds to get over that tense feeling, but we held our fire until all of a sudden pursuits started coming in over us. I just yelled to the fellows to stay low, keep calm and keep firing. All I could think of was to take dead aim. Those pursuits kept diving right over us. They had come in from every direction at once in a sort of crisscross formation. They did a beautiful job, but once we started firing we felt fine. They got very close before they felt our fire. At first we all just aimed at any plane we saw. Then we calmed down and every gun would pick on the same plane at once.

In the middle of it our lieutenant came running up. He'd been at lunch and came across in a jeep car the minute the bombing started. They machine-gunned him in the jeep but he didn't care. He just ran up to me and said, "Let's give 'em hell," and grabbed the machine gun.

I could follow the enemy's tactics clearly. As each plane approached he'd come in on the slant and then get over us and start diving, and then we'd all let go at the same time with machine-gun and rifle fire and he'd pull out. He'd stay in the dive maybe to within 200 yd. and then seem to be afraid to come into our fire, especially into the 37-mm. They came so close we could have reached up and slapped them. I saw the pilots clearly but couldn't tell what they looked like because they had goggles and helmets on. I never had any harsh feelings toward Japanese before, but I learned to hate them right then. They're good sports, though; when one we hit was falling, we saw his buddy dive down alongside and waggle the tail. Behind us we saw a dogfight too and that proved to us, right then and there, that our P-40's are better than anything they've got. Some of the boys thought it was a Messerschmitt in the dogfight, but the P-40 outflew and outmaneuvered him all around. Soon our plane got up behind and must have hit the fuel tank because the other caught fire and just seemed to stop there in the air a minute, then fell down in a long streak. We saw three more of their pursuits crash, and two more we think we got but the smoke was too thick to be sure. They had the jump on us first but we stuck to it till we chased them off, and that made us feel good.

None of us was really excited after the first minutes when the bombers caught us. We were too busy—and it felt good to be firing. When one would come down we'd just let him have it till he couldn't take any more, and when he pulled out we'd give him a hand wave at our noses. We just said, "Get those bastards out of the air," and we kept at it till we knew we'd run them off. The whole raid lasted just 53 minutes. Then we saw the last trail off through the smoke, and I looked around to see if all the fellows were okay.

We stood up and looked at each other. We were all covered with mud from sweating and lying in the dirt. We looked funny, I guess. After it was all over we had a laugh—they couldn't complete their dives and we knew we'd stood up to them. They had us scared for a minute at first, but we felt good when we got started and we'd like to see them try again. We have a score to settle and we're waiting now.

by SERGEANT PAUL WOMACK

I was in charge of one of the guns at Clark and at noon Monday I was writing a letter to my mother. All I got down was, "Dear Mom," and, Christ, then it happened. I put the letter in my pocket (I've still got it) and jumped up to the gun. Bombers were right over us and the dirt from the bombs was kicking over our heads in middle field. The dirt was so thick I couldn't see, but it looked like a bomb had hit our second platoon. It made us so damn mad that when we started firing, the bombers just went over once. Our fighters had taken off earlier and I think they came back to chase those bombers. We just got in position when pursuits started coming over us. It was right at the start and I was down on my knees behind the sandbagging at the gun when I got hit. I'm the luckiest fellow in the U. S. Army—if I'd been six inches further over, I'd have got it. It felt like a red-hot wire going right under my arm and past the forearm. I looked down and saw some blood and it felt hot a minute. But I didn't have time to think about it, just wiped the blood off and kept firing. It didn't hurt much. We knew the only way they could shoot was to come right at us, so we'd wait till they got directly over and then we'd let them have it. The first plane we got we hit smack in the motor and she just flared up and dropped. We were laughing and hollering. We were tickled to death and after that we felt good. We felt like fighting. What I kept thinking was the wonderful way the fellows were taking it. We were just a bunch of little kids out there when we started. We didn't know what it would be like. We had no officers—our second lieutenant was still at lunch—we sergeants were the only ones there. Just at first the men were surprised but when it started they cooled right down and did a swell job. It was remarkable. It really showed our fighting spirit and all through it I kept feeling proud. Our motto is, "First, in spite of hell," and we sure lived up to it. We didn't lose anybody and they did, and we know now just what we can do to them. I'm just hoping for them to come back. We know now we've got what they can't take.



The defenders include these three men of the Philippine Scouts whose job is to hold this road against Japanese landings on the coast. Tree-shaded roads such as this are ideal for moving troops safely under enemy bombers, as in forested central Russia. They will be a big help to the besieged defenders, should Japan finally win air superiority over the Philippines. The defenders have planted trees along important roads.



Bamboo for barracks (*above*) comes into Philippine camp. General MacArthur's job was to build camps for ten Philippine Army divisions recently inducted into the U. S. Army. He had just about finished them when war broke out and the troops quit the camps and went into action. Below: Filipinos get special training in the use of field radio, to give artillery fire-direction. These are bright, capable, willing soldiers.



Filipino infantry return to barracks after field mass. Nearly 90% of these men are Catholics. About a third know English and the rest speak Spanish, Tagalog or other Philippine dialects. The woman beside the guidon bearer, carrying a Bible, is LIFE Researcher Shelley Smith Mydans, whose husband Carl Mydans took the picture.

Over truck loudspeaker system (*below*), American instructor of Filipino infantry reads the radio address of Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, Aug. 15, warning against Axis plans. These men had taken the Oath of Allegiance to obey the orders of the President of the U. S. The symbols on the company guidons have been painted out.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PHILIPPINE DEFENDERS (continued)

U.S. PLANES FIGHT TO COMMAND AIR

American fighters, P-40D's, are lined up on a military field for servicing. In wartime planes would never be grouped in this manner. These planes must outfight hordes of Japanese Zero-Zero fighters based on captured Philippine airfields and constantly reinforced. The U. S. must try to maintain its fighter-plane strength in the Philippines.

Only a direct hit can get this B-18 medium bomber, cached in a huge revetment of earth. This is first-class protection against bombing. This veteran plane can carry a tremendous load of bombs a long way, perhaps bombed the Jap Navy. Big airfields have been greatly increased in size and rapidly readied for war during the past year.

material

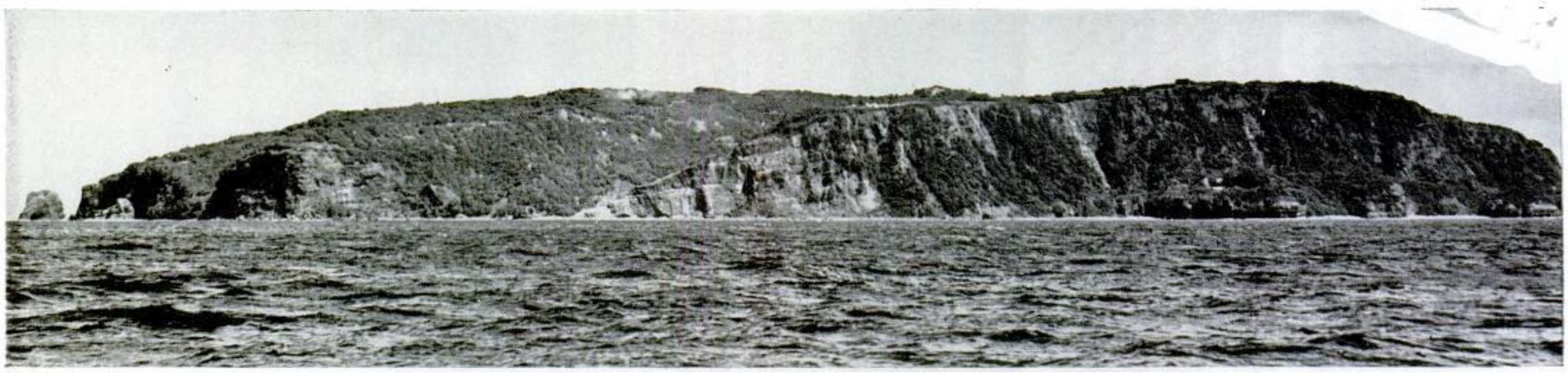


Air Force re-inforcements sleep in hangar until barracks are ready. Old hands have grown beards. Mosquito netting is piled on frames over beds. Men are on 24-hour, three-shift schedule. The morale even before war was businesslike, hard-driving. The U. S. has just about completed rush job of building new barracks for big army.

New cadet, Salvador Elefante, at Philippine Air Force's Zablan Field, is hazed in American tradition by being hosed and rolled in mud after his first solo. School produces class of fair Filipino pilots every three months with one year's training. These youths are cream of the Philippines, all speak English, but fight separately from U. S. pilots.

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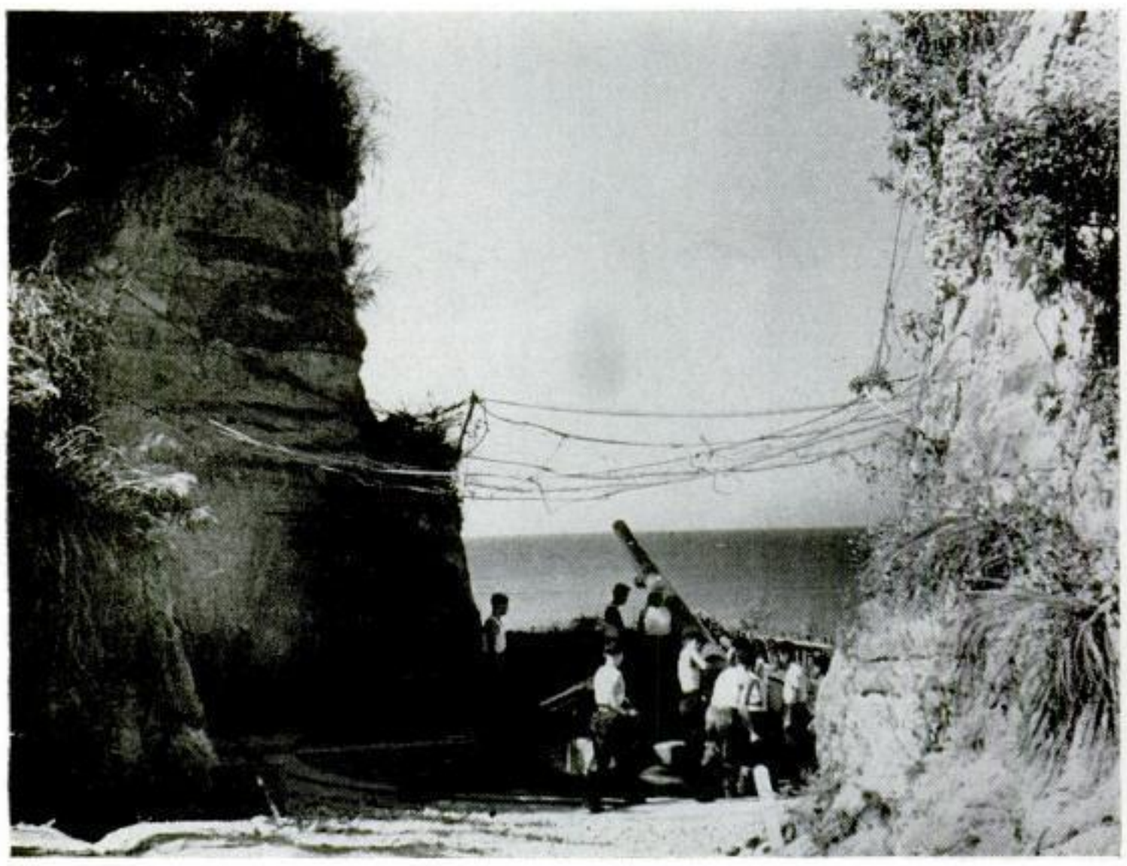
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"Gibraltar of the Pacific" is Manila's harbor-mouth fort of Corregidor, a much more defensible strong point than Malaya's Singapore. In this picture, taken from the regular ship channel into Manila, no sign is visible of the heavy defenses buried in the solid rock and hidden under the luxuriant tropical vegetation. In war everybody quits surface buildings, goes underground.

PHILIPPINE COAST FORTS

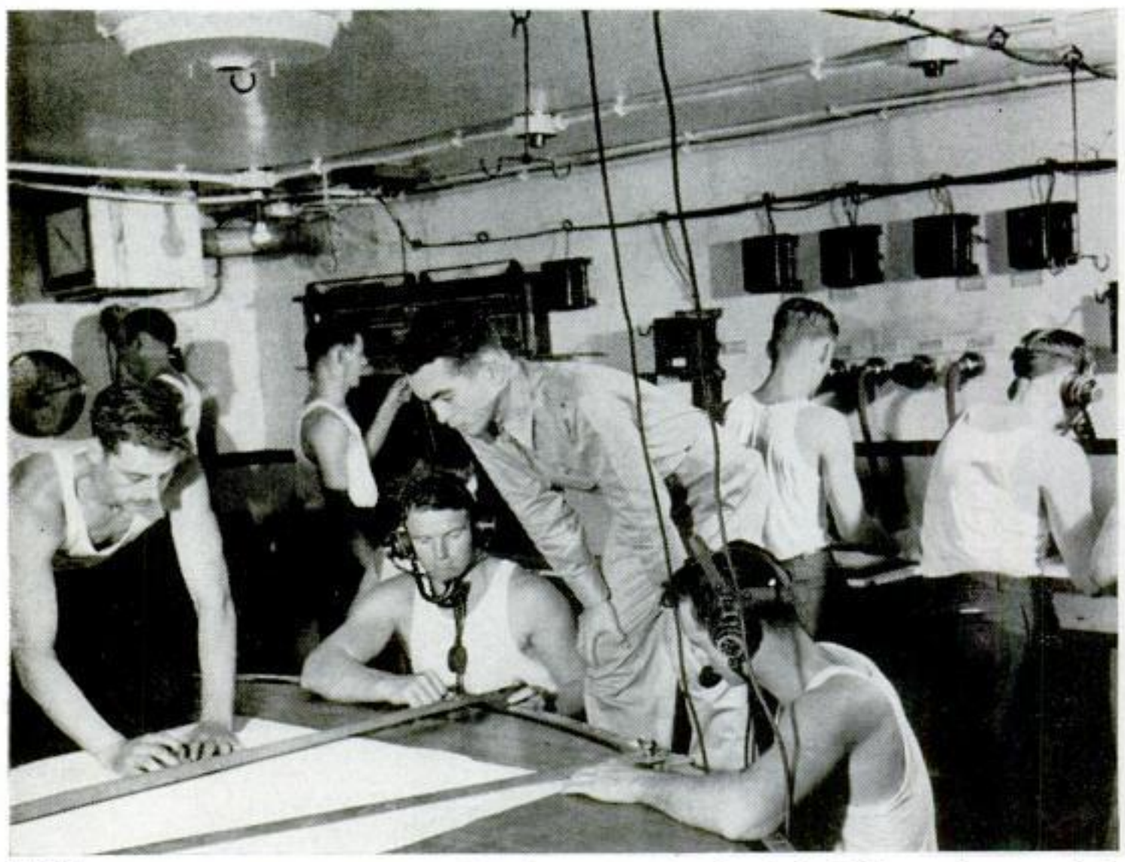
The Philippines are primarily invaluable to the U. S. in this war as a base for air and sea attack on Japanese forces. If the base falls, the Allies must shift their advance bases far back, to Malaya and the Netherlands Indies. On these pages are shown some of the coast defenses that protect the main island of Luzon against sea invasion. Chief of these are the islands at the mouth of huge Manila Bay, Corregidor (*above*), Fort Hughes and Fort Drum. Corregidor was cleared of civilians last June save for a few tradesmen. The officers dressed for dinner until the outbreak of war. All roads are camouflaged by a heavy growth of ipil trees. Communication paths are sunken, most guns are hidden against air reconnaissance and attack. Skeleton crews have been sleeping for months close to the guns they serve. The offshore waters are mined. A fisherman who doubted it tried to sail through the mine field last month and was blown to bits. Most of these forts are manned by U. S. regulars and Philippine Scouts who have always been part of the U. S. Army.



Philippine coast defenses include this mobile gun here temporarily planted in a prepared position along shore. Gun crew are Philippine Scouts. Netting is standard practice for camouflage.



Wired communication trenches behind batteries are underground where possible. Gun crews would probably sleep here in wartime. Machine-gun nests control possible landing points.



Plotting room for directing heavy artillery fire against invaders is buried far underground. As can be seen, these men are all U. S. Army regulars, listening on headphones to observer's data.



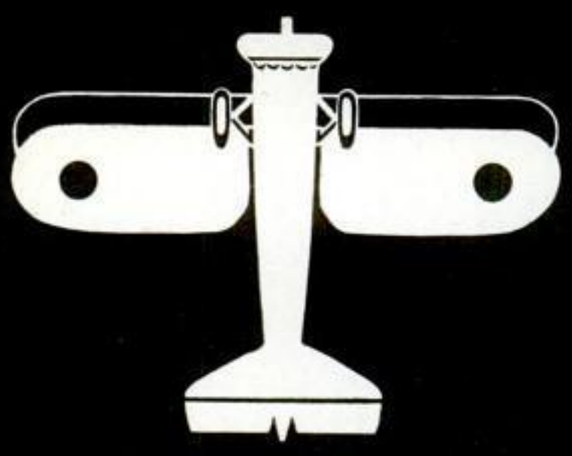
Efficient magazine, for big coast-defense shells (*center*) and 75-mm. shells (*left*) in their waterproof cases, is buried underground, has chain hoists to lift and move shells toward guns.

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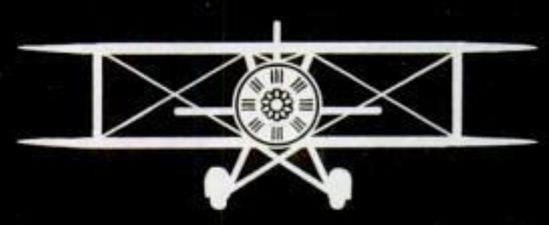


Fixed coastal gun can damage invading ship by a hit anywhere on the ship, but ship's guns must get a hit plump on the shore gun. This gun outranges Japanese light cruisers. The background in this picture has been extensively retouched, to avoid giving away location to Japs. U. S. gun crews generally can outshoot the Japanese and have longed for a chance to prove it.

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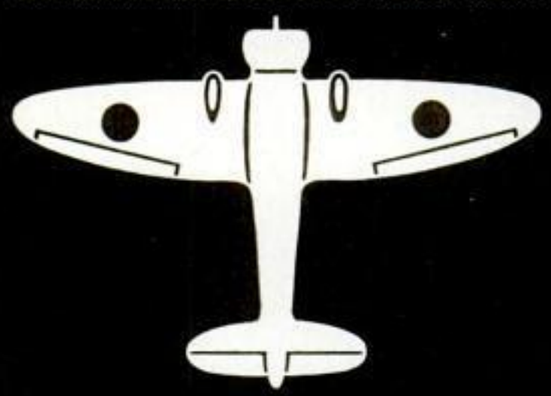


CARRIER FIGHTER





THE NAKAJIMA 95 FIGHTER PLANE (FIRST PRODUCED IN 1935) BOMBS AS WELL AS FIGHTS AND IS ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE NAKAJIMA 90 AND 94 FIGHTERS

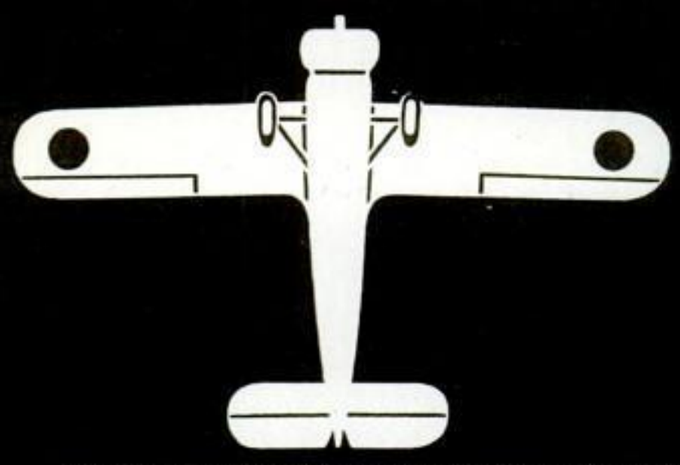


CARRIER FIGHTER





THE NAKAJIMA 96 FIGHTER IS ONE OF FEW MONOPLANES IN JAPANESE AIR FORCE. ITS TOP SPEED IS 245 M.P.H., 145 MILES AN HOUR SLOWER THAN FASTEST U. S. FIGHTERS

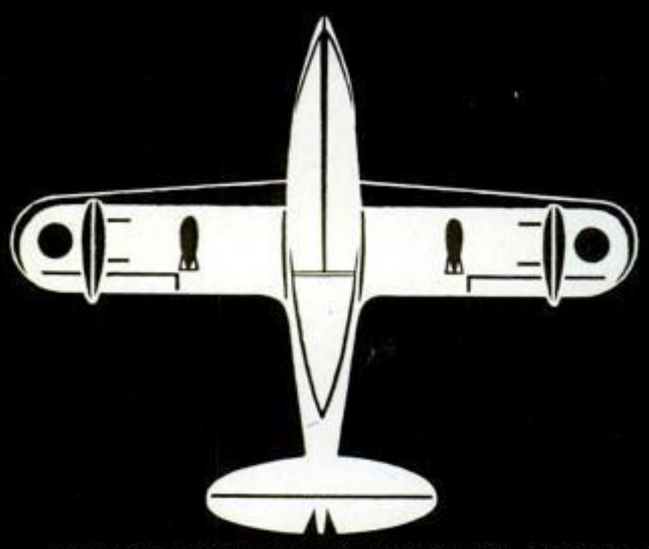


NAVY SCOUT BOMBER





THE KAWANISHI 96 CAN CARRY ABOUT HALF A TON OF BOMBS AS WELL AS SCOUT, AND RESEMBLES SCOUT BOMBERS KAWANISHI 94 AND 97, TORPEDO BOMBER KAWANISHI 96



NAVY OBSERVATION PLANE





OBSERVATION PLANE KAWANISHI 95, CATAPULTED BY WARSHIPS, DOES JOB OF FINDING TARGETS FOR CRUISERS AND BATTLESHIPS, CHECKING ACCURACY OF SHELLFIRE

JAPANESE PLANES

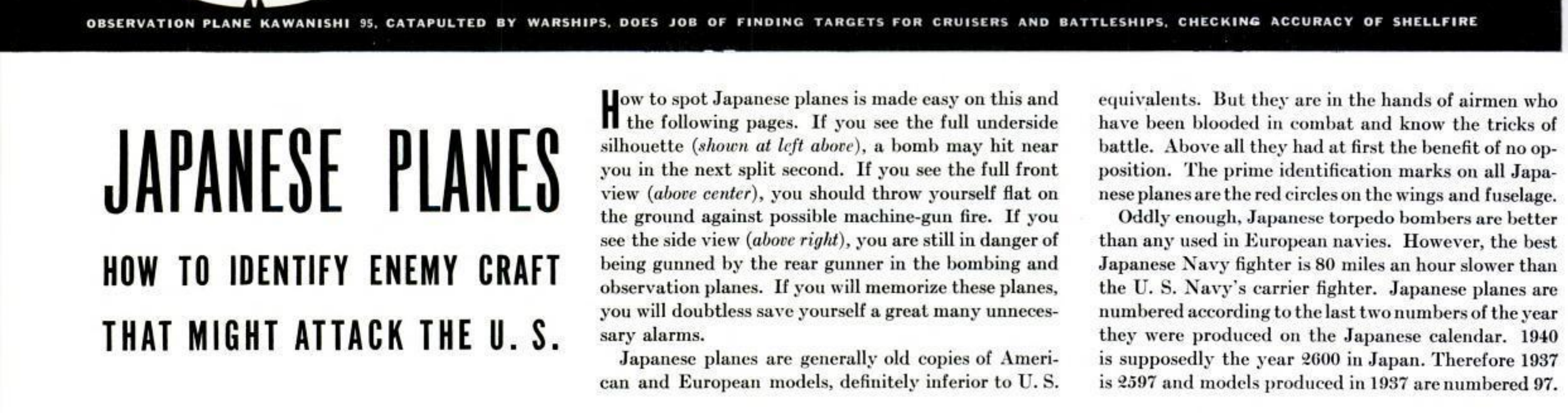
HOW TO IDENTIFY ENEMY CRAFT THAT MIGHT ATTACK THE U. S.

How to spot Japanese planes is made easy on this and the following pages. If you see the full underside silhouette (*shown at left above*), a bomb may hit near you in the next split second. If you see the full front view (*above center*), you should throw yourself flat on the ground against possible machine-gun fire. If you see the side view (*above right*), you are still in danger of being gunned by the rear gunner in the bombing and observation planes. If you will memorize these planes, you will doubtless save yourself a great many unnecessary alarms.

Japanese planes are generally old copies of American and European models, definitely inferior to U. S. equivalents. But they are in the hands of airmen who have been blooded in combat and know the tricks of battle. Above all they had at first the benefit of no opposition. The prime identification marks on all Japanese planes are the red circles on the wings and fuselage.

Oddly enough, Japanese torpedo bombers are better than any used in European navies. However, the best Japanese Navy fighter is 80 miles an hour slower than the U. S. Navy's carrier fighter. Japanese planes are numbered according to the last two numbers of the year they were produced on the Japanese calendar. 1940 is supposedly the year 2600 in Japan. Therefore 1937 is 2597 and models produced in 1937 are numbered 97.

The Japanese monoplane fighter, Navy-type Nakajima 96, buzzes up at a speed of 245 m.p.h., can stay in the air for five hours. Its silhouettes from beneath, in front and from the side are shown second from the top, above. The plane carries two machine guns and can understudy as a dive bomber. It is a copy of an American Boeing with an imitation British engine.



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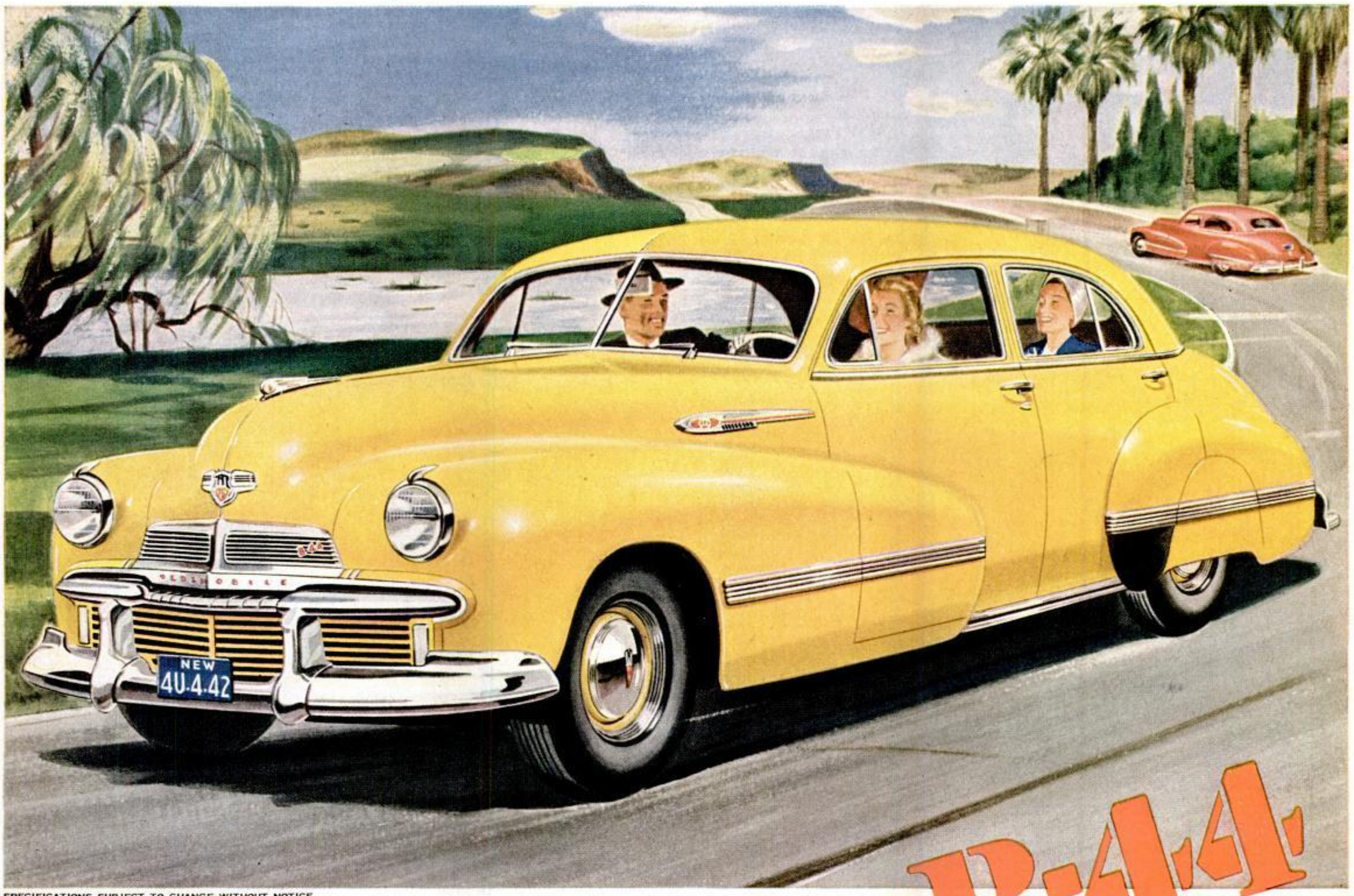
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The cannon are coming! They're rolling 'em off Oldsmobile's production lines *right now—automatic* cannon for fighting planes. In addition, high-caliber shell for the field artillery are being turned out in Oldsmobile's manufacturing arsenal at the rate of thousands a day!



SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

AUTOMATIC DRIVES for the B-44

BETTER LOOKING, BETTER LASTING, BETTER BUILT THAN ANY OLDS IN 44 YEARS!



SAVES 10 TO 15% ON GAS!

As AN "all-out" aid to driving efficiency, Hydra-Matic* has no equal. For *only* Hydra-Matic is *completely* automatic. It eliminates the clutch pedal—and hence, all clutch pushing. It banishes all manual gear shifting in the four forward speeds. It saves time, conserves energy and reduces gasoline consumption by 10 to 15 per cent. And it smooths out and steps up performance. Hydra-Matic Drive is offered in all models of the new Olds B-44, the car that's stamina-*styled* and stamina-*built* to meet the new tempo of the times. Try automatic Hydra-Matic in the B-44 today—the 100 H. P. Six or the 110 H. P. Eight. You'll be pleased with the quality of the car and you'll like Hydra-Matic, *automatically!*

★ DEFENSE COMES FIRST ★ WITH OLDSMOBILE!



Defense takes full priority at Oldsmobile. Production of cannon and shell gets preference in plant facilities and man power. In addition, Oldsmobile is setting up for still further defense assignments. Meanwhile, Oldsmobile's remaining resources are devoted to building the new Olds B-44—building it in limited quantity, to release vital materials for our country's armament needs.

*Optional at Extra Cost

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON

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Give the gift with the "Happy Blending"



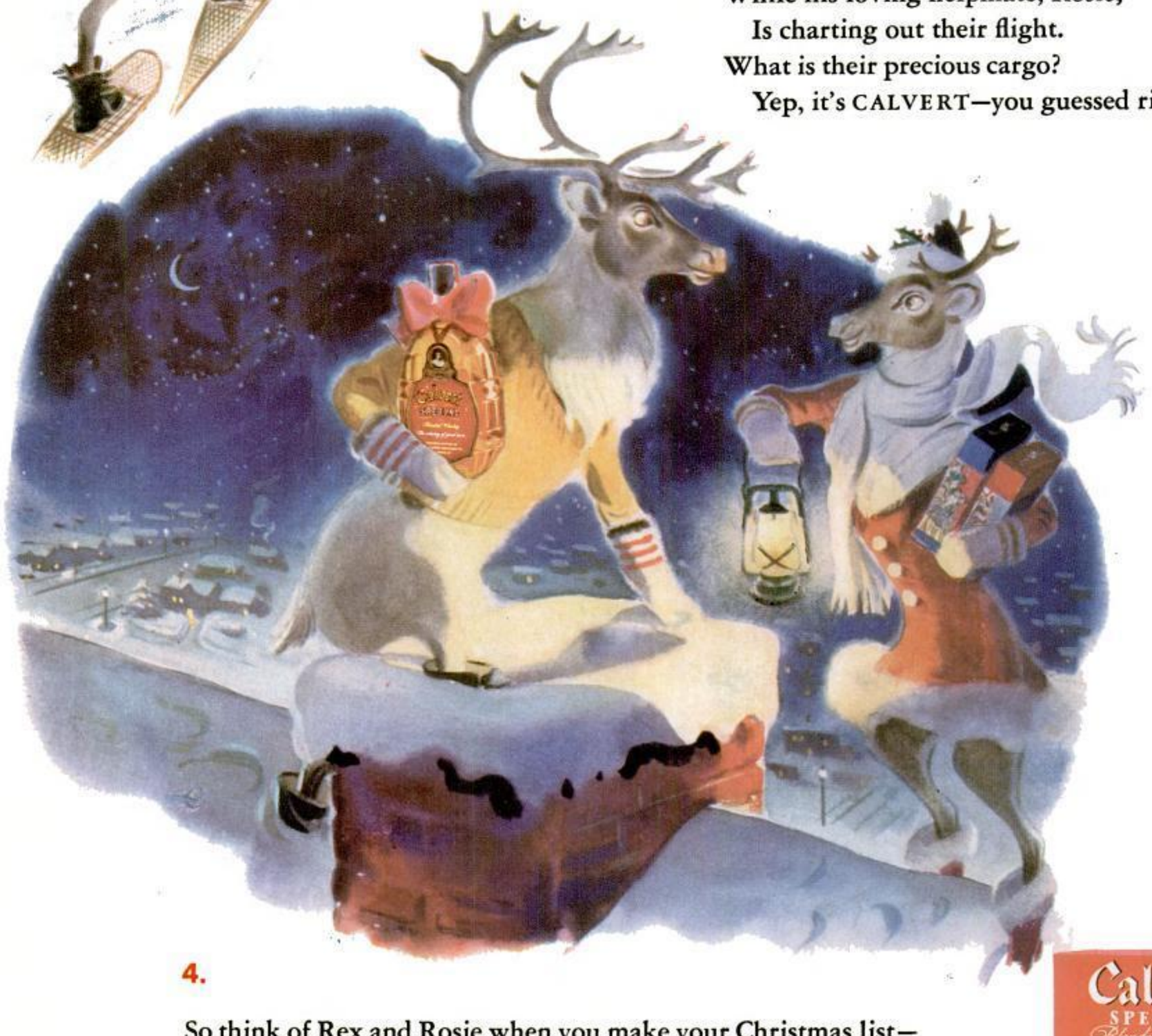
1.

Rex Reindeer's mighty busy
At this season of the year,
Loading up his good plane "North Star"
To deliver Yuletide cheer.



2.

While his loving helpmate, Rosie,
Is charting out their flight.
What is their precious cargo?
Yep, it's CALVERT—you guessed right!



3.

In fact, this famous whiskey
Is quite like these happy mates—
Like Rex and Rosie Reindeer
It's a "marriage" of swell traits.

Yes, every drop of CALVERT
Is a blend of all that's best,
To give your Yuletide Spirits
Extra mellowness and zest.

4.

So think of Rex and Rosie when you make your Christmas list—
Write "CALVERT" after every name; be sure no one is missed.
Your friends will sing your praises when they taste its mellow flavor,
For among luxurious whiskies, CALVERT'S *first** in public favor!



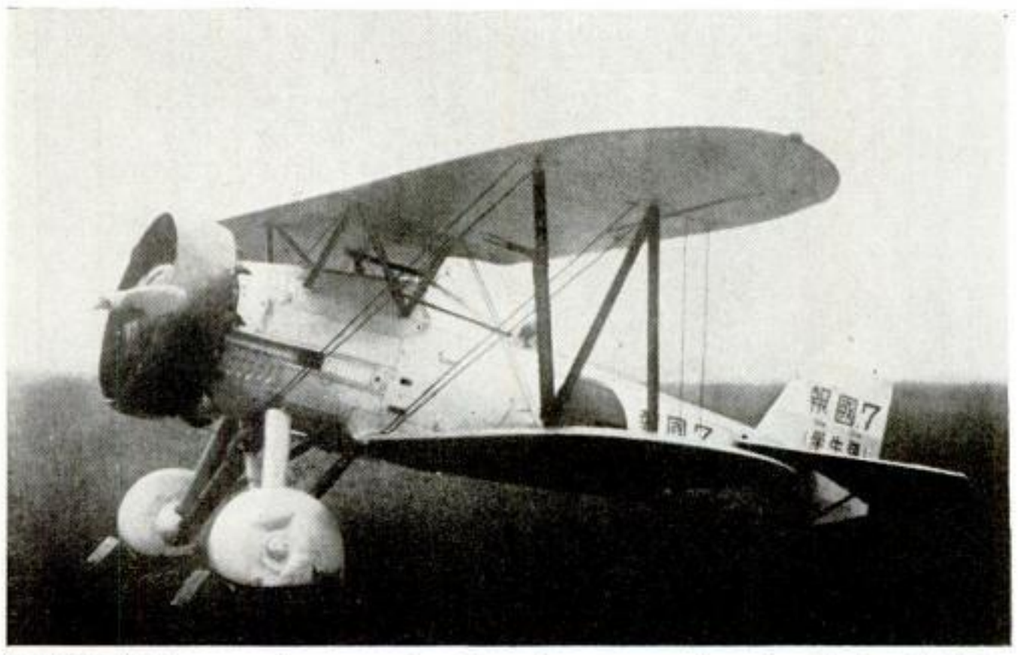
Clear Heads Choose Calvert

The gift with the "Happy Blending"

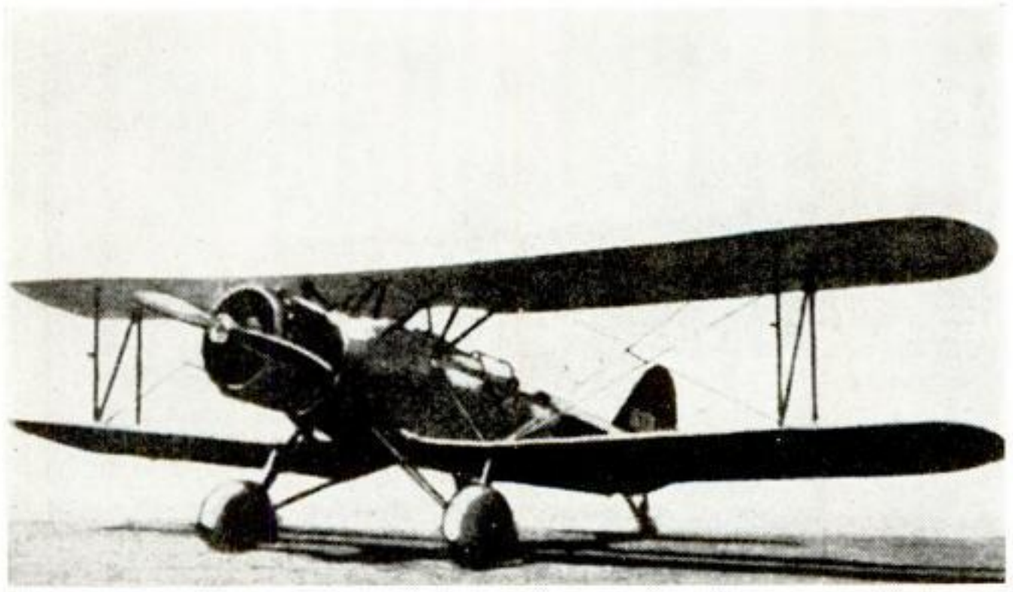
BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof – 65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . .*Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof – 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

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Enemy planes (continued)



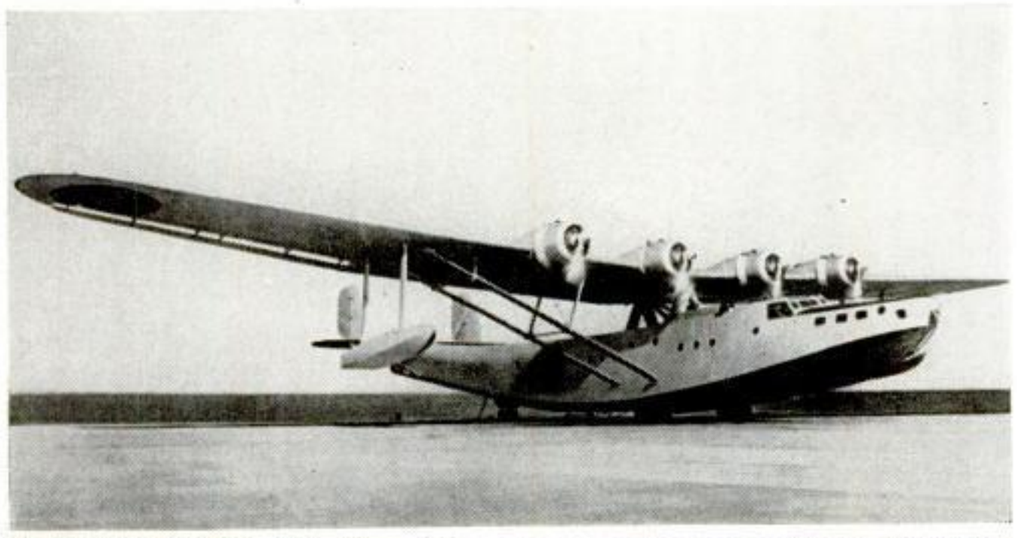
Navy fighter, borne on Japanese aircraft carriers, protected carriers that bombed Hawaii. This is Nakajima 95, copied from a 1928 American Boeing P-12, with an engine copied from British Bristol. It makes 215 m.p.h. against American Grumman's 325.



Navy torpedo bomber, borne on carriers, probably sank the battleship *Oklahoma* in Pearl Harbor, flying in low out of the sun before pom-pom guns were manned. This Nakajima 96, though it looks 15 years old, is nearly as fast as similar American planes.



Navy scout seaplane, launched by catapult from cruisers and battleships, may have been the one to scout the Pacific Coast. If you see her, it may mean that fast Japanese cruisers are coming in to shell the coast. She can carry two small bombs under wings.



Navy patrol bomber, which takes off from Japanese advance bases and may refuel at rendezvous with raider, has 3,000-mile range. Fairly new, it is an imitation of French Potez. It may have bombed Hawaii, certainly scouted the ocean for Japanese carriers.

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How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson



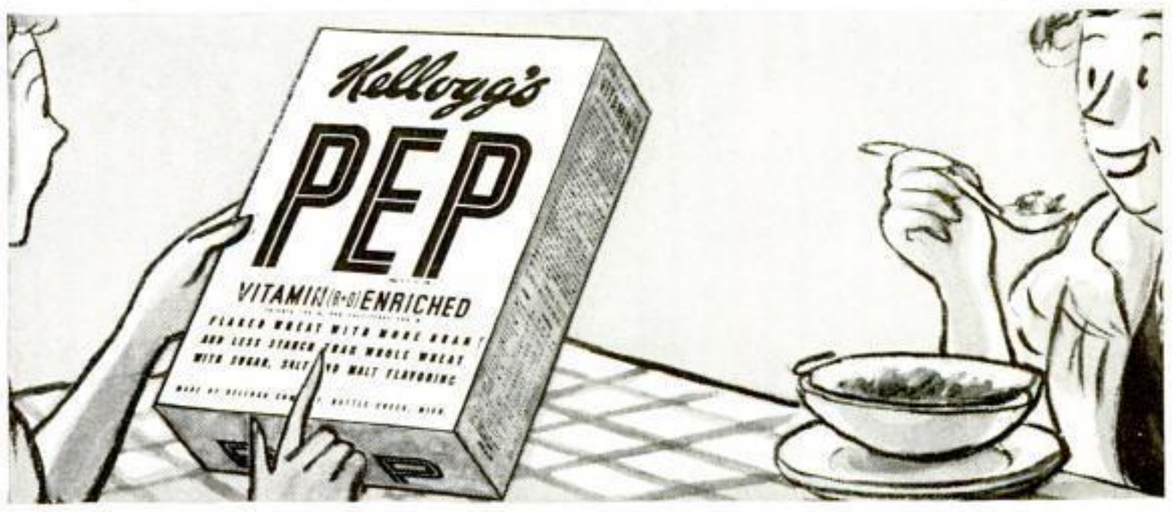
Bright Eyes: But Auntie! No dancer ever looked like that! How about a little animation, a little motion, a little whoosh, a little *pep appeal?*



Auntie: Oh, dear! I thought you'd like it. But what in goodness' name is "pep appeal"?
Bright Eyes: It's oomph, darling. It's verve. It's *joie de vivre.* And, come to think of it, you need it as badly as that statue does. Aha! I've got an idea!



Bright Eyes: No wonder you can't sculpt conga dancers, the way you've been eating lately! If you don't eat right you don't get enough *vitamins.* Vitamins for pep!



Bright Eyes: And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. You need to have all the vitamins, you know, and right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones—B_1 and D.
Auntie: But goodness, child! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me become the most vitaminized sculptor you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

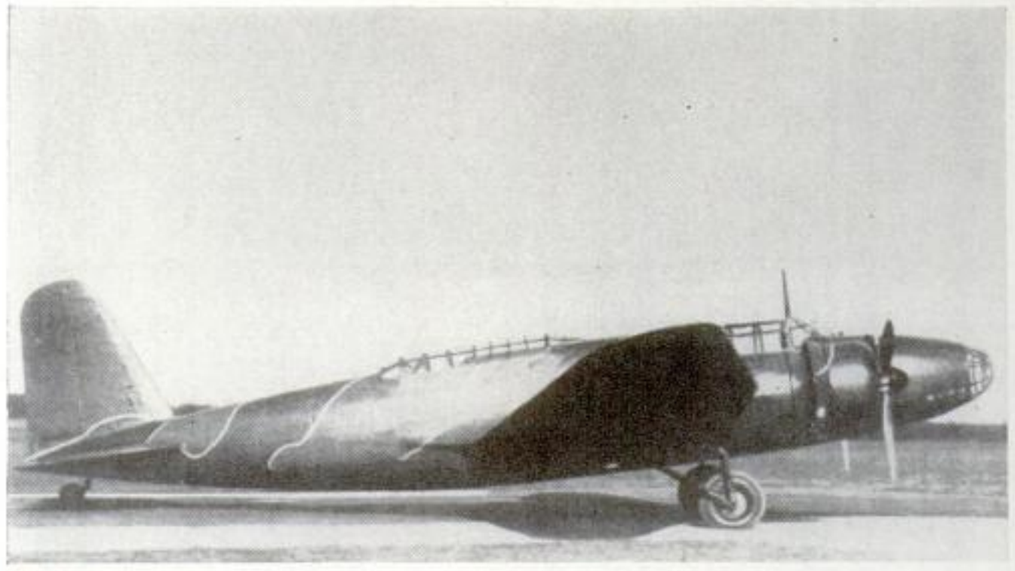
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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OF KNOWING HOW!
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ARE SOLD
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WHISKEY
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90 PROOF
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in finest taste!
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Whiskey of its type in America!
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Enemy planes (continued)



Medium bomber, which probably bombed the Philippine Islands from the Japanese bases in Formosa and China, is a copy of the U. S.'s Martin 166, uses two 1,000-h.p. Wright Cyclone engines. It is fairly fast, but very vulnerable to U.S. fighter attack.



Long-range medium bomber, Mitsubishi 96, has also bombed the Philippines. It is a sedulous copy of the German Junkers Ju-86K, can carry 2,860 lb. of bombs at 250 m.p.h., can be easily recognized by slit in wing. This model is one in commercial use.



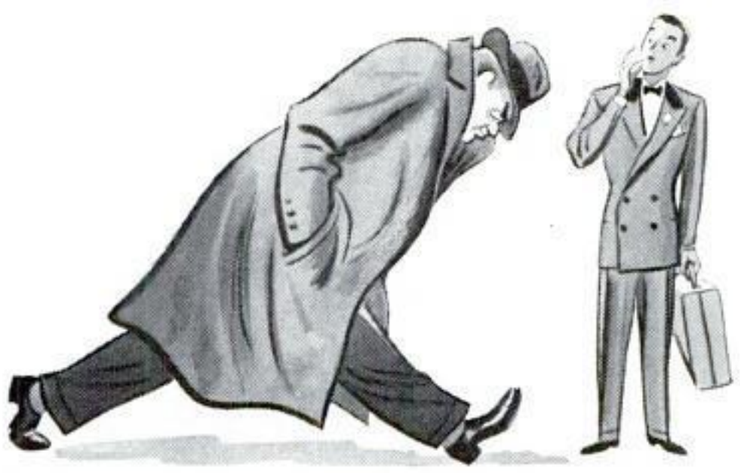
Army light bomber, Mitsubishi 97, which may have bombed the British in Malaya, is a copy of the American Northrop A-17. Japanese would rush them into any airfield they may capture in Malaya or Philippines, will doubtless base them in Thailand.



Army light bomber, Mitsubishi 96, is also a fighter that can accompany bombers as far as Philippines. Her two engines are imitations of British Jupiters, which make 240 m.p.h. Her design is at least five years old. This example is a commercial job.

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'twas the night before sunday



1 'Twas the night before Sunday, and into the Statler
Strode huge Eddie Dexter, as mad as a rattler.
His big deal with Stuffshirt had suffered postponement,
And now Eddie realized what being alone meant—
Alone, far from home with its comforts and cheer.
(But Eddie, *dear* Eddie, you'll find them all here!)



2 Ed mumbled and muttered en route to his room,
He visioned a terrible night filled with gloom—
With tossing and twisting and turning and waking.
To Dexter, hotel beds were not worth the making.
With a mental resolve to start counting sheep,
Our oversized Hero made ready for sleep.



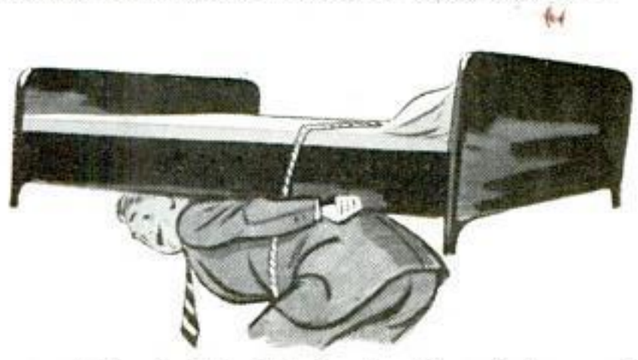
3 In his size fifty nightshirt (his heart filled with dread)
He slipped twixt the shiny-white sheets of the bed.
"What's this!" screamed our Hero, with a grin of delight,
"I think that I'm in for a *very good night!*
The mattress is thick, and the springs softly padded,
Plus the softest goose feather-down pillows!" he added.



4 "And look at these blankets—100% wool,
They'll cover my feet no matter *how* much I pull!"
With a smile on his lips and his fat face ashine,
Ed crawled out of bed to hang out the sign
"DO NOT DISTURB," for at last he had found
The hotel with the beds in which sleeping was *sound!*



5 He slept and he slept, until Noon rolled along,
And when he awoke, in his heart was a song.
He gurgled and cooed through his shave and his shower,
For he felt as refreshed as a summer-time flower.
And then, with a devilish glint in his eye,
Our overweight champion heaved a huge sigh . . .



6 Strapped the bed to his back, then doing a rhumba,
(His manifestation of a perfect night's slumber!)
Went down to the desk clerk. "At home I've a bed
That's a dandy, but this one is *better!*" he said,
"So make out a bill for my newly found friend—
We were made for each other!" That, folks, is
THE END



No fooling! Statler beds are *so* comfortable, our guests often want to buy them! Come in and try one of them yourself on your next visit to a Statler city!

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HOTEL WILLIAM PENN . . PITTSBURGH	$3.85	$5.50

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CLEVELAND	$3.00	$4.50
DETROIT	$3.30	$4.95
ST. LOUIS	$2.75	$4.95
WASHINGTON, D. C.	(Now Building)	

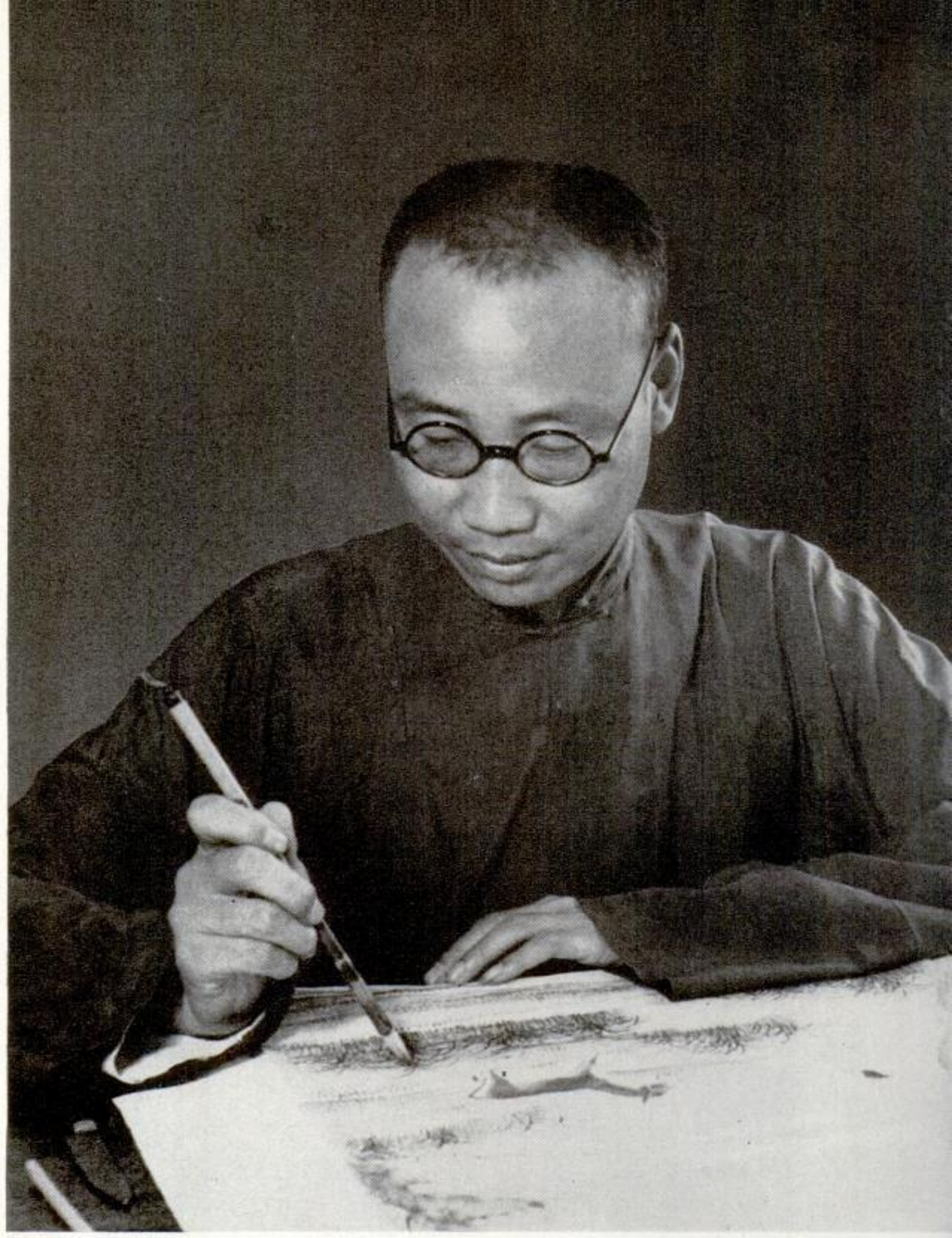
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★BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS★

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Young disciple of Christian art is Lu Hung Nien, an outstanding scholar at Peking's Catholic University. Five of his religious paintings in color are on the following pages.



Established master of art is Luke Ch'en, now a teacher at the Catholic University. He specializes in portraits of grand old men such as appear in his *Adoration of the Magi* on page 44.

THE STORY OF CHRIST IN CHINESE ART

SCHOLARS AT PEKING UNIVERSITY MAKE A CHRISTMAS PORTFOLIO FOR LIFE

In time of war there might seem to be no time for art. But the wise Chinese have decided differently. On the next pages are eight recent Chinese scrolls portraying the life of Christ, with the scene of His birth on the opposite page as a frontispiece. They were painted at the Catholic University in Peking, now occupied by the Japanese. They are a touching affirmation that China, even in the midst of battle, holds to the spiritual and cultural values which America and China alike are now fighting to preserve.

Today, with only a few artists and students in China, the Government urges them to stick to their studies, for educated men will be greatly needed after the war. Catholic and American schools at Peking have managed to continue during the Japanese occupation, but their future now is extremely uncertain.

Chinese Bible art began to flourish about 13 years ago when the art-loving Archbishop Costantini of Rome visited the Catholic University at Peking and invited one of China's most eminent artists, Ch'en Hsü (*above, right*), to attend the Department of Fine Arts. Ch'en Hsü was given portions of the New Testament and a few of the best European paintings to study. Then he was asked to paint some Christian pictures in Chinese form. Eventually he was converted to Catholicism, became a leading teacher at the university and changed his name, in honor of his new faith, to Luke Ch'en. Under the combined tutelage of Luke Ch'en and Prince Pu Chin, head of the Art Department, all of LIFE's paintings were produced.

Surprisingly, more than half of the University's students are non-Catholic, and many of the artists most sensitive to Christianity have not been converted. Among these is young Lu Hung Nien (*above, left*) whose ancestors held high office under the Manchus



CHINESE ARTIST USES DELICATE BRUSH ON PAPER

and who is chief contributor to LIFE's Christmas portfolio. His paintings in color are *The Birth of Jesus, The Annunciation, An Angel Summons the Shepherds, Jesus and the Woman at the Well* and *The Flight into Egypt.* His scrolls are shown on page 49.

While many artists before, from the Renaissance to modern India, have painted Bible scenes in their own native style, the Chinese do it with particular grace. According to ancient tradition, the Chinese painter believes that wisdom and knowledge must filter through his brush. Even the simplest painting of a heron or a bamboo leaf must convey something of the essence of life. The Chinese is not alien to Christianity because his own Goddess of Mercy, Kuan-yin, is akin to the Virgin Mary. His own ancient philosophers are akin to the Disciples of Christ and the wise men who attended His birth. And he is deeply impressed by the Flight into Egypt because he has seen thousands of his own people take to the road like the Holy Family, with a few bundles and a donkey, escaping from tyranny in their own land.

World's largest collection of Chinese Christian art is now owned by the Pope in Rome. But many artists have made copies of their work for Dr. William B. Pettus, president of College of Chinese Studies in Peking, an American institution for the teaching of Chinese culture to Western students. LIFE's reproductions are taken from the Pettus collection, which is now on exhibition in New York's American Bible Society.

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THE BIRTH OF JESUS

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. . . . And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

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THE ANNUNCIATION

THE ANGEL GABRIEL was sent from God, unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph. . . . The angel said unto her, "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus."

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AN ANGEL SUMMONS THE SHEPHERDS

AND THE ANGEL said unto them . . . "Behold, I bring you good tidings. . . . For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . . Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

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THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

AND, LO, THE STAR which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. . . . And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee unto Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child, to destroy him." When he arose, he took the young child and his mother and departed into Egypt.

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JESUS AND THE WOMAN AT THE WELL

THERE COMETH A WOMAN of Samaria: Jesus saith . . . "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

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JESUS WASHES HIS DISCIPLES' FEET

He riseth from supper . . . and took a towel, and girded himself. After that he poureth water . . . and began to wash the disciples' feet. . . . He said. . . "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

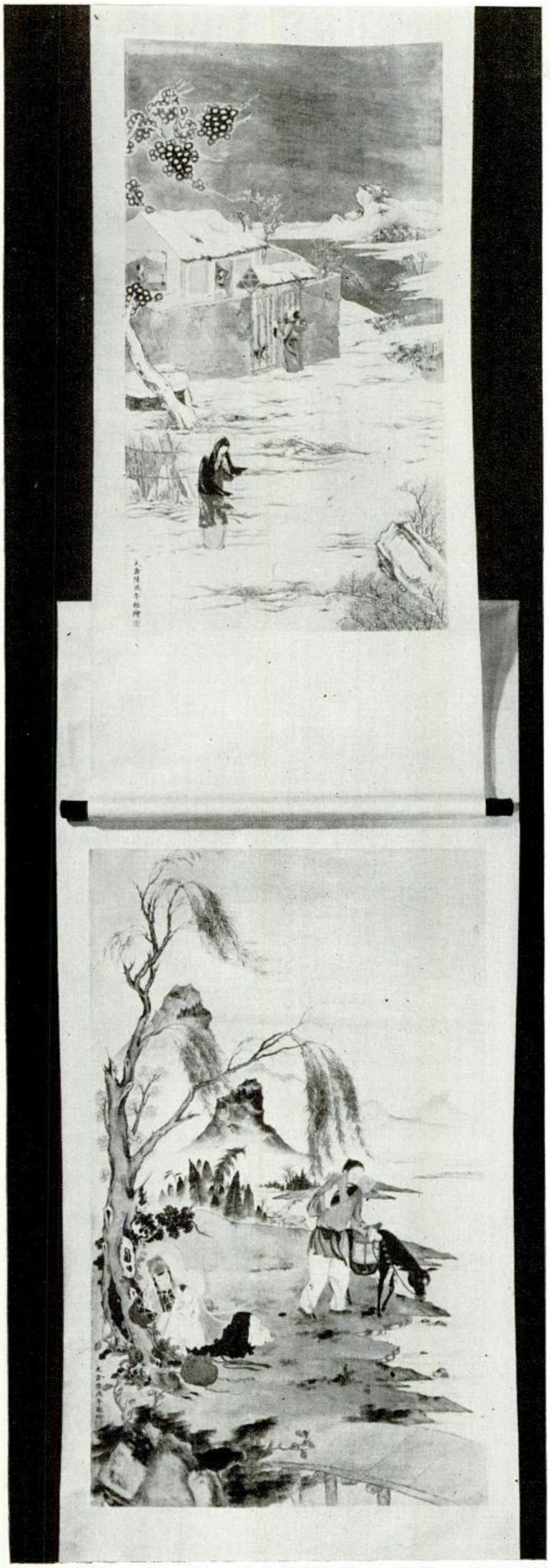
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JESUS STILLS THE TEMPEST

THERE AROSE A GREAT TEMPEST in the sea.... And his disciples came . . . saying, "Lord, save us: we perish." And he sayeth unto them, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.

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Chinese scrolls painted on silk are about 5 ft. high. Ordinarily they are kept rolled for convenience. Both of these are by Lu Hung Nien (*page 40*). The top one shows Joseph at inn gate while Mary waits in snow. Below is ever-popular *Flight into Egypt.*



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WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

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"Abandon ship" drill is held on the deck as a marine stands guard with fixed bayonet. Most of the ship's passengers were women, going out to the island bases to join their husbands. They were tense and strained, getting a taste of the danger which previously they had had to worry about on their husbands' account.



The children's seesaw on the upper deck was painted dark Navy gray, like everything else on the outside of the ship. The children played a game called "Japanese War." Below: sailors' hammocks hang overhead. The ship was packed tight with sailors, marines and defense workers on their way to American island bases.



TRANSPORT TO HAWAII

LIFE REPORTER MAKES A LONG AND TENSE JOURNEY IN THE LAST DAYS BEFORE WAR

by RICHARD WILCOX

Richard Wilcox, LIFE reporter, and Bob Landry, LIFE photographer, were assigned to Hawaii and the Pacific Fleet last month. They traveled to Honolulu aboard a naval transport. The following article by Wilcox, received by LIFE just as war broke in the Pacific, has a prophetic quality in the light of subsequent events. Wilcox and Landry, by last reports, were "somewhere at sea" aboard a U. S. heavy cruiser.—ED.

Honolulu (*by airmail*)

Passage to Hawaii in these times is an exciting adventure. Even the swiftness of the Clipper gives one time to catch the undercurrents and threats that now lurk in the Pacific. But to get close to those currents, to feel their full significance and undertones, one must travel in a Navy vessel. Nine days in a slow, blacked-out transport is enough to give anyone a sufficient taste of war for a long time to come.

Saturday. We report to the Commanding Officer in San Diego. He loses little time in telling us that the Navy will transport us but will not be responsible for our safety while on the high seas.

Our orders are to report by midnight to the U. S. S. We are told not even to talk among ourselves about her time of departure. Later at night as we stop in for a farewell drink before boarding the ship, the bartender looks up casually, notes our bags and says: "You'll have to hurry to make the, she leaves at midnight." If he knows we are sailing, so does the Japanese Navy and there is little reason to worry about something we can't avoid. We climb aboard and go right to bed.

Sunday. We come out on deck in the early sunshine and take a few turns around what is to be our home for the next nine days. The is a large Navy transport, built in 1917 and still seaworthy for her age. Down to the smallest detail she is painted a dead Navy gray. Even the children's seesaw on the bridge deck has not been spared the frightening monotony. And she is armed to the teeth. Guns bristle from her bridge like quills on a porcupine, and the guns are at all times ready for action. Ammunition boxes lie near at hand.

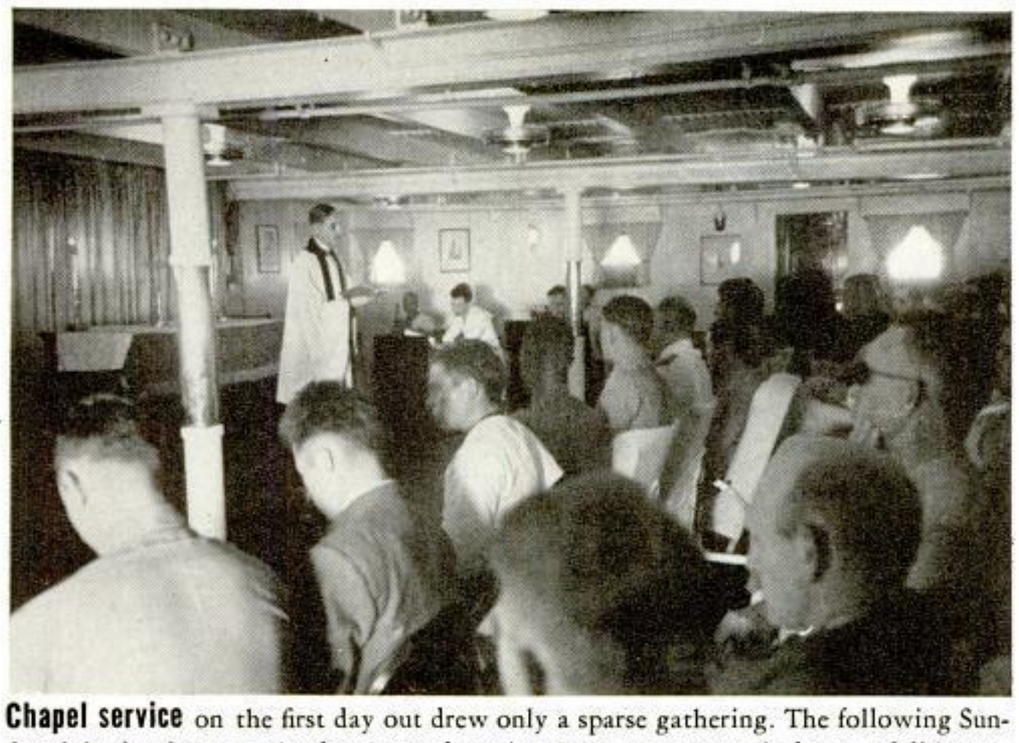
The is carrying more men than a battleship. Marines are bound for some "ultimate destination" that not even their Colonel is sure he knows. Then there are defense workers. Besides the marines and civilians below, there are about 50 passengers—mostly women and children. Our first day is rough, a forecast of what we are to have for the entire trip. Some passengers have vanished into their cabins and we shan't see them till we get to Pearl Harbor. Already one of the little boys has organized the rest of the children into an army and they are playing "Japanese War" on the upper deck. At night we hear that Kurusu's talks are not going over so well in Washington and the officers' wardroom has a tenseness that cannot be hidden by the banter of officers. On our way to bed we comment on what a fine target our ship makes lying in the path of the moon.

Monday. Today we make a tour of the ship, going through hold after hold, marveling at the number of men who are living below decks. Everything is kept in apple-pie order. Some of the colored boys are sleeping in the brig, which is called "Harlem Hotel." Just after dusk we pass a ship, hull down on the horizon, which blinks for a moment. She is a Navy tanker, and we realize what our ship looks like, sailing along without a glimmer of light.

Tuesday. Today target practice is held on the bridge deck, and we see how quickly men can man the gun stations. A large, black balloon is released, which is then fired at by the machine gunners. For every balloon used, the Navy pays a royalty to Sally Rand, the bubble dancer, who holds patents on the machine that makes them. The gunners are fair, letting the balloons get to a height of several hundred feet before they start shooting. Tracer bullets spray all around the balloon. If it were a plane it wouldn't be flying long.

The weather is still rough but the passengers are getting used to

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Chapel service on the first day out drew only a sparse gathering. The following Sunday (*above*), after a week of worry and tension over war rumors, it draws a full house.

it. They are interesting people. One is an old China veteran who is full of tales of the Yangtze gunboats, and contempt for the Japs. The children are getting subdued, sensing some of the tension and unrest. Even the "Japanese War" game has died down.

As we are getting into our bunks, a yeoman appears with the news that an emergency appendectomy is underway in the sick bay. Down we go, in a rough sea and with an uneasy mind, to take photographs. The bay is in the ship's stern, and gets all the motion, sideways and up and down. Besides it is almost unbearably hot. However, the operation goes on as smoothly as could be wished and we go back to bed.

Wednesday. Even without the little mimeographed ship's news, one can tell how the Kurusu-Hull talks are getting along by the movements, atmosphere and feeling of the ship. We keep radio silence, but receive dispatches, weather reports and warnings. That the talks have soured everyone knows. I am standing with the Executive Officer when he gets a weather report from Pearl Harbor. There are stiff winds blowing east, right on our bow. "Even if we took off and flew at 10,000 ft. we couldn't make better time," he says, joking at the ship's slowness.

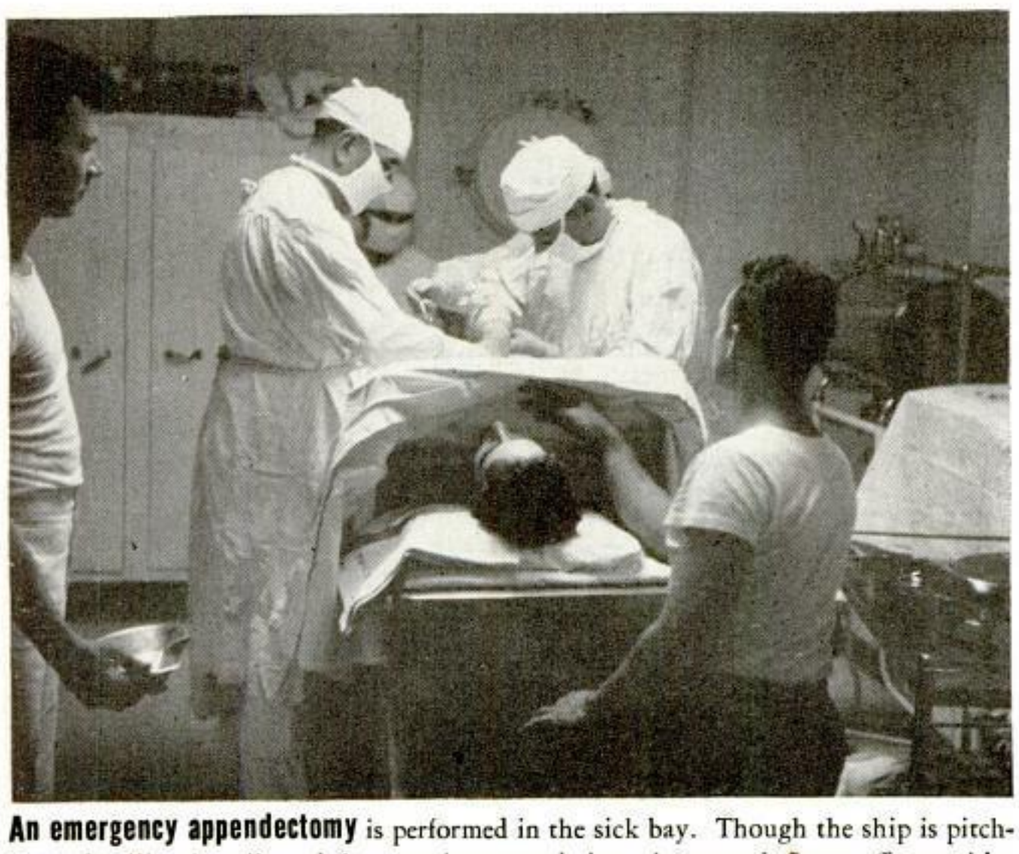
"Maybe we could make it faster under the surface," I reply in the same vein.

"Don't joke about that," he says, his whole mood changing in an instant. "It is nothing to laugh about for we are a legitimate target. A liner is lighted at night and would probably not be attacked. But we're asking for trouble."

We go to dinner in the wardroom. The talk is jovial and far away from anything unpleasant. Only the Executive's order, given at the table, to close all hatches and bulkheads below makes one realize what a torpedo could do in the dead of night.

Thursday. We are given strict instructions again tonight not to let even a glimmer of light escape the ship. Anyone smoking on the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



An emergency appendectomy is performed in the sick bay. Though the ship is pitching and rolling heavily and the room is extremely hot, the operation goes off smoothly.

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TRANSPORT TO HAWAII (continued)

weather decks will be thrown into the brig. Already some civilians are languishing down there for their carelessness. But the Captain is taking no chances. Landry has acquired some babies' rubber sheets in which to wrap his equipment in case of an emergency.

Friday. Men are starting to stand extra watches today, as we get nearer Hawaii and farther from the mainland. Today we hold two "Abandon Ship" drills in place of the usual one. When the wail of the siren is heard for the second time, most people think that it is real and get out on deck faster than ever before. Children and women in nightgowns, men half-shaved, they all come in a hurry.

We ask the Executive what will happen if we are attacked, and he shrugs his shoulders. "That will be no time to look in books," he says.

Saturday. The Captain holds inspection of the ship's company and Marine passengers. The ship looks like a floating West Point. Men are lined up on all decks, spic and span, arms glittering.

A farewell dinner is held in the passenger mess, but most of the participants are far from gay. And the sea is rising. We wonder if we'll make it on schedule tomorrow. Our firmest hope is the engineer, who has a date in Honolulu and is pushing the ship for all she's worth.

The Japanese news is getting more and more ominous. One hates to undress fully at night but there is nothing we can do so we become philosophical.

Sunday. We lost time in the night so won't be in until Monday. Nerves and worry have got so bad that the chaplain has a full house at chapel in contrast to last week's sparse gathering. It would seem that the closer we get to Pearl Harbor, the safer the seas should become but quite the contrary. The Captain is most afraid of the last six hours before the Islands. We would be a fine prize for some "Suicide Sub," and the Captain is well aware of that.

Monday. When we go on deck this morning, Diamond Head looms welcoming in the distance, and everyone sighs with relief. Hawaii's skies are dark with planes and they are a beautiful sight roaring overhead.

Pearl Harbor is another amazing sight. All of our apprehension disappears on sight of the mighty ships of war lying within the harbor. We steam on and on, past the destroyer base, the sub base —past heavy cruisers and battleships lying at anchor. At our dock a Marine band is playing the *Song of the Islands*, an incongruous note in the midst of all the symbols of war lying about. We finally tend to our baggage and get off.

A newsboy is selling a paper on the dock. The headlines read, JAPS URGED TO SINK AMERICAN TRANSPORTS.



Marines stow their kits in smallest possible space below decks. They were bound for an "ultimate destination" in the Pacific that even their Colonel was not sure he knew.

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ON THE ROAD TO THE EAST OF KALININ, GERMAN MACHINE-GUN OUTPOSTS GUARD AGAINST SUDDEN RUSSIAN ATTACKS. OUT FRONT ARE GERMAN PATROLS AND ANTI-TANK GUNS

THIS IS NOW A WORLDWIDE WAR

SNOW, MUD AND COLD STOP NAZI ADVANCE IN RUSSIA

Last week war became worldwide. Fighting in Europe, in Africa, in the Far East was merged into the same violent pattern. By week's end there were 33 nations involved, 25 on the side of the Allies, eight with the Axis.

Said President Roosevelt: "We must realize that Japanese successes against the U. S. in the Pacific are helpful to German operations in Libya; that any German success against the Caucasus is inevitably an assistance to Japan in her operations against the Netherlands Indies. We must also learn to know that a successful Russian offensive against the Germans helps us, and that British success on land or sea in any part of the world strengthens our hand."

On the Russian front last week, where the Red armies were making their contributions to the Allied cause, German advances had ceased. From Leningrad to the Black Sea they were retiring to defensive positions. The reason is shown in the pictures here. Temperatures in Russia fell to 30° below zero. In the snow and bitter cold neither men nor machines could fight efficiently, and the Russian Army was still far from broken. In the south near Rostov, when the temperature rose above freezing, as in the picture below, motorcycles, cars and tanks had to reckon with knee-deep mud.

But Hitler will not stand idle through the winter. He cannot fight a war of attrition. Like the Japanese, he needs oil, found in the Mosul fields beyond Turkey or in the Caucasus. Defeated at Rostov, entrance to the Caucasus, it seemed likely that he would pull his forces westward, then swing them through Turkey, try to push all the way to the Indian Ocean.

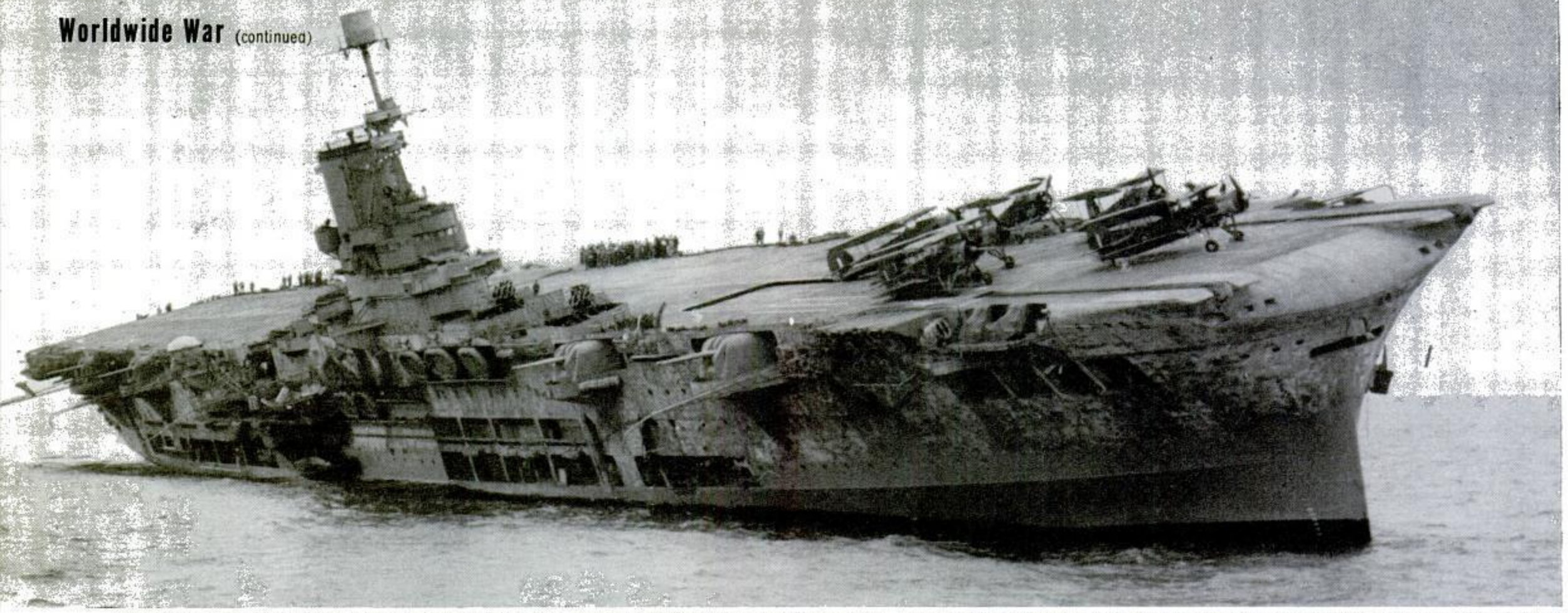
There are other things he may do, too. He will probably re-inforce Nazi and Italian troops in Africa, attempt to take the Suez Canal. Certainly he will try to get control of the French Fleet and drive the British from the Mediterranean. He may open up unrestricted submarine warfare, and with the bomber forces transferred to the West, he may renew the siege of England. He may even strike directly at the U. S. by taking the Canaries, the Azores, and by bombing our East Coast.

THROUGH THE WET SNOW AND STICKY, DEEP MUD OF THE SOUTHERN FRONT, GERMAN MOTORCYCLE TROOPS, FOLLOWED BY A COMMAND CAR, HAVE A TOUGH TIME PUSHING FORWARD



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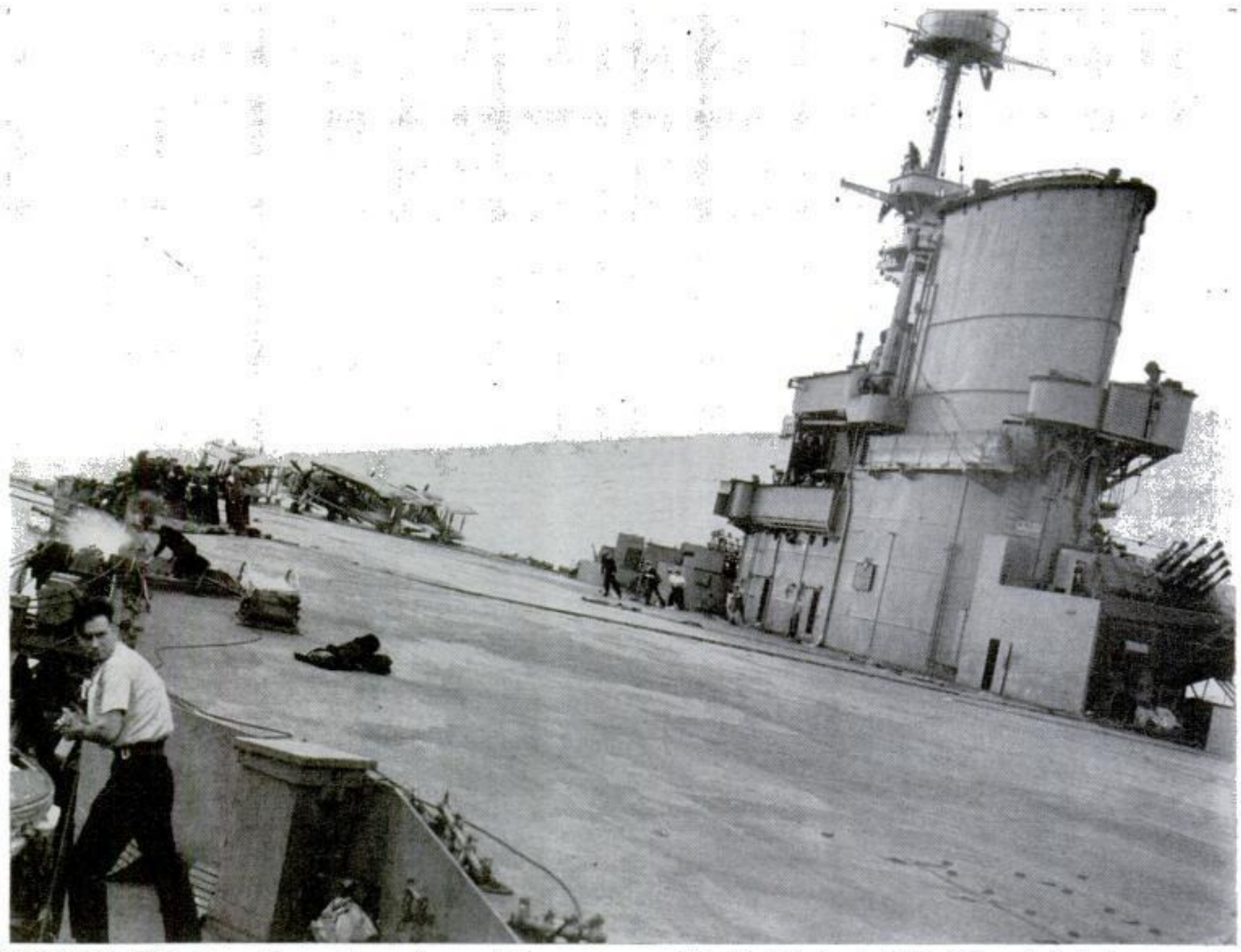
HIT BY A TORPEDO BELOW HER WATERLINE, THE "ARK ROYAL" LISTS HEAVILY TO STARBOARD. PLANES ARE SWORDFISH TORPEDO BOMBERS WHICH WENT DOWN WITH THE SHIP

SUBMARINE TORPEDO SINKS THE FAMOUS "ARK ROYAL"

Phantom ship of the British Fleet was the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*. Again and again she was reported sunk by the Italians or Germans, but always she remained efficiently afloat. Patroling from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, she was in action off Norway, participated in the search for the *Graf Spee*, fought the Italians in the Mediterranean, attacked the fleeing *Bismarck*. In 26 months of warfare, her Swordfish torpedo carriers and Skua dive bombers torpedoed and bombed many an enemy ship, shot down more than 100 planes.

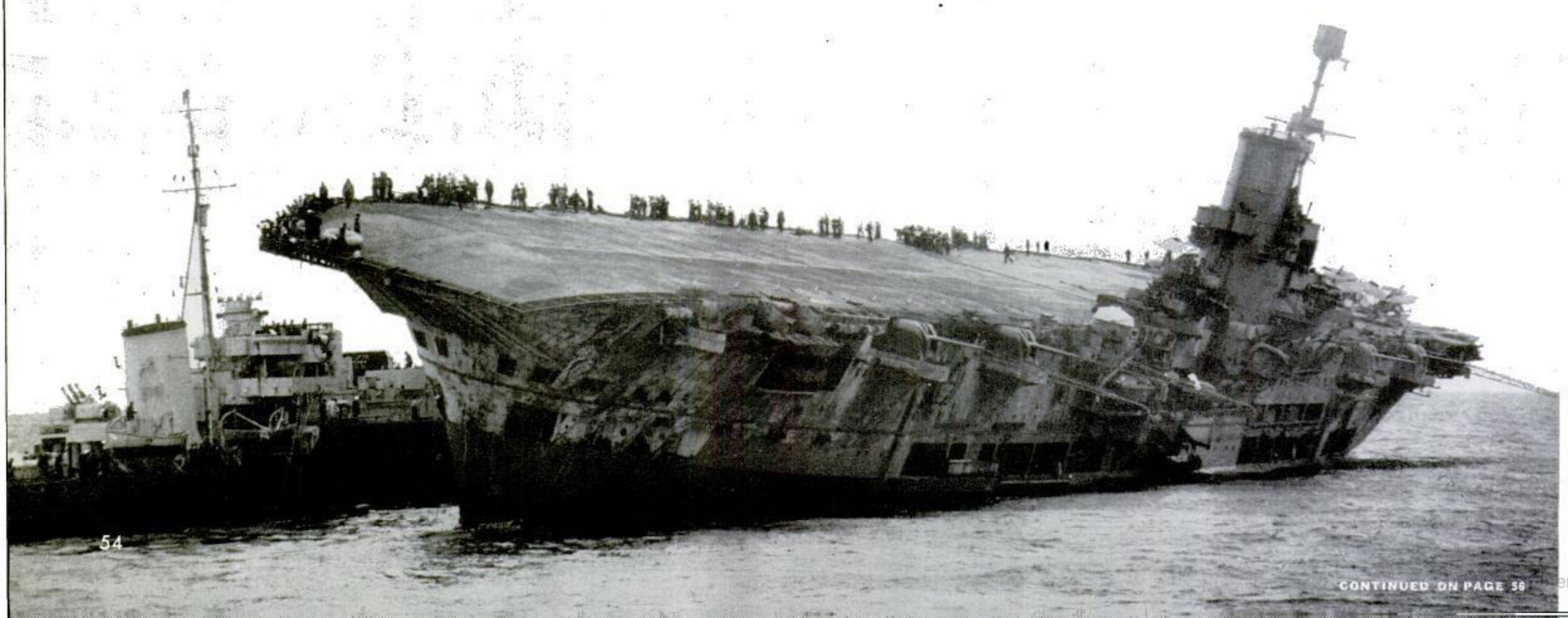
On Nov. 14 in the Mediterranean the end came for the *Ark Royal*. Hit amidships the day before by a torpedo from a submarine, she listed ominously, spewed dark-brown oil, began to settle by the stern. Because her dynamos and pumps still worked, however, her officers tried to keep her afloat until she could be towed to Gibraltar. For twelve hours they labored, but water rose in the hull faster than the pumps would pump, and steam could not be kept up in the boilers. It was useless. Finally in the early light of 6:30 a.m., only 25 miles from safety at Gibraltar, the *Ark Royal* went down.

Although 1,545 officers and men were aboard when the torpedo hit, only one was lost. Said many as they clambered down the sinking ship's sides to a waiting destroyer: "This is damned hard luck on the old lady."



Steel flight deck is at a perilous angle as sailors work the crane to lower lifeboats. Because of the heavy list, however, no men could get into the boats. Instead they climbed down ropes directly to destroyer. At the left, steam still comes from winches.

A DESTROYER SWINGS ALONGSIDE TO RESCUE CREW. FIRST ORDER AFTER TORPEDO STRUCK TO STARBOARD WAS "EVERYBODY TO PORT SIDE," WHERE THEY ARE IN THIS PICTURE

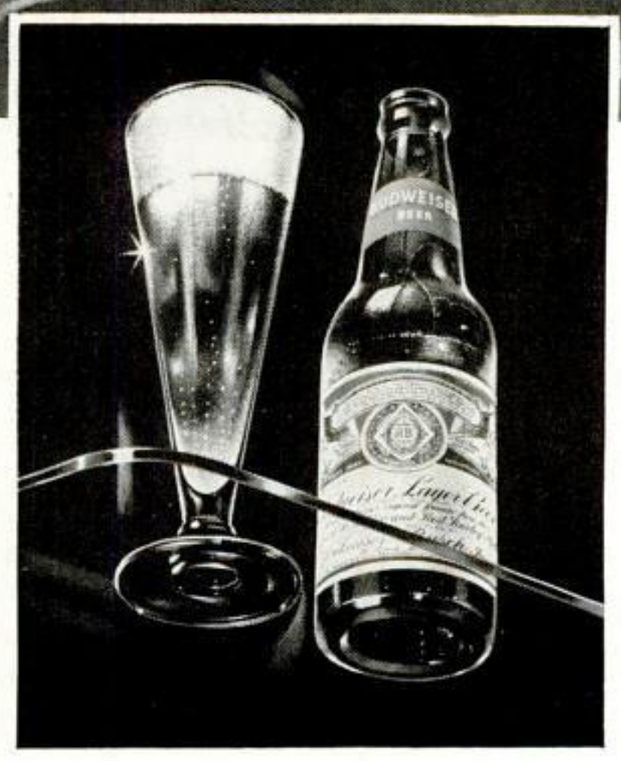


CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



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NAZIS WITHDRAW WESTWARD IN LIBYA



Over a field mined by the enemy move British truck and tank columns. First truck at left with right-hand drive is English, those behind American. Tank at right is a "Matilda," medium 25-ton tank armed with a 40-mm. gun. Last week Germans withdrew in Libya and for a second time the British lifted the siege of Tobruk. In seven days 109 Nazi tanks were captured, and Nazi troops cut off at Bardia and Solum.

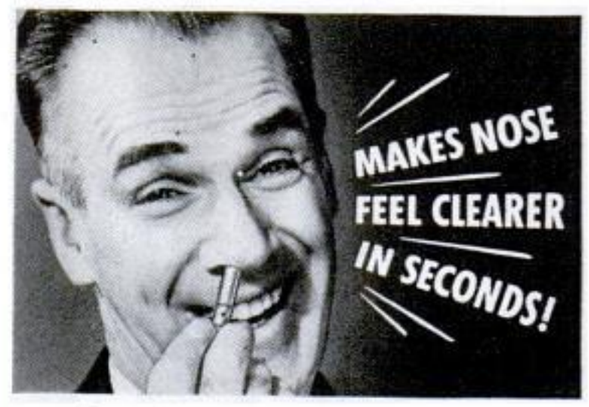


A 60-pounder is fired at night by a famous home counties yeomanry regiment of the British African Army. From its camouflaged position, this 5-in. gun is firing on German positions some eight miles away. From Egypt came reports that Germans and Italians had planned to attack first in Libya, were beaten to the gun by the British attack by only a few hours. German strength was more than British had expected.



To British rear march cold Nazi and Italian prisoners. At this time of year, weather in North Africa is always windy, often penetratingly chilly. Many of the more than 7,000 German and Italian prisoners so far captured have not had warm enough clothes. In spite of advances, what worried the British last week was that war in the Far East might prevent British and American reinforcements from reaching Africa.

When Nose Stuffs Up With a Cold



Any Time . . . Any Place . . .

Get greater breathing comfort—quick—with the new, handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication. Grand for a cold-stuffed nose! And you can use it as often as needed!



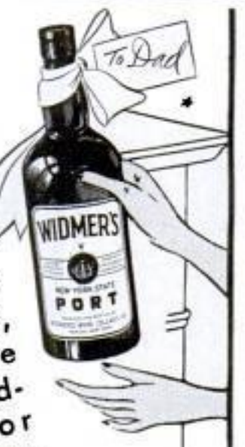
VICKS INHALER

CHILDREN'S COLDS

To relieve miseries—rub Vicks VapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work!

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As gifts or for your own enjoyment, there's certain satisfaction in Widmer's Wines. For Widmer's come from a spot where soil and climate accentuate the finest characteristics of fine wine grapes. Add the Widmer tradition of leisurely production, and you have the wines that fear no comparison, however critical.



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"This year, by gosh, he can *have* it!"



WHAT A THRILL for your youngster . . . that electric train chugging around the tree on Christmas morning! What fun for *you* to be able to give him something he has wanted so much.

Yes, with those bigger paychecks coming in, you're doing a better job of playing Santa Claus this year. But look *beyond* Christmas, mister!

Look into the new year with its opportunity of salting away some of your extra dollars . . . in the one form of investment that does all three of the following things:

With life insurance, you can buy your family freedom from want, even if death should put a sudden end to your paychecks! You can make sure they'll have food and clothing and shelter through all the years of your youngsters' growing up.

If you live, that money saved now and salted away in life insurance is yours to draw on in any period of emergency.

And your fund started now can, when you're 60 or 65, give you a guaranteed retirement income of $100, $150, $200 every month for the rest of your life.

To help you see clearly how much you can do with Union Central's aid, send the coupon for a copy of "Salt Some Away". This new booklet presents a plan that should fit your 1942 situation perfectly. And it's backed by seventy-four years of experience in helping husbands and fathers make their dollars go farther, do more.

Right now, take your opportunity of fixing things well for those you love. Make sure that Santa Claus will *never* pass their chimney by.

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Please send me a copy of booklet:
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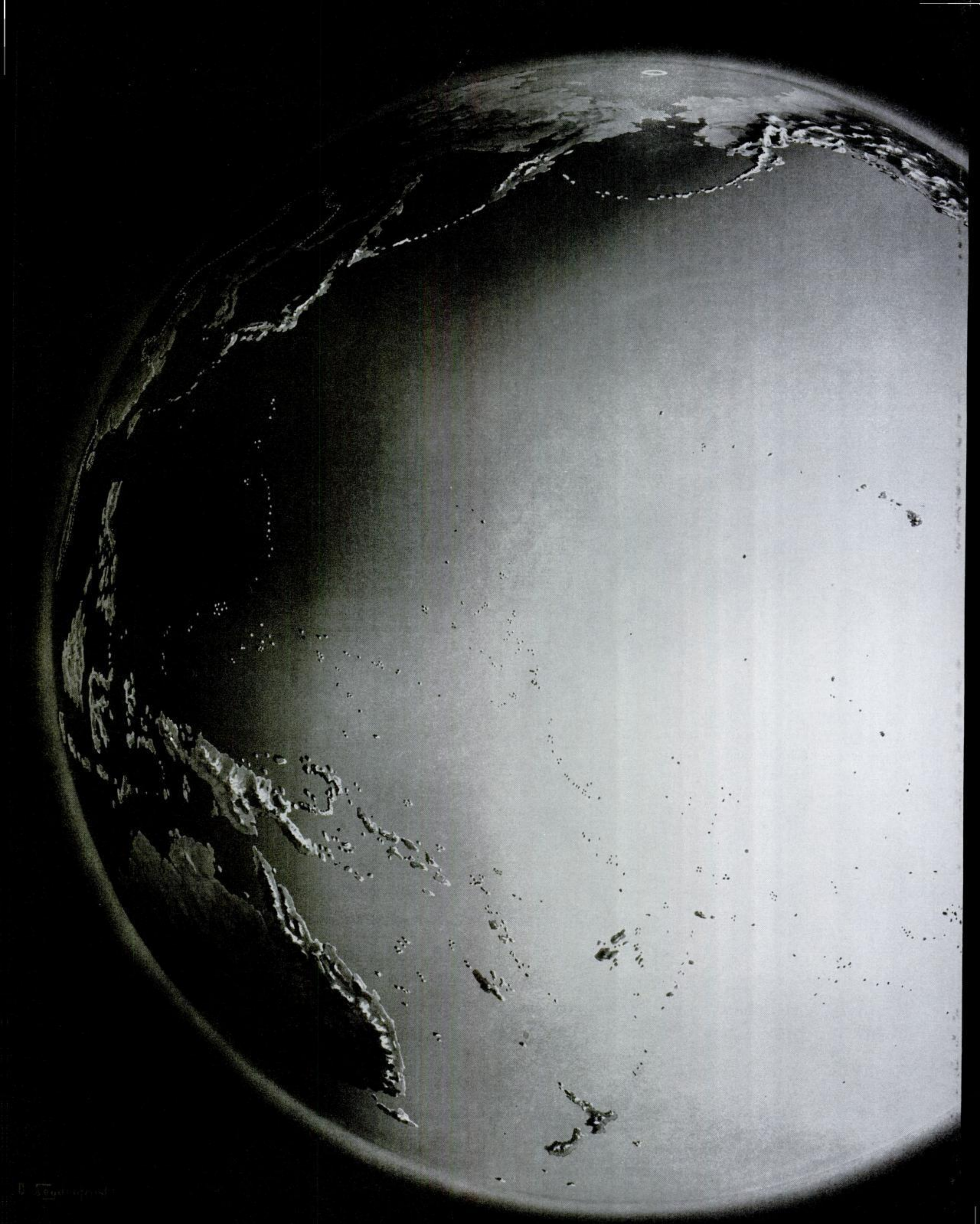
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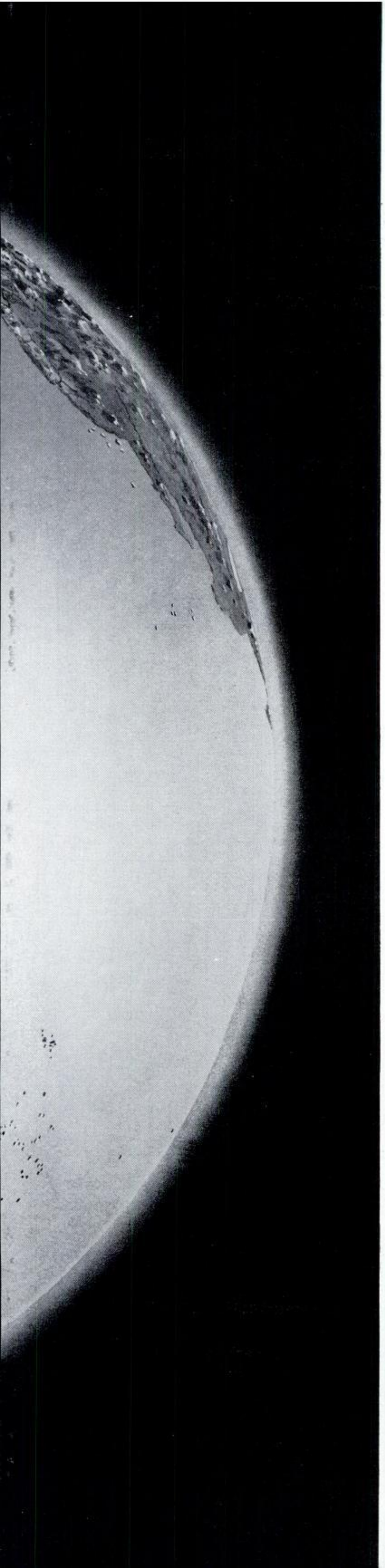
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Over $400,000,000 in Assets . . . Founded in 1867

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PACIFIC BATTLEFIELD

AS SEEN FROM MOON, IT COVERS HALF THE PLANET

The globe at the left shows the vastest single battlefield over which man has ever fought. Within this greatest expanse of water in the world, the U. S. and its Allies now find themselves at death's grip with Japan. The arena of this Pacific war covers nearly half the planet. From Panama (*extreme right center*) to Singapore (*extreme left center*) it is 11,800 miles.

This view of the battlefield is how it looked at the moment the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor shortly before 8 a.m. that peaceful Sunday. Within the shaded portions of the globe, it was still night.

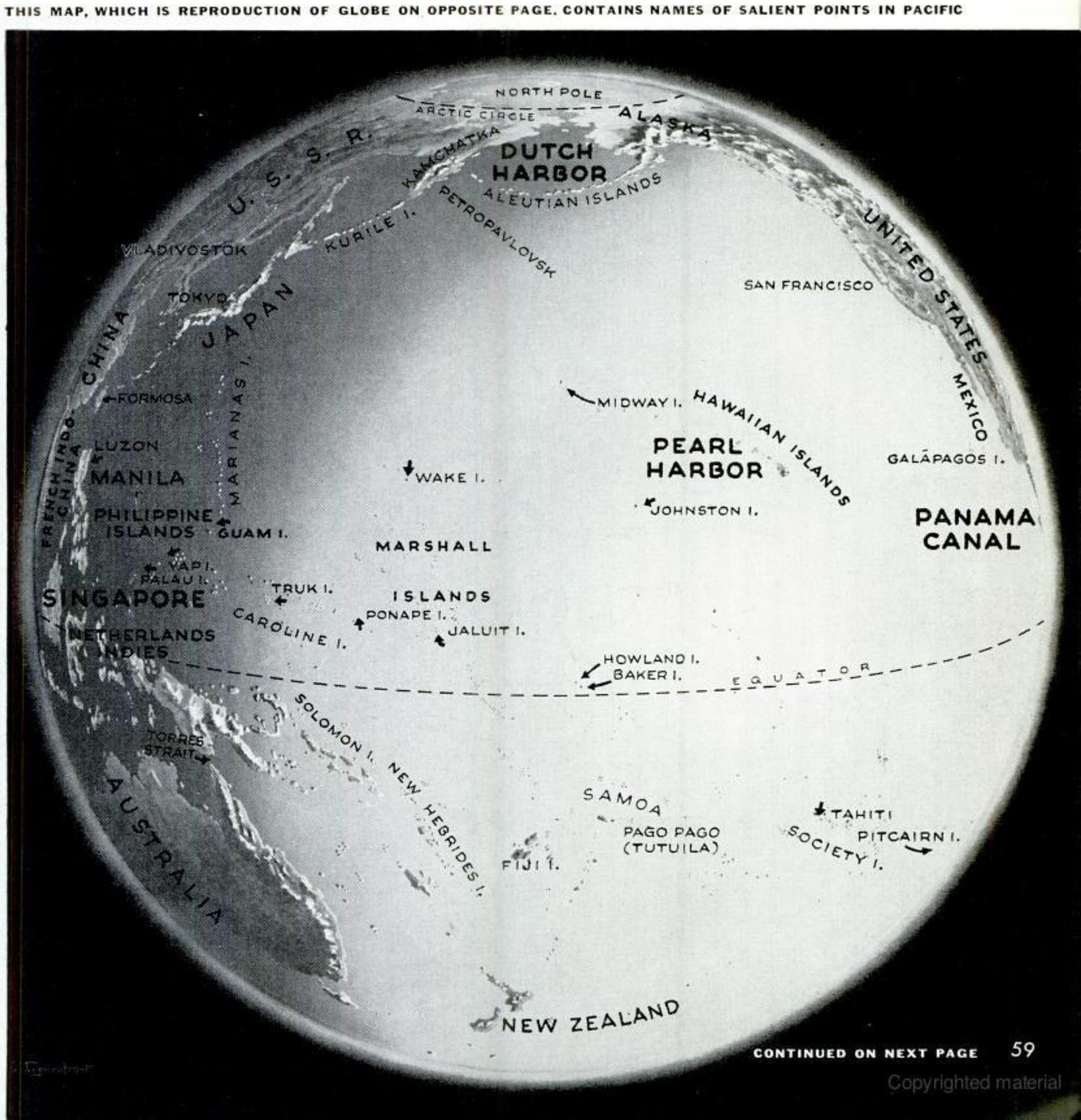
To reach the western Pacific, U. S. forces must take tremendous hops, skips and jumps. The peacetime route, covering 6,929 miles in all, is San Francisco-Honolulu-Wake-Guam-Manila. These strategic spots, along with others, are named on the smaller globe below in order to retain on the large globe the vast empty look of the Pacific as if seen from the moon. The Japs are now attacking this route and with the reported capture of Guam may have begun to close it to U. S. use. Although four attacks on Wake Island have been repulsed, the Japs may be able to capture it. They are also attacking Midway and have invaded the Philippines. With their fortified bases in the Marianas, Caroline and Marshall Islands, they may even now dominate the central battlefield.

Thus the shortest safe route over which U. S. forces can reach the Far East is likely to be the 4,000-mile longer southern route. From Pearl Harbor this route leads 2,276 miles to Pago Pago, the U. S. Samoan base, and on another 2,377 miles to Sydney. From here convoys taking out re-inforcements and bringing back rubber, manganese and tin, can reach Singapore, the Netherlands Indies and the Philippines by skirting the southern shore of Australia and approaching these destinations from the under side. They could shorten their voyage by taking the northern route out of Sydney and risk passing through the narrow and possibly submarine-infested waters around Torres Straits between northern Australia and New Guinea.

Within the southwestern Pacific the Allies have numerous bases: Singapore, Cavite (already heavily bombed), Port Darwin in northern Australia, and in the Indies, Soerabaja, Bandoeng and Ambon. The Japanese, however, are operating much closer to home than either the British or Americans, and Japanese ship movements are protected on one flank by the conquered shores of Asia. Japan itself is only 1,250 miles from Manila, and Formosa and Hainan islands are only some 435 and 721 miles. With Indo-China and Thailand in their maw, the Japs are already on top of Singapore. If the Philippines fell, the Japs would be only 1,200 miles from the oil, tin and rubber of Java.

The third remaining route is the shortest sea and air link between the U. S. and Japan. From Dutch Harbor in Alaska, it is 2,462 miles to Tokyo. But if our planes and ships could use the Russian base of Petropavlosk on Kamchatka they would be only 800 miles from Japan proper and if based on Vladivostok only 610 miles from Tokyo itself. Unfortunately fog hangs over this route most of the year and Russia has not yet offered America the use of these bases.

THIS MAP, WHICH IS REPRODUCTION OF GLOBE ON OPPOSITE PAGE, CONTAINS NAMES OF SALIENT POINTS IN PACIFIC



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JAPANESE TROOPS, LANDING FROM SMALL BOATS IN THE SURF, WIN A FOOTHOLD ON A BEACH IN NORTHERN MALAYA WHILE TRANSPORTS ON HORIZON BRING UP MORE TROOPS

JAPAN DRIVES ON SINGAPORE

TWO BRITISH SHIPS SUNK

In the strategy of the Pacific no one base is so vital to Allied defense and perhaps later offense as Britain's Singapore. Last week the Japanese made a dent in Singapore's defense (*above*) and dealt a hard blow to Singapore's hopes for offense (*below*).

On the beaches of central Malaya, some 300 jungle-infested miles from Singapore itself, the Japanese won a foothold after bitter fighting, captured the R.A.F. base at Khota Bharu and bombed other airdromes. The long-awaited overland attack on Singapore thus began.

It was at sea, however that the Japanese delivered a haymaker. In 80 minutes they did what the Nazis in over two years have failed to do: sink a battleship from the air. Not content with sending Britain's old 32,000-ton battle cruiser *Repulse* to the bottom with bombs and torpedoes, Jap aviators also sank the new and "unsinkable" 35,000-ton *Prince of Wales*. It was the blackest day of the war for the British Navy and it was the supreme hour for the exponents of air-power throughout the world.

High-altitude bombers and torpedo planes turned the trick. The 2,330 survivors, acknowledging the suicidal willingness of six Japanese torpedo plane pilots to die, blamed the sinkings on the lack of any adequate fighter planes to protect the British naval forces.

JAPANESE PLANE RACES AWAY AS ITS TORPEDO EXPLODES IN THE BOW OF THE "PRINCE OF WALES" (FOREGROUND). THE TORPEDOED "REPULSE" IS SINKING HALF A MILE AWAY

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

Restricted material

"Here's evidence that NUCOA does its bit IN A DIET MY FAMILY THRIVES ON!"

SAYS *Mrs. H. F. Madeira* wife of Petroleum Company Branch Manager



"Our use of NUCOA—begun for *economy* 15 years ago—has been continued for *pleasure!* We like NUCOA'S dependable fresh flavor . . . its nourishing goodness, enriched with a *guaranteed* amount of VITAMIN A."



"THE BEST TEST OF FLAVOR for any spread is the hot toast test. And never a morning does NUCOA disappoint us!" Mrs. Madeira proclaims. "We never get a pound of NUCOA that tastes strong or stale." Yes, NUCOA is always fresh! It is made the year round on order only, for immediate delivery. And the pure, digestible *vegetable* oils in NUCOA, churned in fresh pasteurized skim milk, make it nourishing and delicious. Both are products of American farms.

• • •

Our sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Madeira, Anna Mary, John, Laura and Ronnie, for their cooperation in the taking of these pictures in their home. THE BEST FOODS, INC.



IT'S A MADEIRA FAMILY CUSTOM to add NUCOA to baked beans just before eating. "Makes 'em taste just right," Mr. Madeira declares. "In fact, try NUCOA on *any* hot vegetable. If you're one of those people with a prejudice against margarine, you'll change your mind! NUCOA is very different from old-time margarines."



"MY CHILDREN have good eyes . . . happy dispositions . . . lots of pep," says Mrs. Madeira. "They seldom have colds or miss school, and they make good grades. That gives me confidence that our diet, which has included NUCOA all these years, is well balanced." True, Mrs. Madeira! NUCOA furnishes as much food-energy as the most expensive spread for bread (3,300 calories per pound). And each pound of NUCOA supplies over 9,000 units of precious, protective VITAMIN A.

"I AM TEACHING ANNA MARY to cook with NUCOA," Mrs. Madeira explains. "With NUCOA, you can be thrifty, yet have rich *flavor* in cakes, breads and fried foods. And NUCOA has such evenly smooth texture, easy to cream and to spread. It gets neither flaky-hard nor runny-soft."

NUCOA, as it comes, is a pure, natural white. Use it this way for cooking. For table use, tint it golden-yellow with the pure Color-Wafer included in each package.



"SURE, we eat lots of bread 'n NUCOA!" smiles John, snapped coming home from the grocery. The big saving on each pound of NUCOA mounts up. And what a blessing not to have to stint growing children on such important energy food!



MRS. MADEIRA HAS THE NUTRITION ANGLE ON NUCOA FIGURED CORRECTLY. MODERN DIETITIANS AGREE THAT THIS DELICIOUS MARGARINE HELPS BALANCE THE DIET AS Wwell AS THE BUDGET!

MARY J. SPILMAN
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ALL DRESSED UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS!



KENTUCKY TAVERN

The gift that judges of fine whiskey are sure to appreciate... The Aristocrat of Bonds neatly tucked in a gay boot. This whiskey is five years old, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof.

Glenmore Bottled in Bond

This great bond is an old favorite everywhere. Now it comes in festive dress as a gift for friends old and new. This whiskey is four years old, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof.

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Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky

Glenmore Silver Label

Choose this fine liquor in the clever candle package for those who prefer the light mildness of a 90 proof whiskey. Glenmore Silver Label, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, 90 Proof. This whiskey is four years old.

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Next year the Insurance Company of North America celebrates the 150th Anniversary of its founding . . in 1792. Founded originally to insure ships and their cargoes, today "North America" and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life. The Company has passed through every conflagration, panic and business depression in the nation's history. To property owners everywhere, "North America Policies" is synonymous with dependable insurance.

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featuring Mlle. Diva
DINAH SHORE
ALBUM P-86 8 SIDES $2.50
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(continued)

JUNGLE HELPS PROTECT SINGAPORE



These British troops in shorts and pith helmets, shown marching down Temple Road in Singapore, are now fighting the Japanese in the deadly jungles of north and central Malaya. British forces include recent re-inforcements of Anzacs and British Indians.



Dense jungles, like this one in which Australians are marching single file, cover about three-quarters of Malaya and lie between the Japanese and Singapore. The jungle is pitch black in spots and dotted with pill-boxes. The few roads of Malaya are mined.

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DIG "THE MAGIC PICK DOES THE TRICK"

Hilarious New Action Game

The Pick Does the Trick! Just dig letters from a pile with the Magic Pick, and be first to form a winning word. Any number can join the hilarious scramble! The more players, the faster the fun and excitement! **Buy DIG Today — De Luxe Edition** (*12 Players*) **$2; Standard Edition** (*6 Players*) **$1. Add more Picks for extra players — 6 Picks, 50c.**



FLINCH

Always a Favorite!

Get rid of Flinch cards, and Block or "Flinch" opponents! You'll enjoy the fast, exciting play of FLINCH, now selling in its 8th million! **Standard Edition — 150 cards, 75c.**



SORRY

Game of Surprise Endings

Slide, Change Places with other players, Sneak Home the back way! You'll enjoy the original moves in SORRY and smile when you hold the "Sorry" card! SORRY is exciting fun when played lightly, or a skillful contest using the new POINT SORRY rules. For 2, 3 or 4 players. **3 Editions, $1.25, $2, $3.**



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Sets, $2 to $15

BONANZA, Best "Michigan" type game, $1 and $2; **U. S. SERVICE GAME KIT,** Four Popular Service Games, $1.25; **CAMELOT,** Exciting Battle Game for Men and Boys, $1.25 to $5; **CONTACK,** Fast, Lively Game played with Triangles, 50c to $1.50; **PANDA BEAR,** Best Game for Little Folks, $1.25; **CROSSWORD LEXICON,** Great Crossword Card Game, 50c and $1; **LONE RANGER** Board Game, $1.25; **CITADEL.** New Game of Skill, $2; **ROOK, PIT, TOURING,** Famous Card Games, 75c.

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THE PACIFIC OCEAN



This is the oldest and greatest of the world's oceans, the vast and unresting water which rolls in from the west on the shores of America and breaks from the east at the coasts of Japan. This ocean is so huge that the speeding sun, which in this photograph is lowering westward over a segment of the great sea, takes nine full hours to cross the widest stretch, the 9,300 miles that lie between the Isthmus of Panama and the island of Mindanao. Here in this picture is the way the Pacific might have looked in the mind's eye of John Keats when he wrote of the discovery of the ocean, of

> . . . *stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes*
> *He stared at the Pacific and all his men*
> *Look'd at each other with a wild surmise*
> *Silent, upon a peak in Darien.*

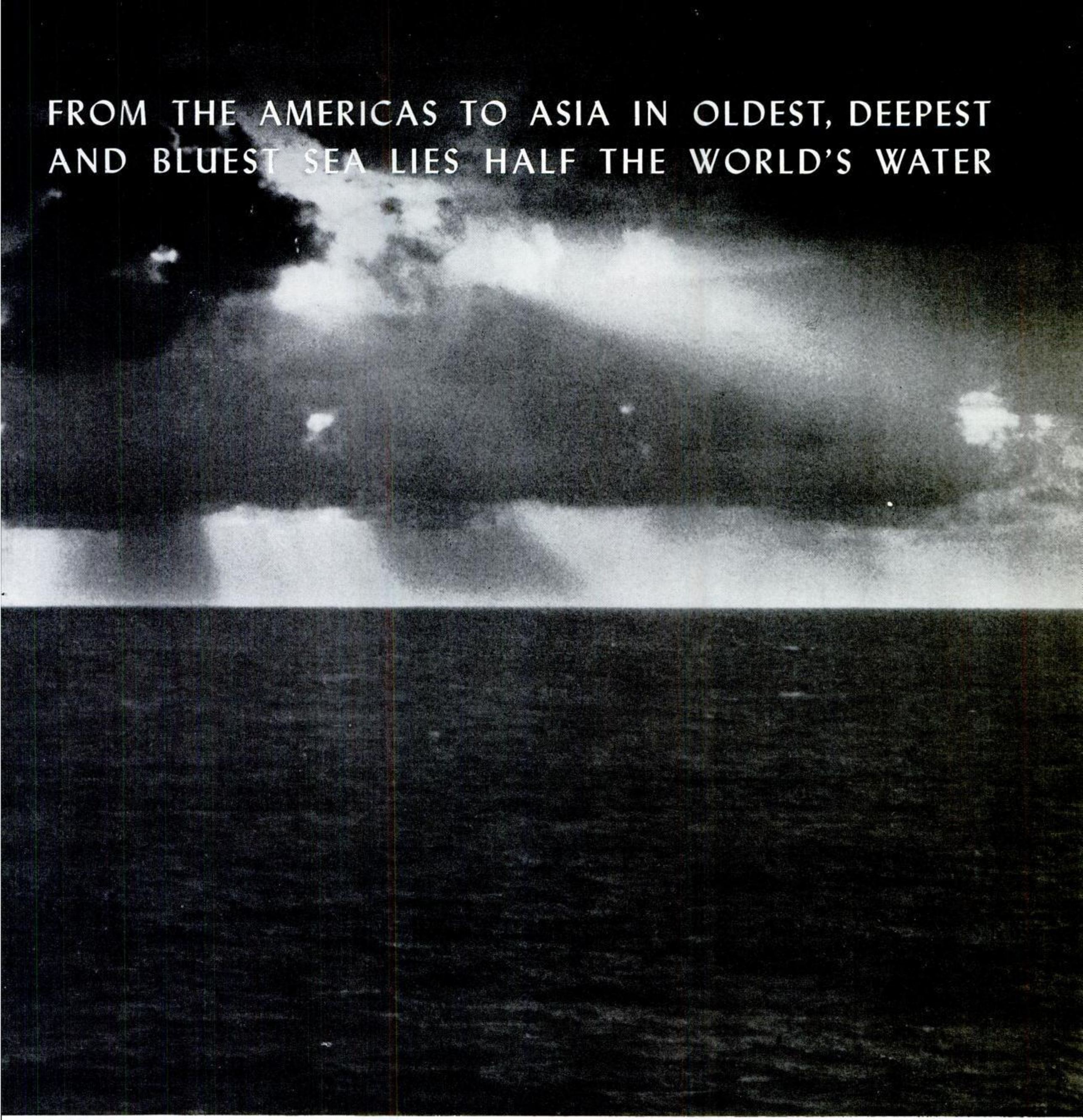
The discovery, of course, was made not by Cortez but by Nuñez de Vasco Balboa, a Spanish adventurer who came to Panama as a stowaway. On Sept. 22, 1513, Balboa tramped down to the shores of the Pacific and claimed all the ocean, its seas, lands, coasts, ports, islands and kingdoms in the name of the Spanish crown.

A few years later, the Spanish crown had Vasco de Balboa's head chopped off and in 1898 Spain's last possessions in the Pacific were shot away by Dewey's guns at Manila.

The Pacific got its name from the explorer Magellan who found it calm and peaceful after his voyage down the rough Atlantic. In actual fact, though the Pacific is visited by violent storms, its winds blow more steadily and less fiercely than the Atlantic's. Half of the world's water is in the Pacific. It has twice as much water in it as the Atlantic Ocean and its area is greater than the world's whole land area. The Pacific is the oldest ocean though scientists today totally disregard the theory that its basin was formed when a molten mass whirled up off this planet and became the moon, leaving a great hole in the earth which filled up with water.

The Pacific is the world's deepest ocean, furrowed by steep trenches which are the center of terrible earth- and ocean-shaking quakes. Greatest depth is the Philippine Deep of Mindanao, where the ocean floor drops 35,400 ft. The ocean's bottom is largely red clay ooze, made up of decayed marine life.

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The Pacific Ocean is bluer than the Atlantic but not so salty. Its blueness results from the comparative absence of plankton, tiny marine plants which give the Atlantic its green tinge. Plankton do not thrive in the Pacific because its waters are too warm and too lacking in nitrogen which plankton need. The Pacific's lesser saltiness is caused by gentler though constant winds, which decrease surface evaporation, and by greater rainfall, which pours fresh water into the ocean.

The Pacific's currents sweep clockwise in the north and counterclockwise in the south. The warm Japan Current comes north along Japan, bends south at Alaska and moves by California back to the Equator and westward. In the south the West Wind Drift which circles the globe on the edge of Antarctica, splits north along South America. There it forms the cold Humboldt Current which turns west up near the Equator and splits in mid-ocean. Part returns to the Americas, part wanders between the islands of Oceania. The winds are westerly in the temperate zones, easterly in the tropics.

The winds and waters which move over the ocean touch homes of many kinds of people—the Japanese who cannot let well enough alone, the Chinese whom a sense of long civilization has made more patient, the brown people of the Malay Peninsula and the islands, the white European settlers, the frizzle-haired primitives, the high-breasted girls and amiable men of the South Seas, the Spaniards and the Indians and the energetic colonizers of the ocean's eastern continents. Except for the narrow northern gap at Bering Strait which a hardy Asiatic people long ago crossed to people the Americas, the Pacific is too wide to permit any great migrations. But ever since Magellan came, ships have trudged across the ocean carrying uncounted billions of wealth in silks and spices, copper and copra, grain and gold and oil and wool, the patiently fashioned treasures of the Far East, the machined products of the Western World.

Today, on the vast, uneasy ocean, the ships cross furtively and fearfully. But the unchanged Pacific is still the place of pleasant winds and fanatic typhoons, of clear blue skies and crashing sunsets, of towering clouds and unfathomed depths, and of endless waters.

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AT DISTANT CORNERS OF THIS GREAT OCEAN SIT

VANCOUVER lies at the wooded western edge of British Columbia, along a small inlet which cuts into the hills from the Strait of Georgia. From this great Canadian port the ships shuffle out carrying the raw wealth of the New World—furs, lumber, ores, fish and grain—to the other far corners of the ocean and of the British Empire.

SYDNEY in New South Wales at the other end of the ocean is on a "drowned" river mouth whose inundation left a bay prickly with points and peninsulas, wonderful as a ship's shelter. The Empire's second largest "white city" sits on both sides of the twisting bay, joined by the magnificent arch of the new Sydney Harbor Bridge.

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GREAT CITIES WHOSE LIFE DEPENDS ON THE SEA



SAN FRANCISCO is the only great natural harbor in a long stretch of rocky, hostile Pacific shore. When the coastal mountains poked up long ago, a large gap was left where river and ocean could meet. This gap, the Golden Gate, provides entrance for the ships of the world to the long, land-locked bay and the spectacular city.

YOKOHAMA, crowded by low houses and small boats, is useful and busy but not spectacular. Built on a wide, unsheltered bay, the port is protected mainly by two long man-made breakwaters. Industriously making the most of whatever they have, the Japanese have fitted out the seaport to make it the most efficient in the Far East.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 65

FAR FROM THE HEART OF THEIR HUGE EMPIRES



VLADIVOSTOK means "Ruler of the East" but that grandiose name has an ironic kickback. Lying on the Sea of Japan, Vladivostok can be approached from the Pacific only by routes which are tightly flanked by the unfriendly Japs. It became a great port by necessity after Japan took Port Arthur, Russia's best Pacific seaport, in 1905. A city of shacks before then, Vladivostok grew rapidly until today it looks like a somewhat seedy San Francisco, climbing up the rocky hills that surround the port. The harbor itself, which freezes during the



HONG KONG, which means "Fragrant Waters," is the name of both an island and a British colony. In the foreground above is the island of Hong Kong with the city of Victoria climbing down the steep hills to the harbor. Across the water is the Kowloon Peninsula on the now-hostile Chinese mainland at the mouth of the Canton River. Hong Kong Island, Kowloon Peninsula and adjacent territories, and a few small islands make up the crown colony of Hong Kong. The ample harbor is a deep strait, guarded by high hills. The colony's

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RUSSIA AND BRITAIN HAVE BUILT MIGHTY PORTS

Siberian winter and must be kept open by ice breakers, is a gracefully curving bay that sweeps in at the far right of the picture above and ends in the middle left. Like Istanbul's harbor, it is called the Golden Horn. Into the port pour the lumber, furs, metals, grains of the rich Amur River valley and the goods which come by a tortuous, roundabout route from South China. Back across the continent to Moscow, nine train days away, stretches the thin strand of the Trans-Siberian railroad. As bombers fly, there are only 610 miles between Vladivostok and Tokyo.

population of about 1,500,000 is as polyglot as Singapore's but the place is much more refined than that other Eastern outpost of the Empire. Hong Kong lives on its commerce. It has to import food and sometimes even water from the mainland. But Hong Kong has always lived very well because its commerce has been the commerce of all South China. The English colonists and the rich Chinese merchants do business in big, square, stone office buildings. They go home to spacious houses on the steep streets that run like ladders up into the cool and pleasant hills.

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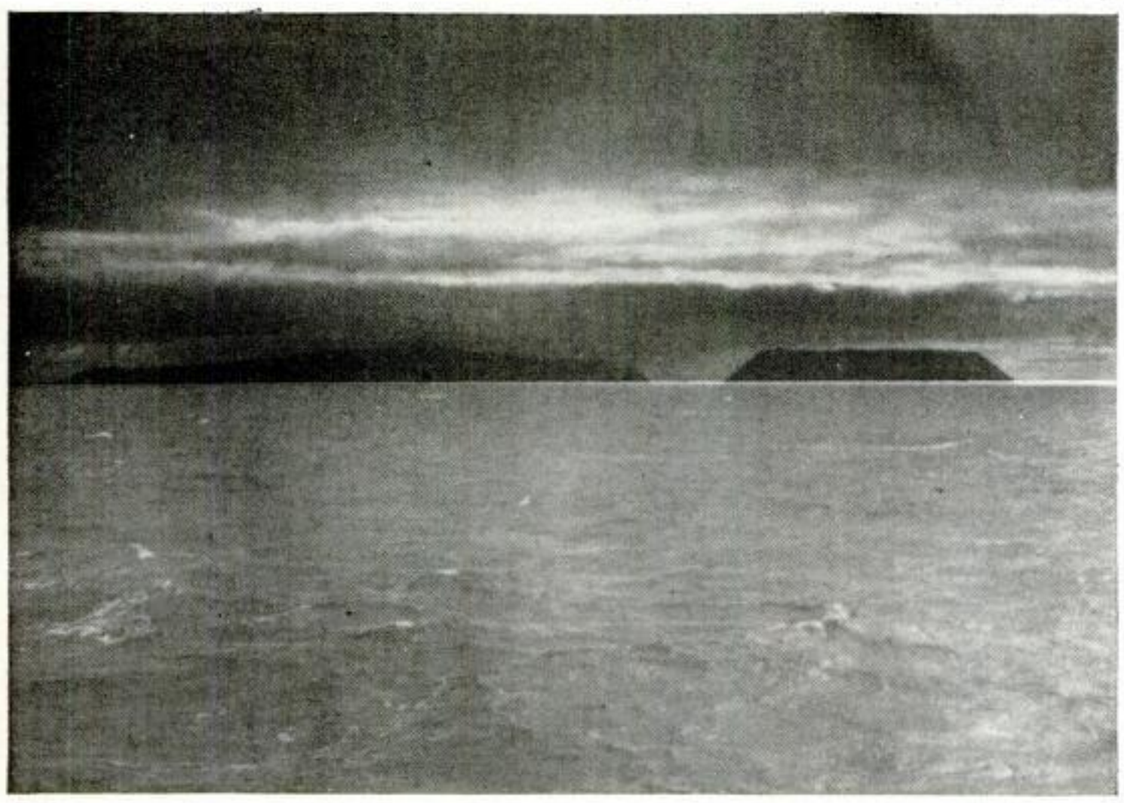
FROM BERING STRAIT TO THE HORN, IT FRINGES



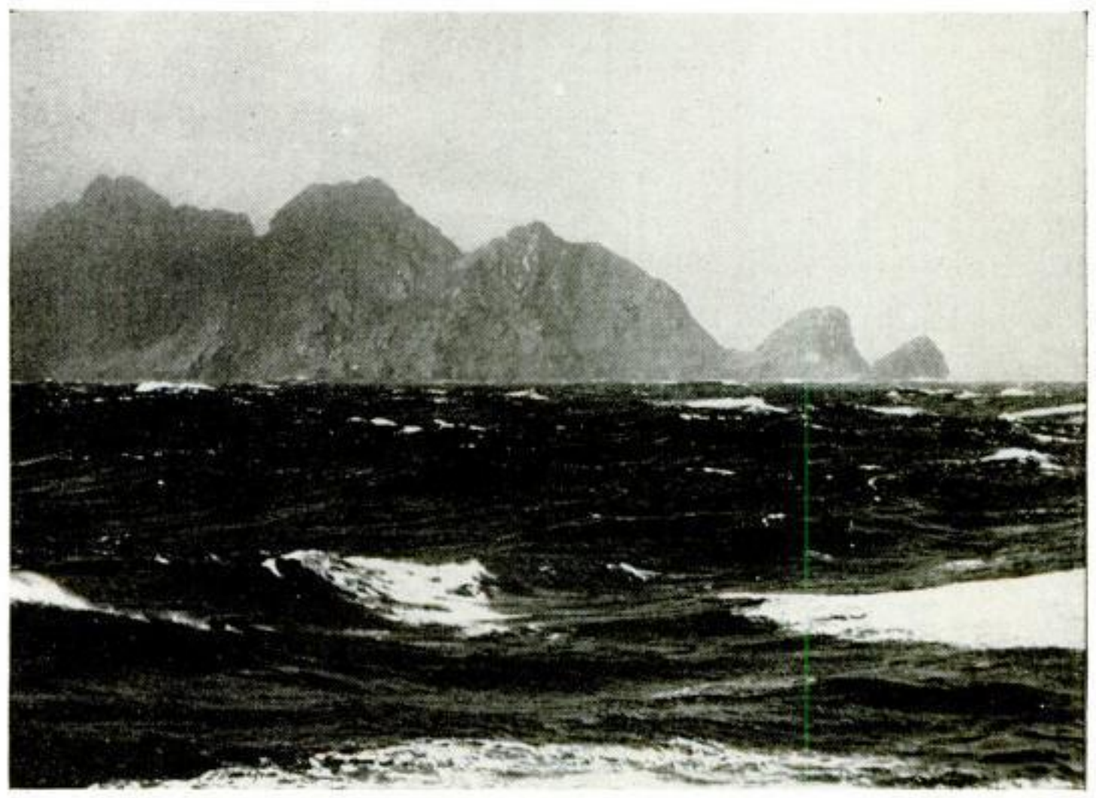
The ocean's shores are the edges of four continents and the rims of uncountable islands. The water beats against wooded lands, against sharp cliffs, against flat beaches. Along most of its shores there is no man near to hear the ocean's restless noise. This is the rugged coast of Oregon where persistent waves roll against a rocky shore, slide away and come foaming back.

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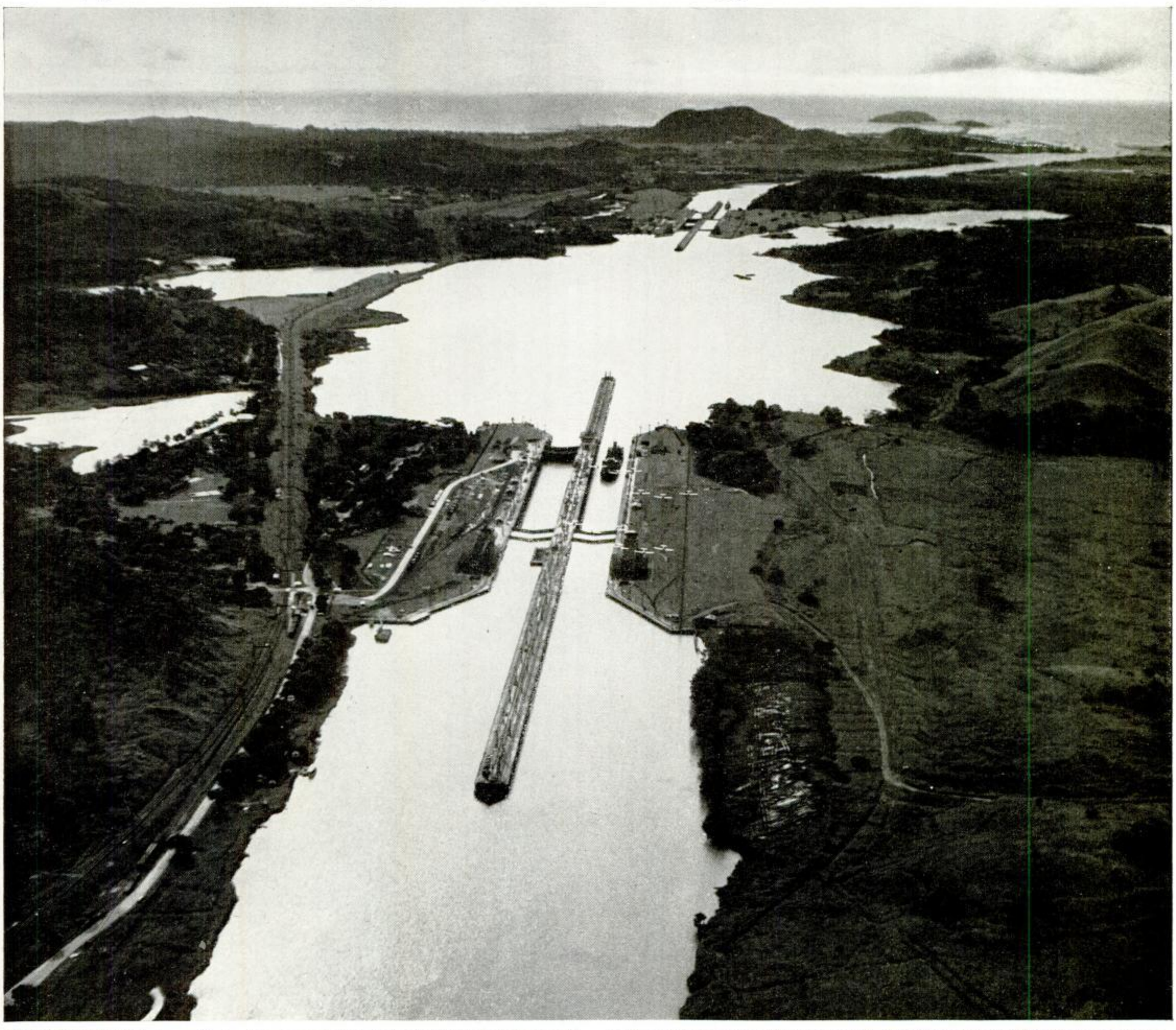
A HEMISPHERE, MEETS THE ATLANTIC AT PANAMA



In the far north, the Pacific Ocean ends where its waters, passing between Russia's Big Diomede Island (*left*) and America's Little Diomede Island (*right*), mix with the icy Arctic Ocean.



In the far south, the Pacific and Atlantic are joined by the stormy Strait of Magellan. Here are the bleak and jagged walls of Desolation Island where the Pacific Ocean enters the Strait.



The great middle link between the two biggest oceans is blasted out of the rocky backbone of Panama where the Atlantic and Pacific are only 40 miles apart. Here waters of the Panama Canal drop down from Gatun Lake, 31 ft. down through Pedro Miguel Locks and then another 54 ft. down through Miraflores Locks and then straight out into the boundless Pacific.

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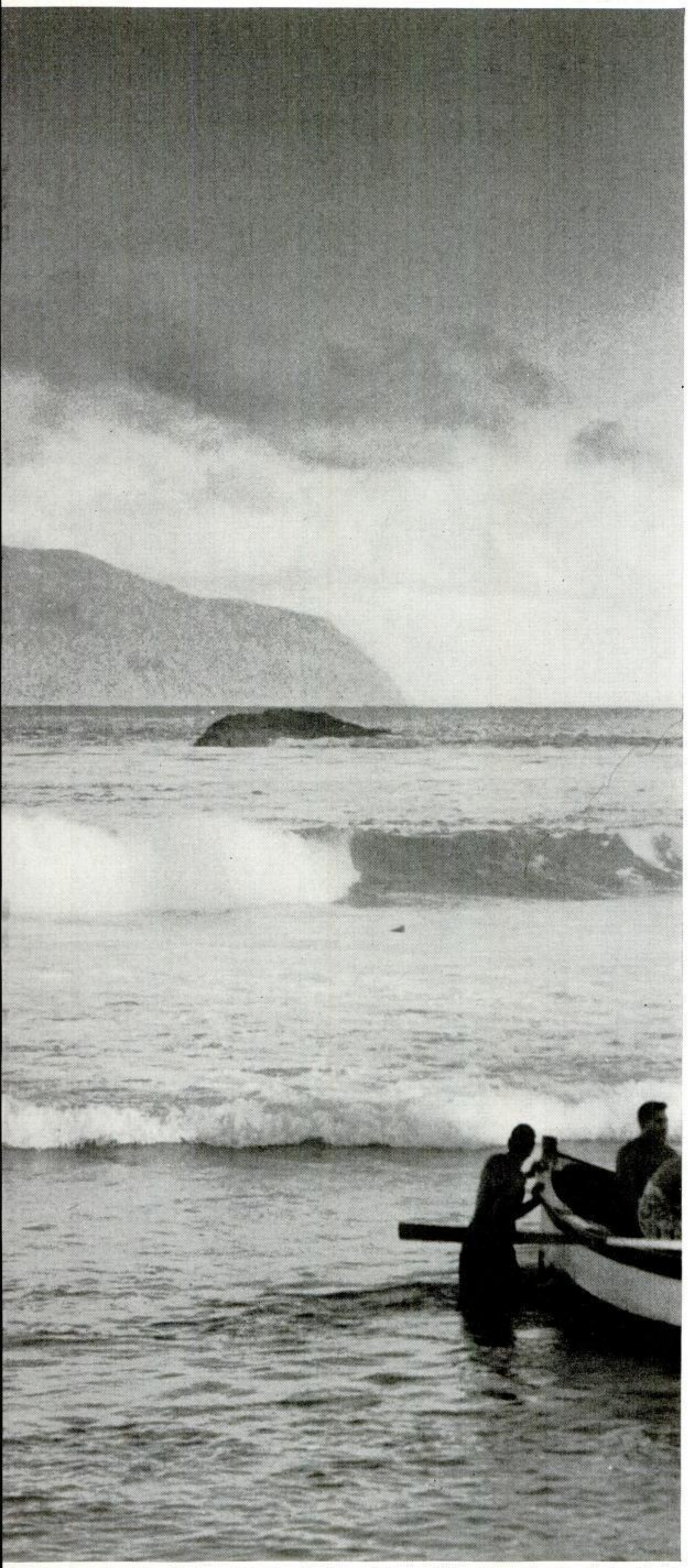
ON ITS SMALL AND SCATTERED ISLANDS THE U.S.



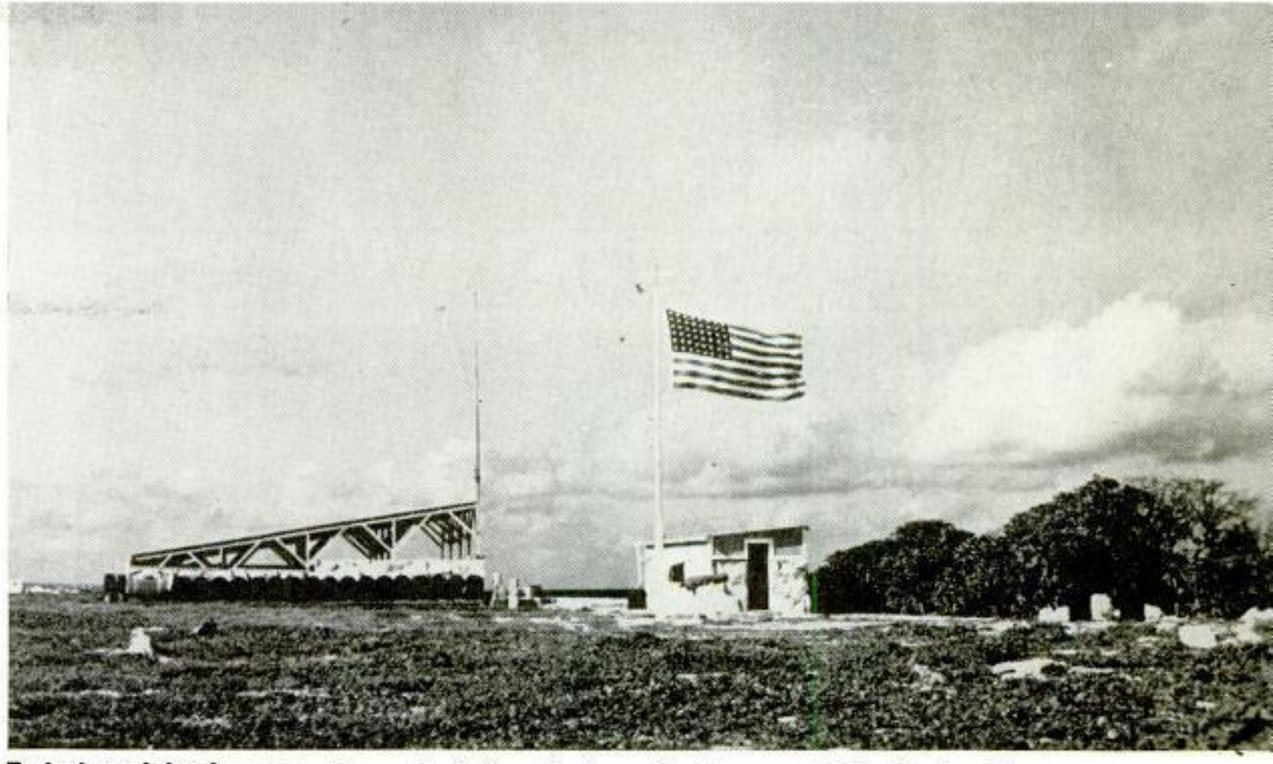
American Samoa, 4,000 miles southwest of California, is six small islands. The U. S. began administering them in 1900, officially annexed them in 1929. Largest is Tutuila on which Pago Pago, a U. S. naval station, is built, and on which Sadie Thompson, in the play *Rain*, ruined a prim young American missionary. The islands are very mountainous and heavily wooded. Here two boats are

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HAS BUILT NEW OUTPOSTS



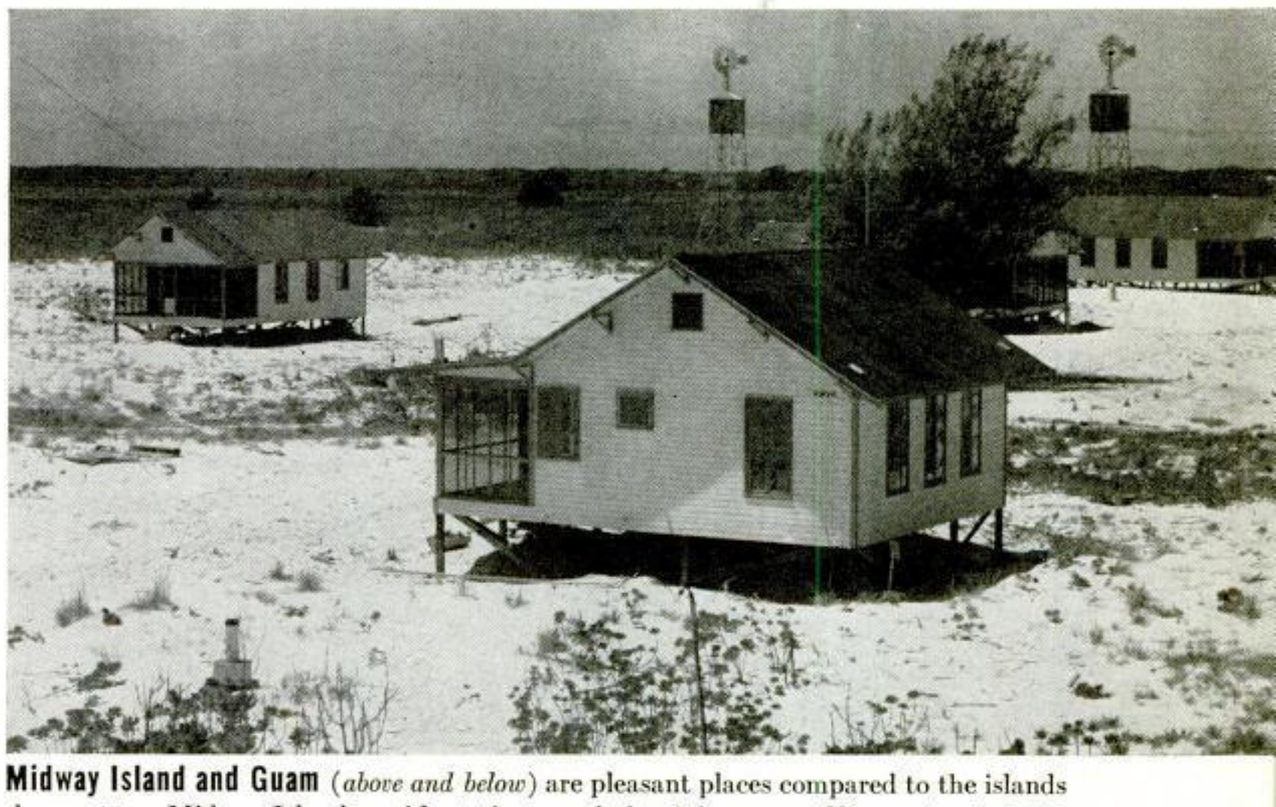
pulling out from Tutuila through the long Pacific swells toward Ofu. Peaceful and lovely, the islands are visited by deadly natural disasters—violent earthquakes, sudden hurricanes and huge tidal waves.



Enderbury Island, 1,800 miles south of Hawaii, along the air route to New Zealand is one of the thousands of coral specks that dot the empty ocean. Its flatness is corrugated by coral ridges and offers nothing except a strategic location to any nation. Rainwater is captured on the slanting shed, stored for the use of the handful of meteorologists on the island.



Baker Island, a square mile of coral sand 1,600 miles southwest of Hawaii, is the haunt of frigate birds with 8-ft. wingspreads and of some meteorologists. Lying near the doldrum belt along the Equator, it is badgered by sudden squalls, long calms, changeable winds and daily rains which fall every morning and sink quietly and completely into the sand.

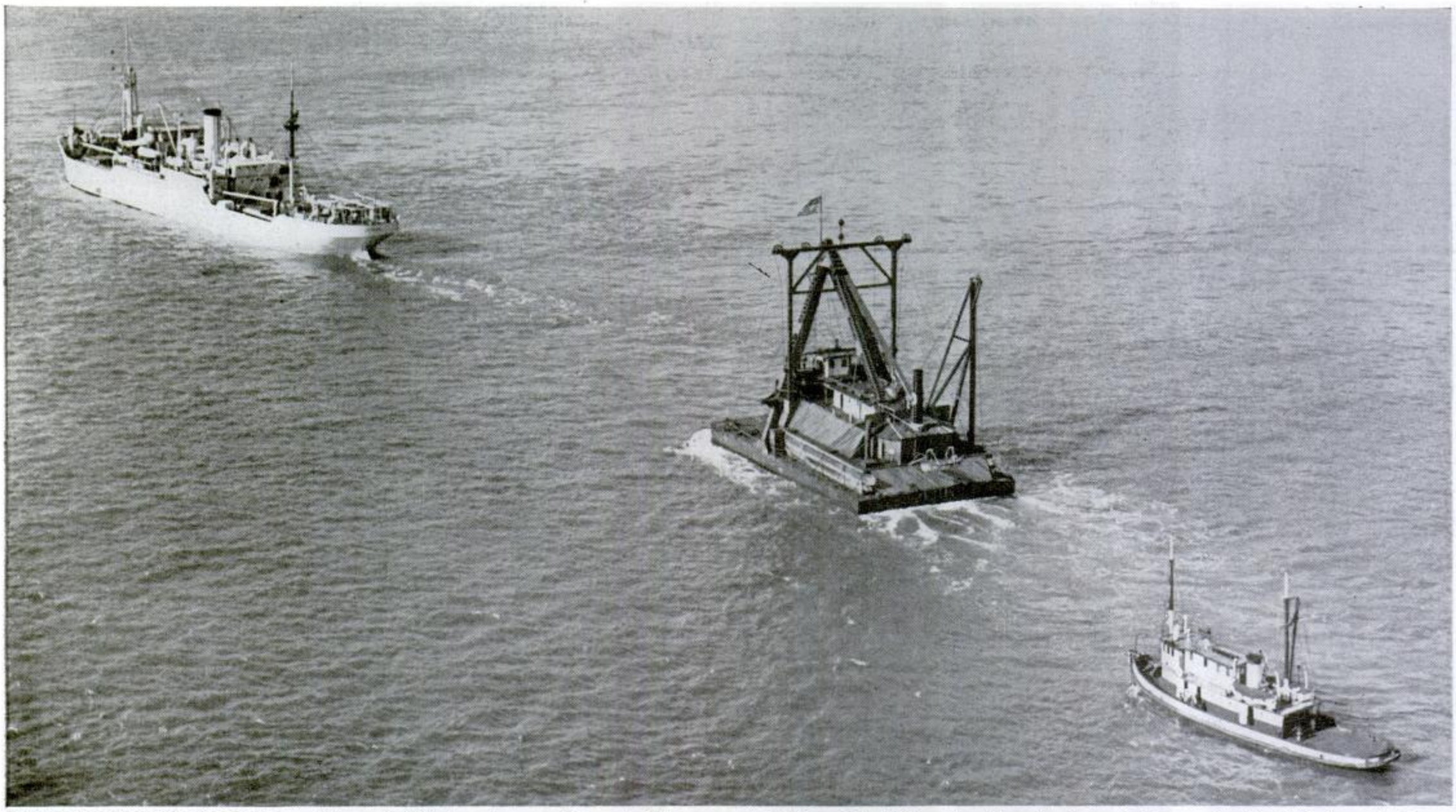


Midway Island and Guam (*above and below*) are pleasant places compared to the islands shown at top. Midway Island, a cable station even before it became a Clipper stop, is 1,380 miles west of Hawaii. It has a fine climate and a lovely beach. Guam, 1,400 miles from Tokyo, has a population of 20,000, much of it centered in the capital of Agaña, shown below.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ACROSS ITS WATERS MAN LEAVES HIS MARKS



Man has tried to remake the ocean to suit his needs. This is an Army and Navy building expedition, carrying tons of dynamite, setting out from San Francisco on a 3,200-mile voyage to Midway Island. There they blasted and pounded the coral and dredged a better harbor so that the lonely little island could be part of the bridge that man has flung across the ocean.



Man has met destiny in this ocean—in the Philippines. In these islands the circumnavigating Magellan came upon death. Here the last pride of the great Spanish Empire crumbled. Here today great nations are keeping their rendezvous with the future. Above, a U. S. Army transport approaches Corregidor, the great fortress which guards the approach to Manila Bay.

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THE SHADOW OF WAR FALLS
UPON THE OCEAN OF PEACE:
U.S. PLANES AND SUBMARINE

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"THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR"

IMAGINARY CONFLICT, DESCRIBED BY EXPERT IN 1925, NOW PROVES PROPHETIC

by HECTOR BYWATER

Until his death in 1940, Hector Bywater, foremost English naval authority, was concerned with the possibility of an American-Japanese war. In 1925, while naval correspondent for the London *Daily News* and *Observer,* he wrote *The Great Pacific War* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). In this classic work he described an imaginary conflict between the U. S. and Japan starting in 1931. Based on his intimate knowledge of the Pacific, he plotted the detailed course of the imaginary struggle in terms of the actual warships then available on both sides. Now real war has begun. Although Bywater did not envisage the predominating part that is played by planes in a modern sea war (nor the U. S. A. engaged in a two-ocean war), his 16-year-old naval classic is the most current book of the week.

Bywater's imaginary war began after the Japanese treacherously blocked the Panama Canal by blowing up a freighter in Culebra Cut. The early rounds went to the Japs. In a month they crushed the U. S. Asiatic squadron, seized the Philippines and Guam. Seaplanes, launched from a Japanese steamer disguised as British merchantman, bombed San Francisco and Los Angeles. Submarines raided the West Coast and laid mines outside Pearl Harbor and San Diego.

Having lost its bases in the western Pacific, it now took the U. S. two years, according to Bywater, to crush Japan. America's first job was to win bases in the central and western Pacific. An expedition against the Bonin Islands, 600 miles from Japan, failed, but U. S. landings succeeded at Truk and Angaur Islands in the mid-Pacific.

These bases enabled the U. S. Fleet to return to the distant Pacific. The final job was to crush the Japanese Fleet, based on Manila. As Japan had been losing island outposts to the U. S., its Fleet had orders to keep more islands from falling into American hands. Knowing this, the U. S. shammed an attack on the Japanese island of Yap in the hope of drawing the enemy fleet out. This sham attack was carried out by one real U. S. battleship and eight dummy battleships—converted steamers with turrets and cage masts of wood—which resembled actual American battleships. Meanwhile the real U. S. Fleet steamed unobserved around Yap and came up behind the Japanese Fleet that was racing toward Yap (*see diagram on pp. 76 and 77*). Resulting battle, as described by Bywater, is condensed by LIFE below.

For the American naval command it now remained only to make the last and decisive move in their well-conceived plan of campaign. Now that the Japanese fleet was known to be at Manila, no time was lost in pressing matters to a conclusion. Admiral Hiraga's presence there was taken as evidence of Japan's determination to fight a general action rather than submit to the loss of further territories in the South Seas. And so the obvious method of tempting him out was adopted: namely, the dispatch of an expedition to Yap, which lay some 300 miles to the northeast of Angaur. Once more the squadron of imitation battleships was allotted a highly important role. This time, however, they were to be joined by a real battleship, the *Florida*, for an object that will duly transpire. Twelve of the freight steamers which had taken part in the feigned attack on Guam were also to be employed again in the guise of "transports."

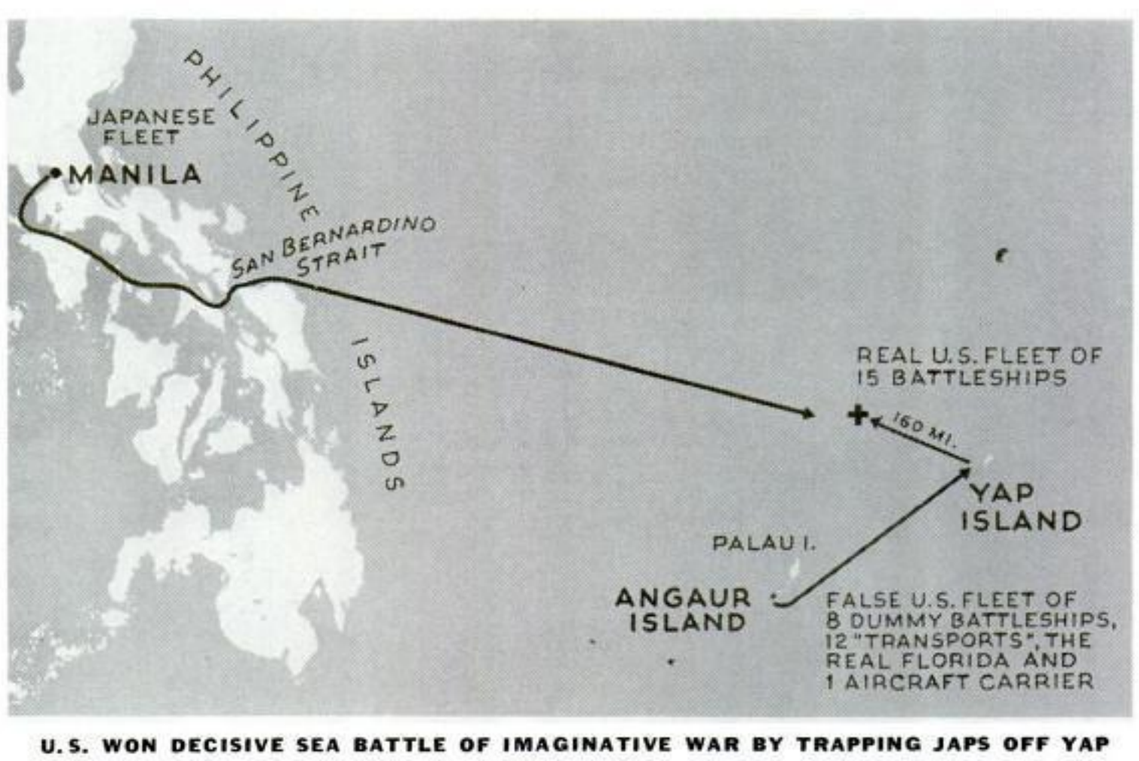
The expedition was to sail for Yap and so maneuver as to suggest that a landing was about to be attempted. The port was to be shelled by the *Florida's* 12-in. battery, aided by the light guns with which her make-believe consorts had been equipped for the sake of appearance. If the fire was returned at least one of the false battleships was to simulate damage. The sham attack was to be continued for several hours, and at a suitable opportunity three of the "transports" would move in as though about to disembark troops.

In the meantime news of the attack would promptly reach Japanese headquarters at Manila, for Yap possessed a high-powered radio plant with which the Americans had studiously refrained from interfering. Further, it was probable that the expedition would have been sighted and reported by Japanese scouts while on its way to the island. There was scarcely any doubt that the Japanese battle fleet would hasten at full speed to the relief of Yap. They might suspect a stratagem, it was true, but, having no means of verifying that suspicion, they would almost certainly elect to take the risk.

All initial dispositions having been made, the Yap expeditionary force, commanded by Rear Admiral Hubbard, sailed from Angaur on Nov. 17. At the same moment Admiral Templeton, a hundred miles to the east, was preparing to take the real U. S. fleet to an appointed position near Yap. Admiral Hubbard held on toward the northeast until early on the morning of Nov. 18, when Yap came within sight. Leaving his "transports" astern, in charge of half the destroyers, Admiral Hubbard steamed slowly past the harbor and opened with his 12-in. guns. A battery ashore began a slow but well-directed fire. The shore battery continued to fire at intervals all day and succeeded in hitting three of the dummy battleships—one of which, as prearranged, left the line and steamed slowly out to sea. The fact that yet another enemy battleship had been disabled was doubtless communicated immediately to Admiral Hiraga, who had already left Manila to rescue Yap. His confidence in a coming victory must have soared.

Sixty hours had now passed since the expedition had left Angaur, and, presuming the Japanese commander in chief to have heard from his scouts very soon after its departure, he might now be only five or six hours away. There was consequently not much time to spare. The dummy battleships and transports were ordered to return to Angaur. Thus at 9:15 p.m. the *Florida* parted from her consorts and, shortly after midnight, joined the real U. S. fleet lurking out of sight 100 miles west of Yap. Her arrival brought Admiral Templeton up to his full strength of 16 battleships.

The rival fleets were now drawing together west of Yap at a collective speed of 40 knots. The air scouts on each side were speedily in touch, and the action began—as it had often been predicted the next great naval battle would begin—by a violent and reciprocal air offensive. Less than half the American machines were able to break through the Japanese aerial cordon but still the indomitable American pilots held on, and were almost within range of the Japanese fleet when six Japanese machines crossed in front of them at lightning speed, leaving a thick curtain of yellowish vapor in their wake as they passed. The American fliers were instantly conscious of a choking sensation.



U.S. WON DECISIVE SEA BATTLE OF IMAGINATIVE WAR BY TRAPPING JAPS OFF YAP

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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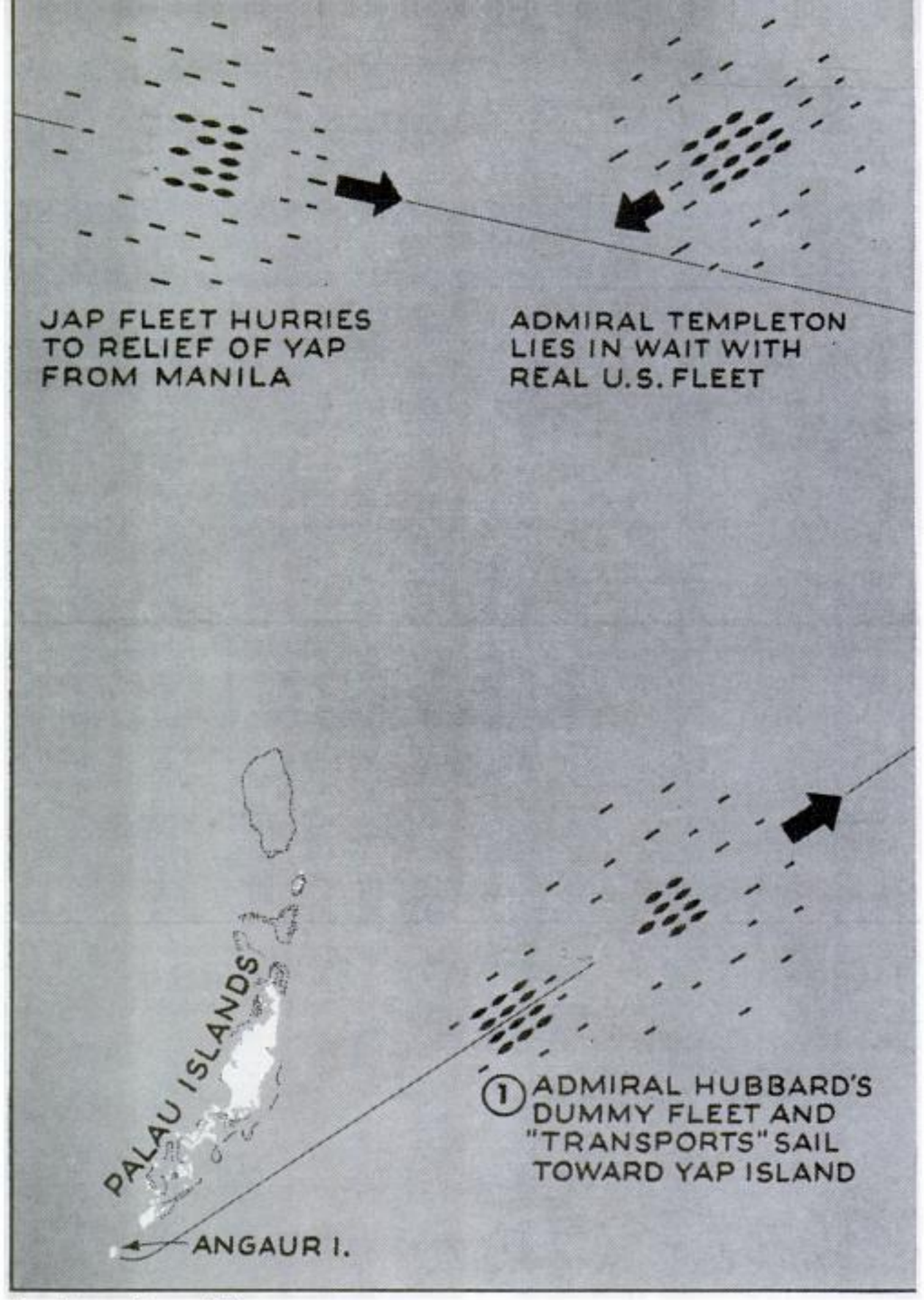


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American victory at Yap depended on a ruse. U.S. Fleet of dummy ships pretended to attack Yap, thus drawing Japanese Fleet from Manila to Yap's rescue. Dummy fleet

"GREAT PACIFIC WAR" (continued)

Through some culpable oversight they had not been equipped with gas masks. All but two of the planes dived headlong into the sea, their pilots having been disabled by the noxious fumes. The occupants of the remaining two machines, which had passed through the gas screen before it had properly developed, got but a whiff of the poison, and though deadly sick were able to carry on. The torpedo plane was just about to release its weapon when apparently it was hit by a shell and blown to pieces. The bomber got one hit on a cruiser and was then shot down.

While this raid was in progress, the Japanese had launched a similar offensive against the American fleet. They blew a hole in the *Pennsylvania*'s upper deck and gassed 80 men in the *Texas*, but all but seven of the machines were brought down. At 4:30 p.m. the advanced cruiser screens were in contact and hard fighting at once developed. The *Hartford*, *Olympia* and *Portland* all sustained damage and heavy casualties, but they had the satisfaction of seeing an enemy cruiser, the *Ashigara*, blow up and sink. As the outposts thus tested each other's mettle, the heavy squadrons were drawing rapidly within gun range.

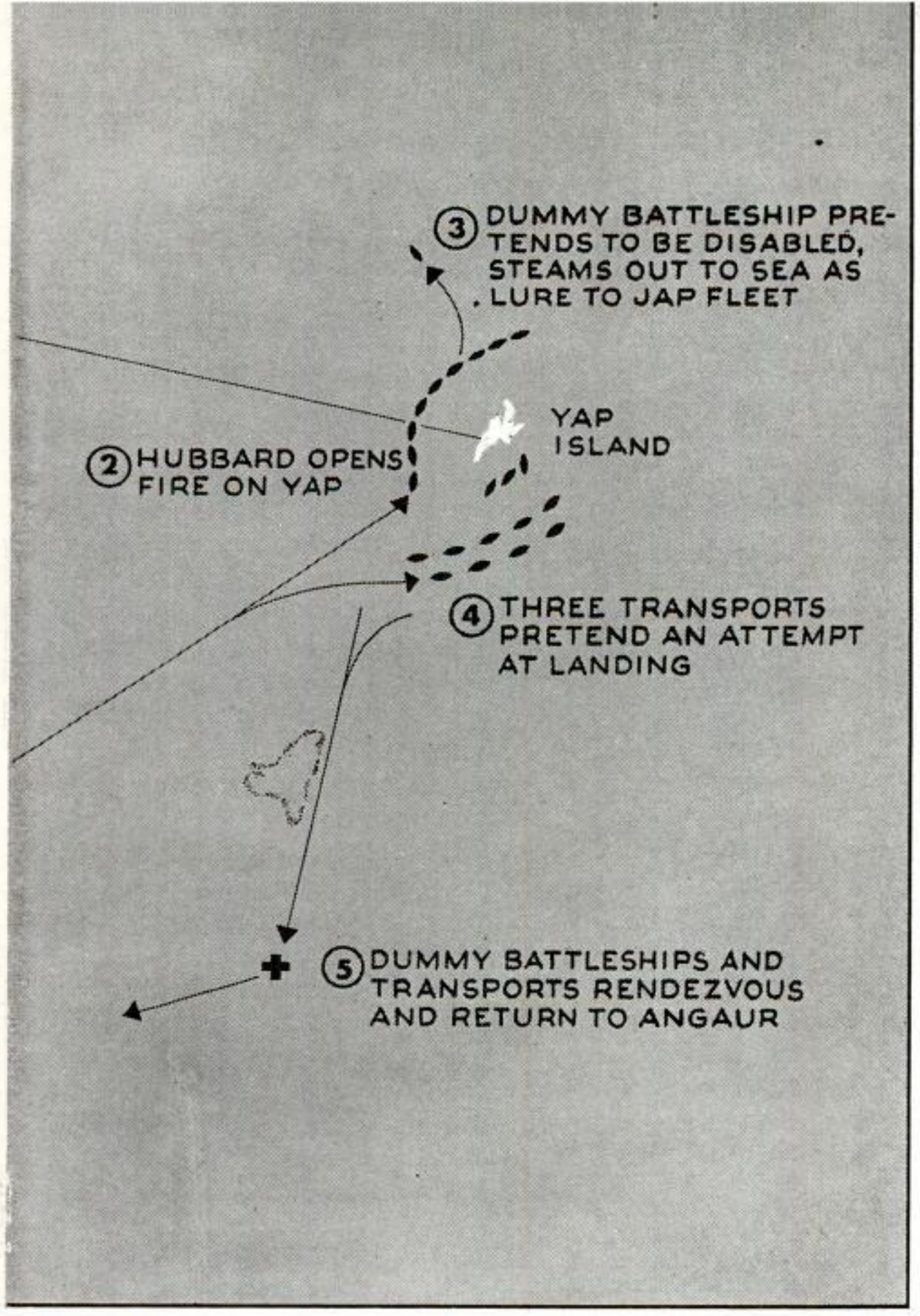
The battle lines open fire

At 5:25 p.m. the *Colorado* opened with a two-gun salvo, the shots pitching slightly ahead of and over the leading Japanese ship. Sights having been adjusted, the *Colorado*, *Maryland* and *West Virginia* began firing full salvos, and at each discharge 24 tons of steel went roaring toward the enemy. Fire was now switched onto the second vessel, either the *Nagato* or the *Kaga*, two hits being recorded in the eighth salvo. Though the *Nagato* was struck but twice, she seemed to be severely damaged forward, and temporarily dropped out of the line. One 16-in. shell hit the *Mutsu*, wrecking her second turret and putting the guns out of action.

Every minute more of the American battleships were coming up to join in the terrible drumfire that was now smiting both the center and rear of the Japanese fleet.

At this, the fiercest stage of the action, many noteworthy episodes occurred. Five Japanese battle cruisers had not hitherto been closely engaged, as except for the *Akagi* their armor protection was too light to withstand severe pounding, and Admiral Hiraga had therefore held them in reserve, to await an opportunity favorable for their intervention. But his position was becoming so desperate that he re-

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then retired. Meanwhile the real U. S. Fleet, waiting unobserved northwest of Yap, cut south and getting between the Japanese Fleet and Manila brought the Japs to action.

solved to take a bold step. At 5:40 p.m., therefore, he made certain signals to Vice Admiral Wada, whose five magnificent battle cruisers at once raced eastward at full speed, just beyond range of the American guns. On the way they fell in with the American Fourth Cruiser Division, which was covering the left flank of the battle fleet against destroyer attack. The Japanese were swift to seize the chance thus presented. A burst of fire came from the *Akagi*'s huge 16-in. guns, promptly echoed by the 14-in. batteries of her consorts, and in less than a minute the cruiser *Troy* was a shattered wreck. The *Cleveland* also got her death wound and both the *Denver* and *Wilmington* were hit.

Even as the sound of this heavy cannonade far astern warned Admiral Templeton that something was amiss, his air scouts notified him of a new development. Having disposed of the Fourth Cruiser Division, Admiral Wada held on his northerly course for another five minutes and then swung sharp to the westward, his five battle cruisers, thanks to their much greater speed, now drawing parallel with the rear of the American line, consisting of the Fourth Battleship Division. Hit a dozen times by 16-in. and 14-in. shell, the *Wyoming* was leaking badly and had lost way. Her foremast and both funnels were gone, the stern group of turrets was disabled, and water was entering the starboard engine room through a hit below the waterline. Still worse was the plight of the *Florida*. One of the first shells from the *Akagi* had struck the conning tower, killing Admiral Hubbard and most of his staff. The ship was thus temporarily out of control, and, before she could be steadied on her course, she was hit by three full salvos.

Then an amazing thing happened. One, or perhaps two, of her after magazines must have exploded, for the whole stern section of the ship blew up, and those who were watching expected every instant to see her go to the bottom. But although practically one-third of her hull had been blown away, the battleship still kept afloat, and afloat she remained when the enemy passed on to seek other prey. Not until half an hour later did the *Florida* take her final plunge.

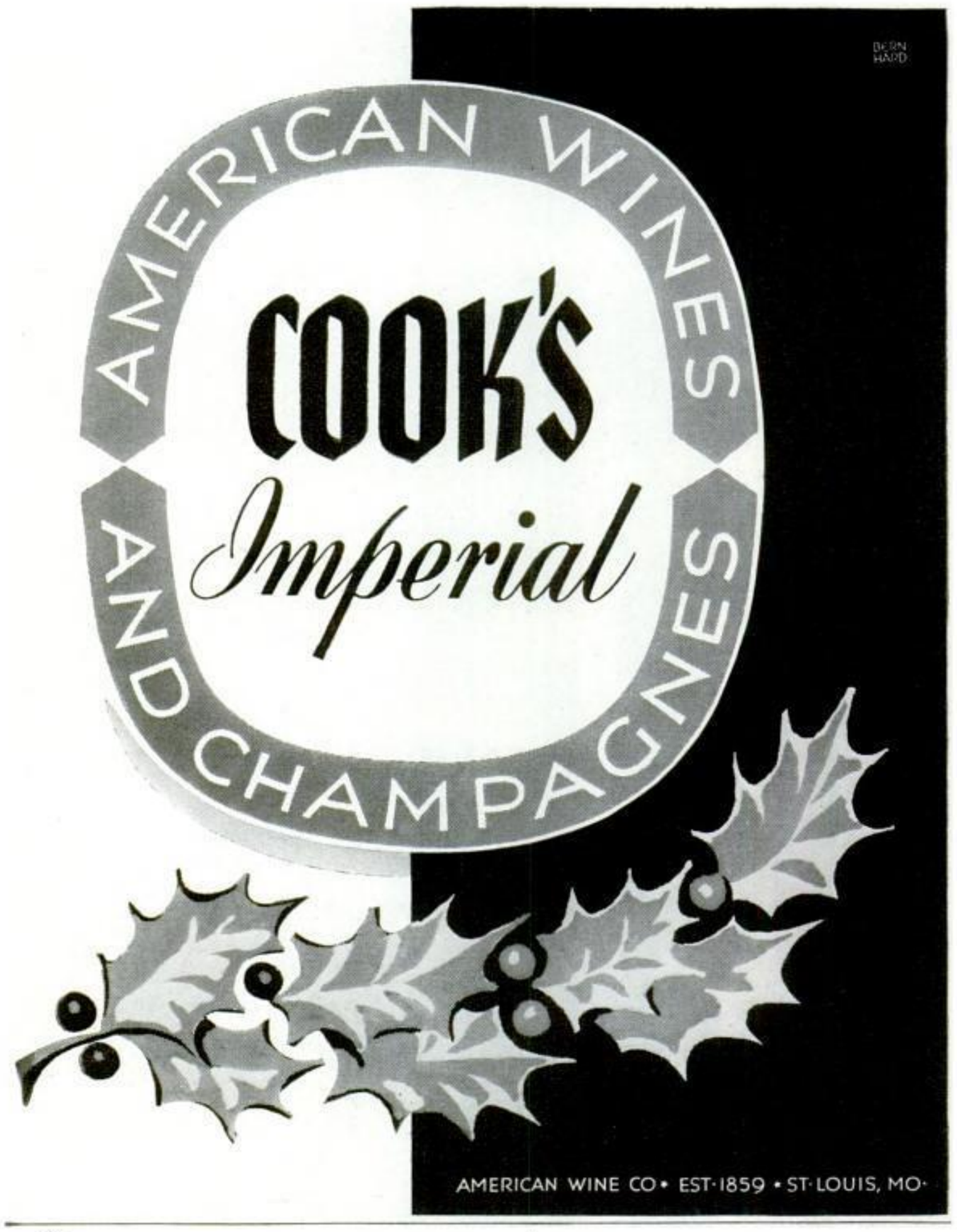
Before the *Florida* and *Wyoming* were battered into silence, their guns had done good work, inflicting heavy punishment upon the *Akagi* and the *Haruna*. The *Haruna* had a big hole just forward of the bow turret, and steaming as she was at 29 knots a great deal of water from the bow wave poured through this rent. Very soon she was perceptibly down by the head and it became necessary to slacken speed.

It was at this juncture that Admiral Wada tried to disengage his squadron, relying on his great speed to do this without difficulty. But the *Haruna* had now dropped to 22 knots. As more water entered

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"GREAT PACIFIC WAR" (continued)

her bows she slowed to 18 knots and then to 16. The Americans, observing the *Haruna*'s crippled condition, were plying her with shell. Riddled with shell, waterlogged and unmanageable, the *Haruna* was clearly doomed, and now American airplanes were winging down to finish her off.

While the action so far had surpassed in fury every other sea fight of modern times, the issue still hung in the balance. During the heaviest phase of the cannonade against the Japanese center, the *Hiuga* had been hit repeatedly, and but for Admiral Wada's timely intervention both this ship and the *Ise* would probably have been destroyed. As it was, the *Hiuga* had half her guns out of action and 3,000 tons of water in her hull. The *Ise* could still use most of her armament but was terribly battered, and with her rudders disabled was compelled to maneuver by means of her screws.

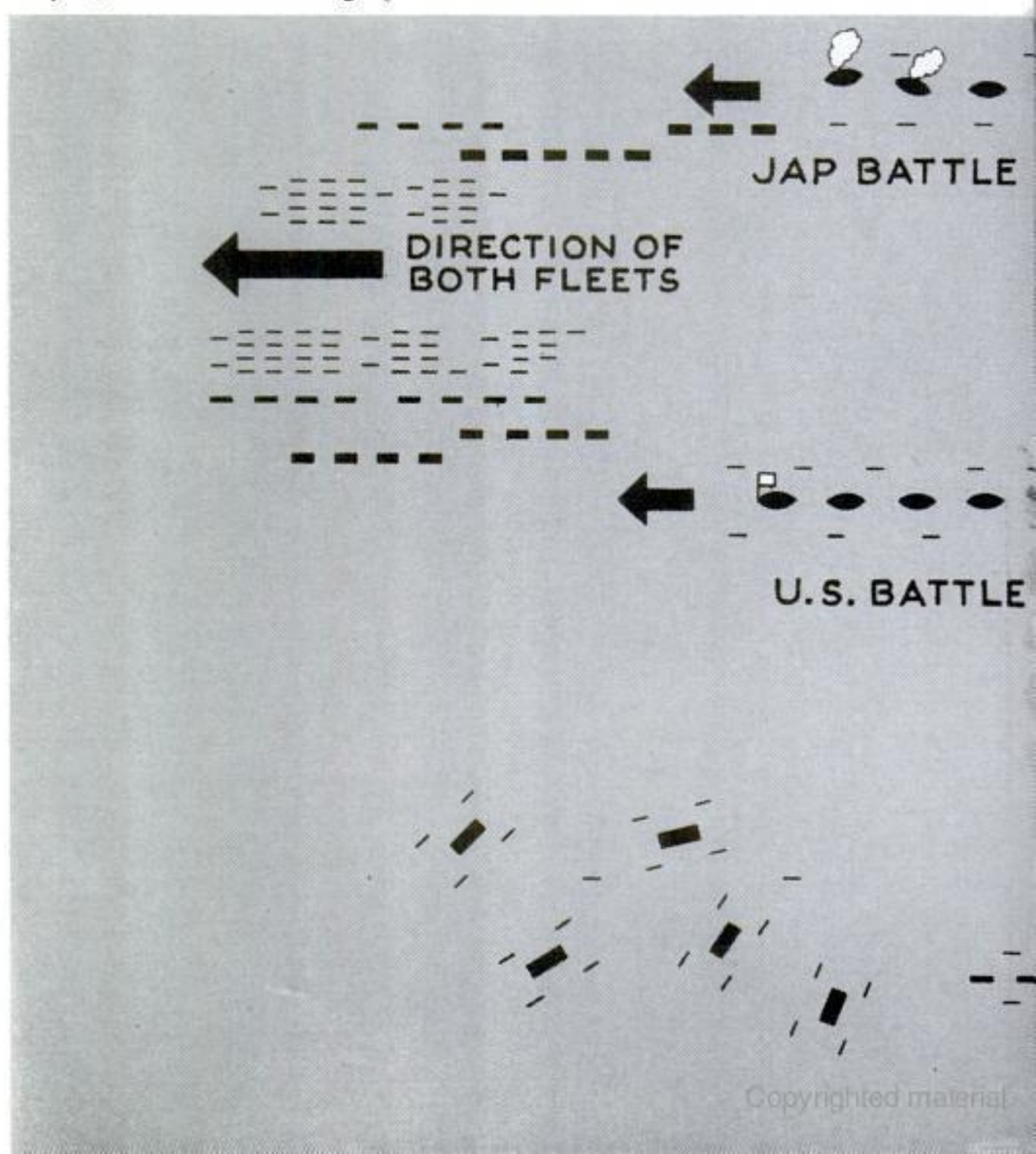
It was now 7 p.m. Taking advantage of the diversion created by his battle cruisers, Admiral Hiraga steamed at his utmost speed toward the northwest. Admiral Templeton, realizing that the last chance of getting in a decisive blow was slipping away, pressed forward with twelve battleships at a speed of 20 knots. At 8 p.m. the Admiral opened with all guns on the Japanese battleships, which immediately replied. At this comparatively short range hitting began almost at once, and there were moments when the leading Japanese battleship *Kaga* seemed to be spouting flame at every seam, so continuous were the shell bursts on her sides and decks. The *Kaga*'s end came in one mighty volcanic eruption that shook the heavens, lighting up the whole sea with the glare of noonday. Then all was darkness again, and though American destroyers dashed to the spot on an errand of mercy, they found no trace of ship or crew.

It was now the turn of the *Mutsu*. Her strange behavior has been best described by Commander Elmer of the *Tennessee:*

"Suddenly our spotters reported the *Mutsu* to have turned eight points to the right, which meant that she was coming straight at us To my astonishment she came steadily on, and though her head had pointed first to our van, the progressive advance of our line was such that if she held on her present course she would intersect our division just astern of the *Tennessee*. Could it be that her officers, believing themselves doomed, had decided to commit hara-kiri on the grand scale? As the range closed to 12,000, then to 11,000, and even to 10,000 yd., we fired and fired till the guns grew hot and the paint on their chases rose up in blisters. But though the target was now so conspicuous, and coming nearer every moment, I am afraid the unusual sight of a big battleship charging headlong at us upset the nerves of the gunners, not only in our ship, but in the whole fleet, for I observed that many of the salvos were going wide. The *Mutsu* herself shot with wonderful accuracy from her six remaining guns.

"But as she came nearer and yet nearer, I could see her, as it were, disintegrating under the rain of sledge-hammer blows. Our shells seemed to be tearing through the ship from end to end. Still the *Mutsu* came on. But now her bows were so deep in the water that

In imaginary fight to the death the opposing battleships, screened by cruisers and destroyers, shell each other along a parallel course. Aircraft carriers follow behind or to



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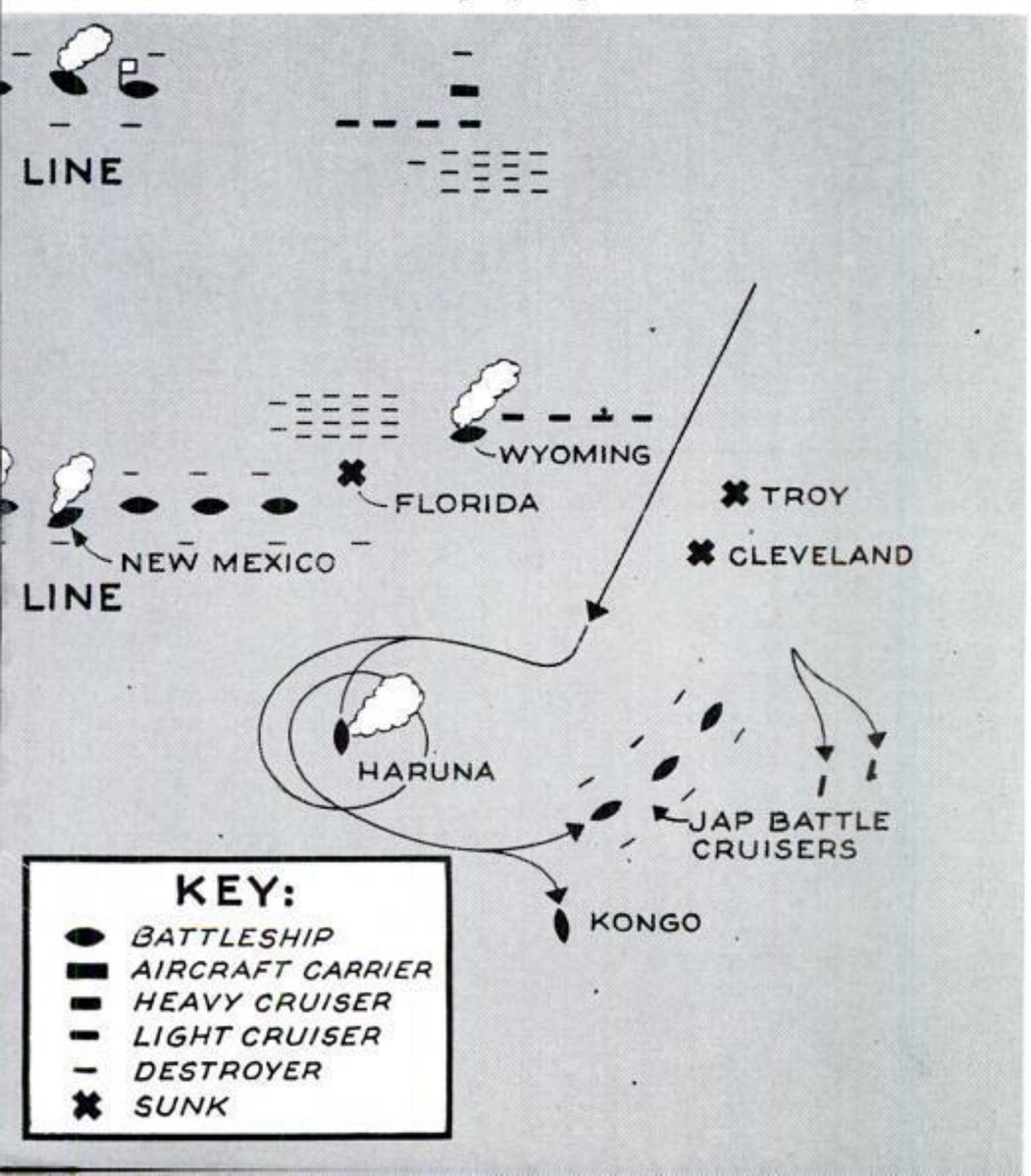
shells began to smash through the forecastle deck and plunge into the machinery. At 8:40 p.m., the range being then down to 7,000 yd., the Japanese battleship had stopped and was drifting broadside on to us. We gave her two more salvos and when last I saw her she was heeling over at 35°, clearly on the point of sinking."

Plight of the flagship

It was now close on 9 p.m. If in this running fight the Japanese had lost two of their finest battleships, they had succeeded in inflicting heavy damage on their pursuers. The flagship *West Virginia*, hit a dozen times by 16-in. shell at close range, was making water rapidly. Two turrets were disabled, and there were more than 400 casualties, including the commander in chief, who had been knocked senseless by a splinter of steel. Only by getting all the pumps to work could the flow of water into the forward compartments be checked. The *Colorado*, also, had ceased to be effective and had fallen miles astern. The *Maryland* was intact so far as fighting equipment went, but many of her executives had been killed. Few of the remaining ships had escaped hits of a more or less serious character, and barely half a dozen were in a condition to maintain their full speed. At this juncture the Japanese played their last card. Just as the leading American ships had reopened on the *Nagato*, a swarm of destroyers bore down upon them in two columns, to port and starboard respectively. They were immediately fired on by the battleships and cruisers, but the rush was not stopped until they had got within range. Admiral McArthur turned his line toward the approaching torpedoes, most of which passed harmlessly through; but the cruisers *Albany* and *Portland* and one battleship were hit. Then the Japanese destroyers found themselves assailed by a squadron of American boats, and those that broke away from the deadly grapple had to steam back through waters that were lashed into foam by the tempest of shell. Forty boats began the attack, and 18 returned.

If the battle had been rather less decisive than had been hoped for, it had certainly eliminated the Japanese fleet as a commanding factor in the situation—at least for some months to come. With a much smaller force at their disposal, the Japanese had sustained by far the heavier loss. Out of a total of twelve capital ships, no fewer than five had been accounted for—*Kaga*, *Mutsu*, *Kongo*, *Haruna* and *Kirishima*. Losses among the cruisers and destroyers had also been severe. As an effective unit the Japanese battle fleet had ceased to exist. On the American side only two big ships had gone—*Florida* and *Wyoming*, neither of the most powerful type. Fourteen battleships survived, with two in reserve in the U. S. Consequently, when its wounds had been healed, the American fleet could take the sea with a strength of 16 battleships. Three cruisers had been sunk, together with 23 destroyers, but these gaps would speedily be filled by new craft approaching completion. The United States had at length gained command of the sea in the main theater of war. It only remained to exploit this advantage by putting such pressure on Japan as would compel her to yield to the inevitable.

one side (*left*). Five Japanese battle cruisers (*right*) dash behind the U. S. battle line, sink *Troy*, *Cleveland* and *Florida* and damage *Wyoming* before *Haruna* and *Kongo* are disabled.



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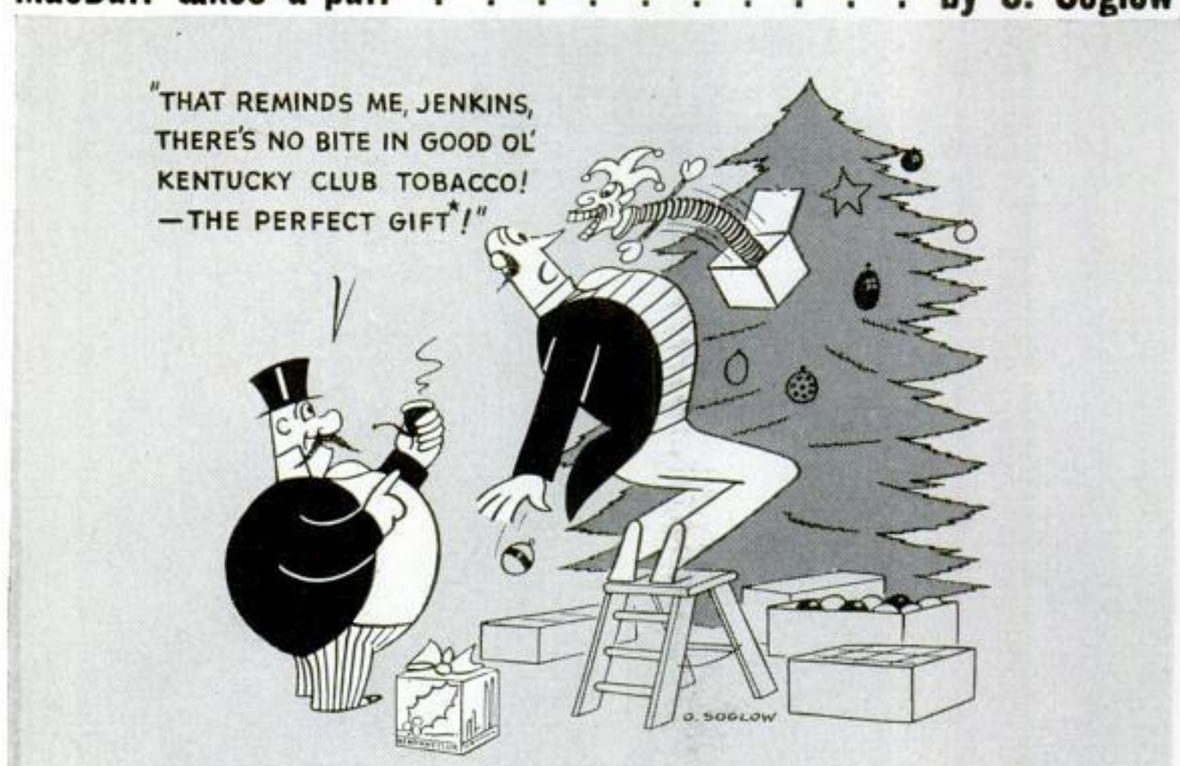
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You can't be blamed for being miffed
When *bitten* by a Christmas gift!

But I don't have to sit up nights
To name a gift that *never* bites.

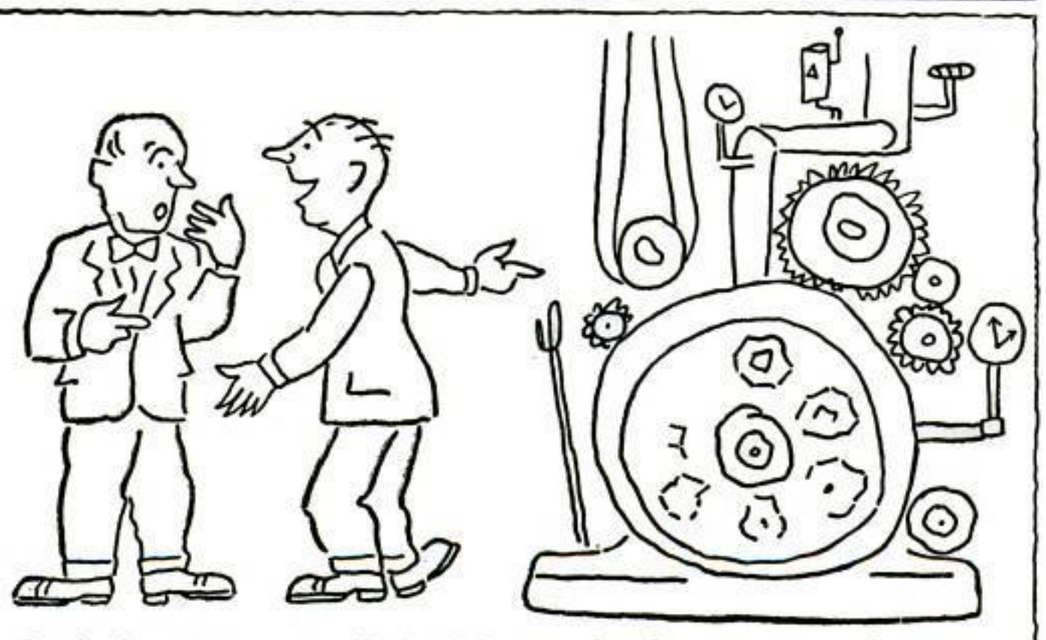
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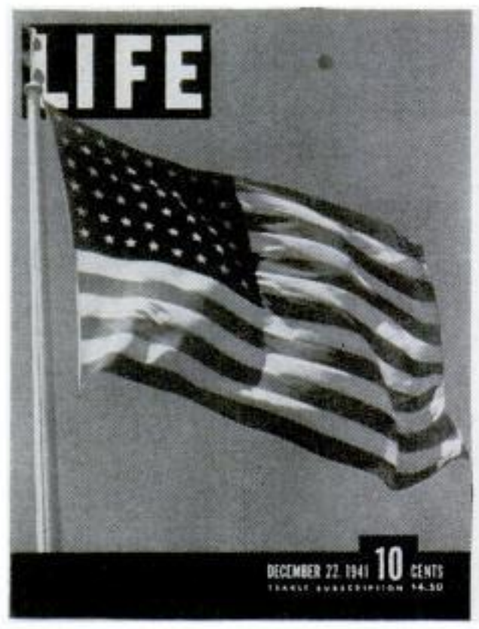


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Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
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Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
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That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

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PUBLISHER: Roy E. Larsen
GENERAL MANAGER: C. D. Jackson
ADV'G DIRECTOR: Howard Black

Subscriptions and all correspondence regarding them should be addressed to CIRCULATION OFFICE: 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

LIFE is published weekly by Time Inc.—Editorial and Advertising offices TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City—Henry R. Luce, Chairman; Roy E. Larsen, President; Charles L. Stillman, Treasurer; David W. Brumbaugh, Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year, $4.50 in the U. S. A.; $5.50 (Canadian dollars) in Canada including duty; $6.00 in Pan American Union; elsewhere, $10. Single copies in the U. S. A., 10¢; Canada, 12¢; U. S. Territories & Possessions, 15¢; elsewhere, 25¢.

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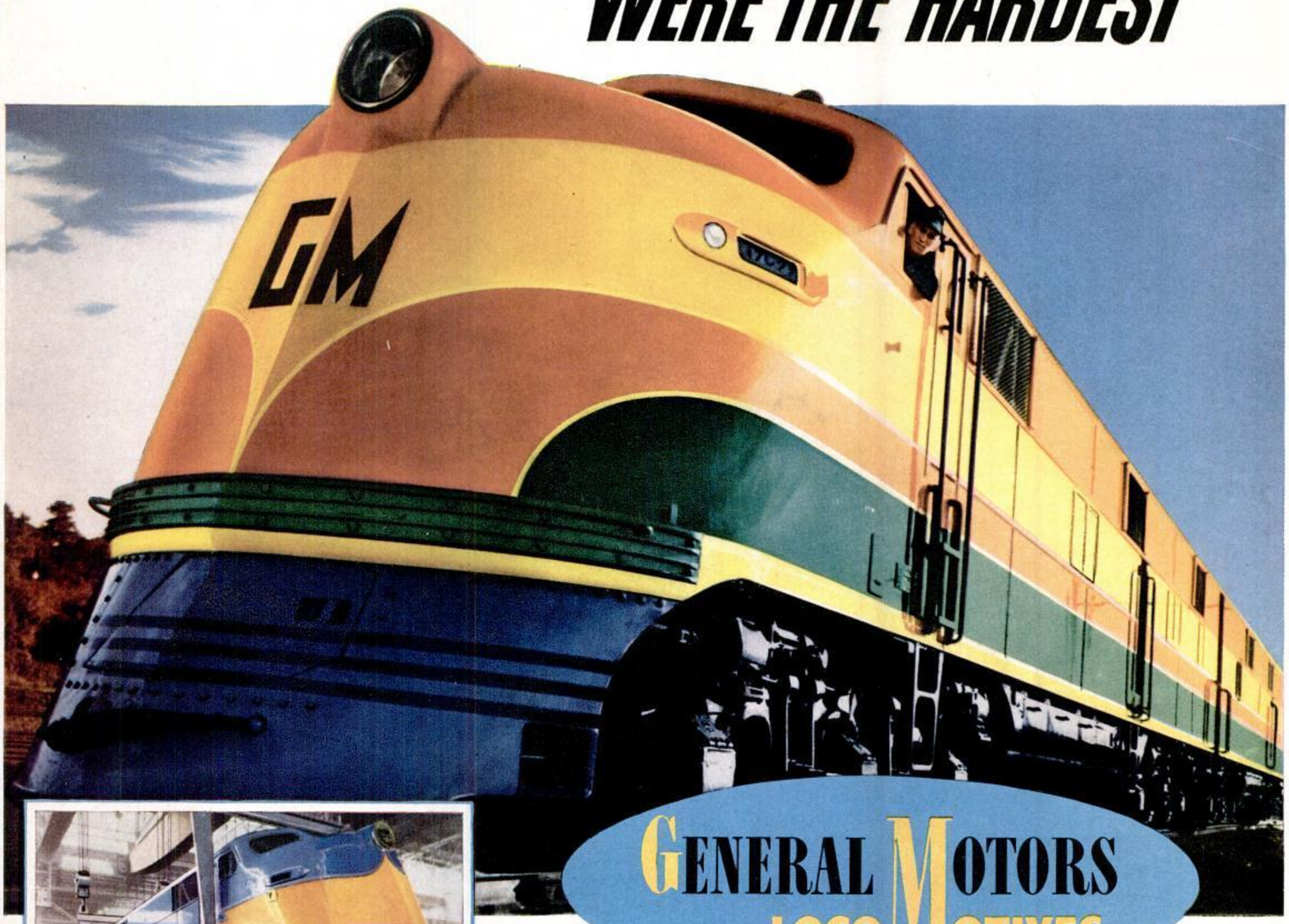
WHEN COLDS AND CONSTIPATION

STRIKE TOGETHER—TAKE THIS FAST-ACTING LAXATIVE

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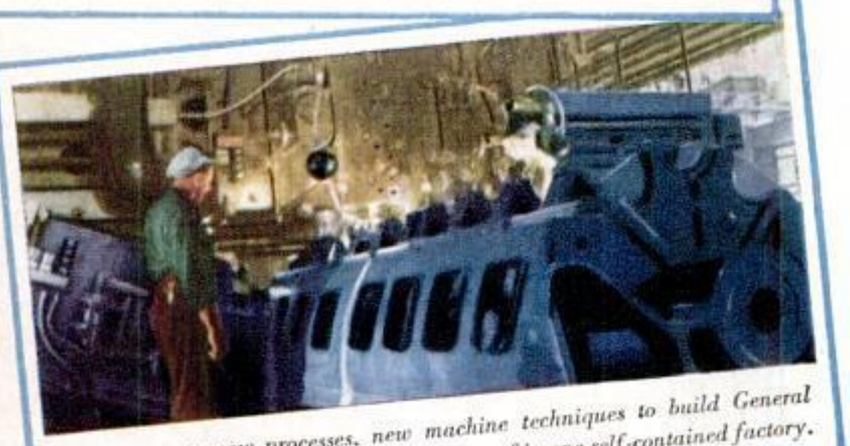
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THE FIRST FIFTY MILLION MILES WERE THE HARDEST





General Motors is producing complete locomotives for passenger, freight and switcher use at a record rate in its Electro-Motive plant at La Grange, Illinois.



It takes many new processes, new machine techniques to build General Motors locomotives complete from rails to roof in one self-contained factory.

GENERAL MOTORS LOCOMOTIVES

MORE than fifty million miles of mainline service have now tested General Motors locomotives.

Millions of added miles and millions of hours of service have also proved their value in railroad yards all over America, where they are saving as much as $1,000 per month per unit.

More than 140 crack passenger trains are running faster schedules by use of these locomotives—and every train operates at a profit.

And now, in freight service, they're speeding defense traffic and freight movement on an increasing number of roads.

The first fifty million miles were the hardest, because they brought new and formidable challenges to General Motors research engineering and manufacturing skill.

It was the challenge of putting internal combustion engines to work on the rails—and of building railroad locomotives, by volume production methods, complete from rails to roof, in numbers great enough to meet the demand.

For alert railroad management was quick to welcome these time-and-money savers, and to put them to work improving the finest mass transportation service in the world.

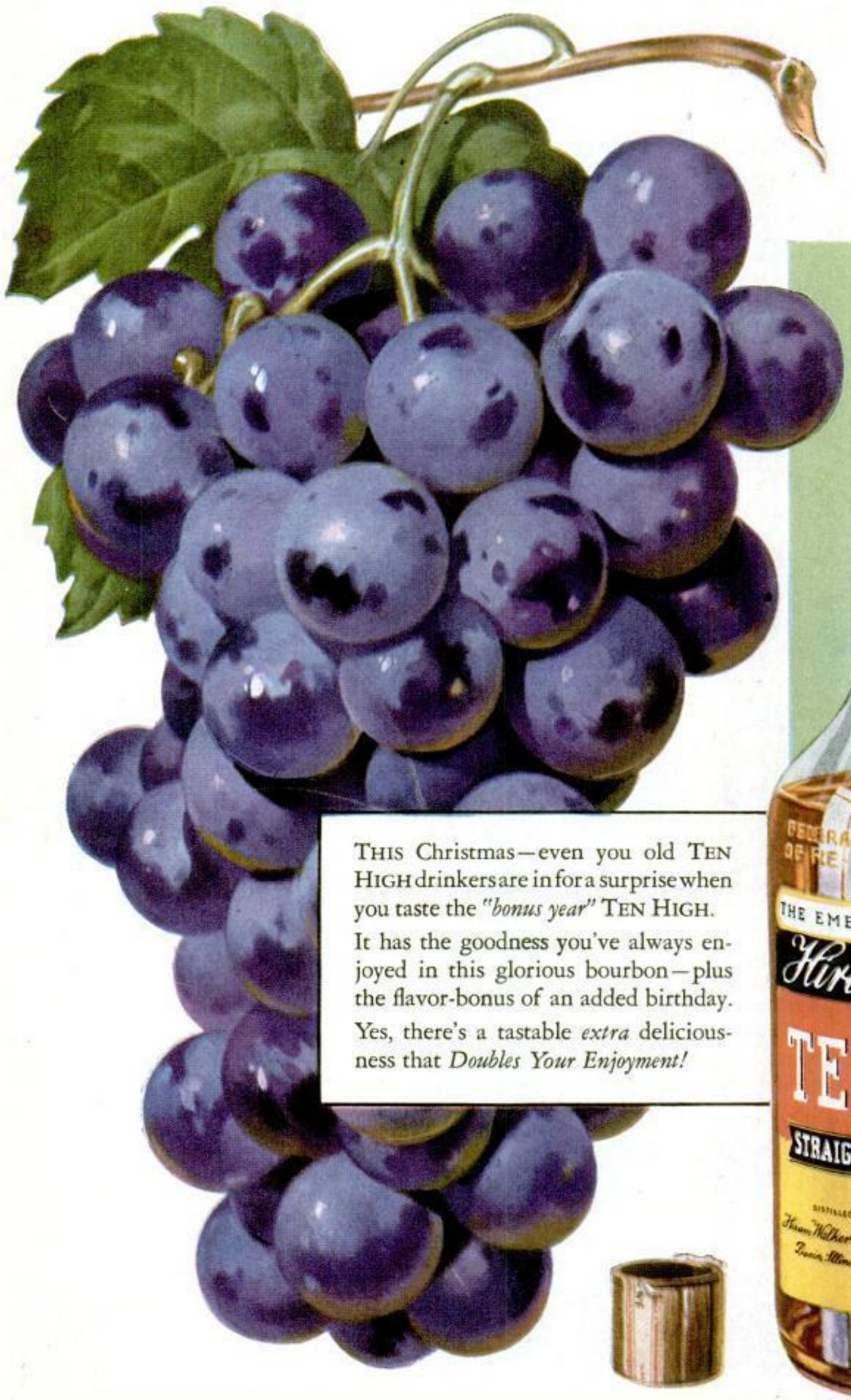
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Double your Holiday Enjoyment with the

"bonus year"

TEN HIGH



THIS Christmas—even you old TEN HIGH drinkers are in for a surprise when you taste the *"bonus year"* TEN HIGH.

It has the goodness you've always enjoyed in this glorious bourbon—plus the flavor-bonus of an added birthday.

Yes, there's a tastable *extra* deliciousness that *Doubles Your Enjoyment!*

Like grapes picked at the peak of perfection TEN HIGH is *RIPENED JUST RIGHT*— **year after year, after year, after year!**



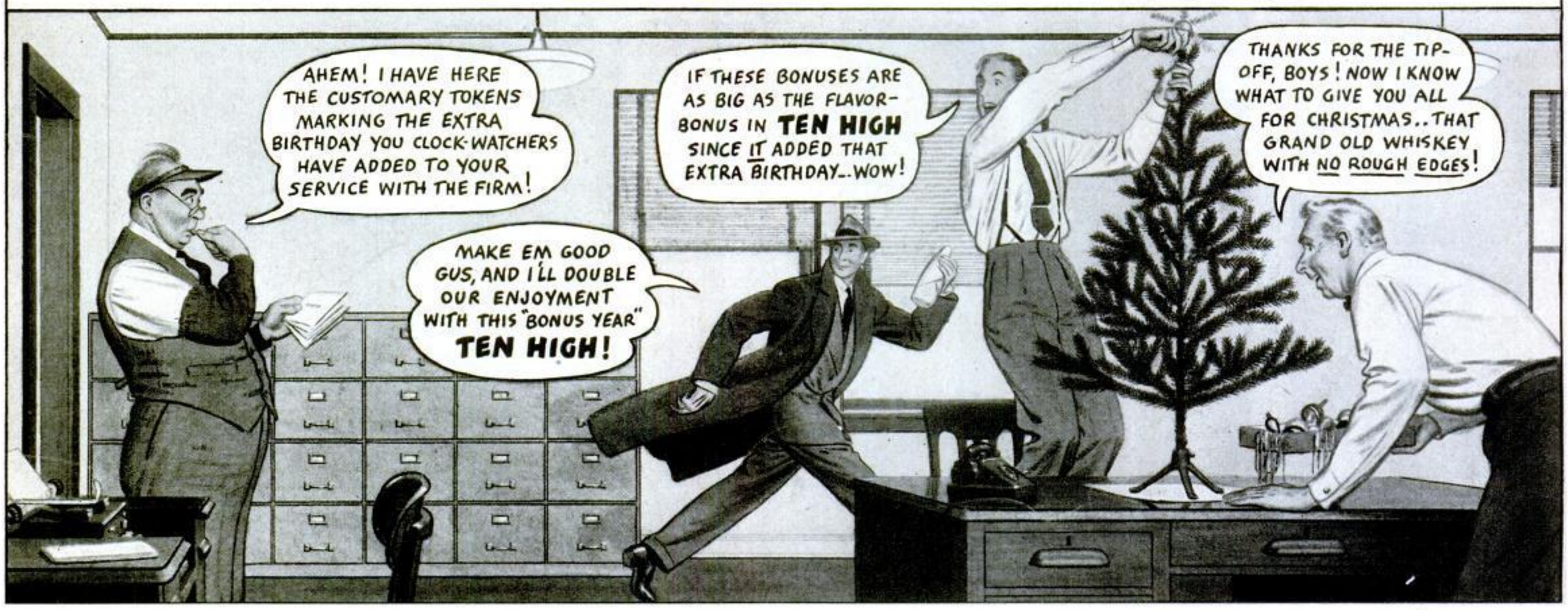
This whiskey is 4 years old



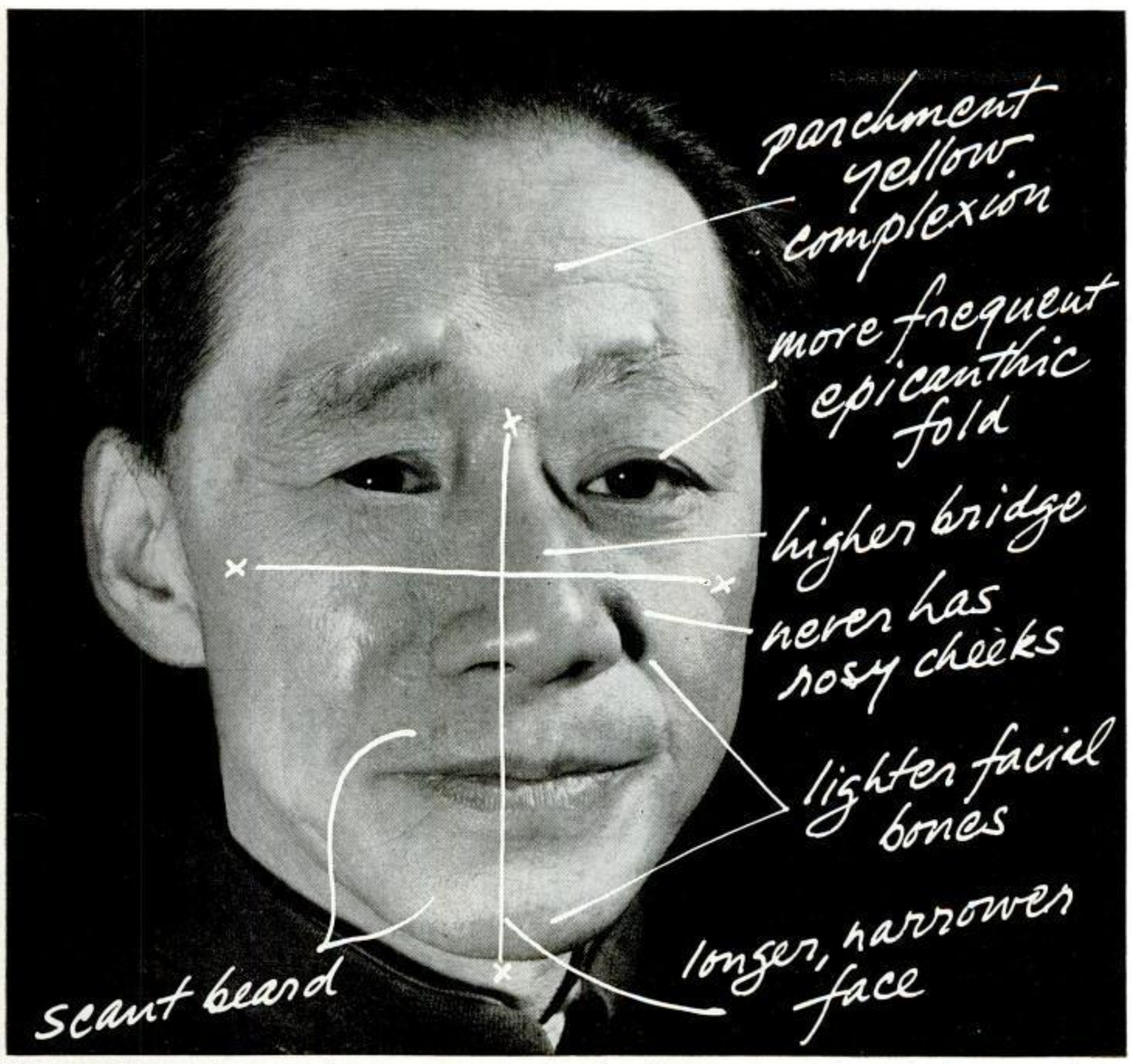
Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof

Copr. 1941, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

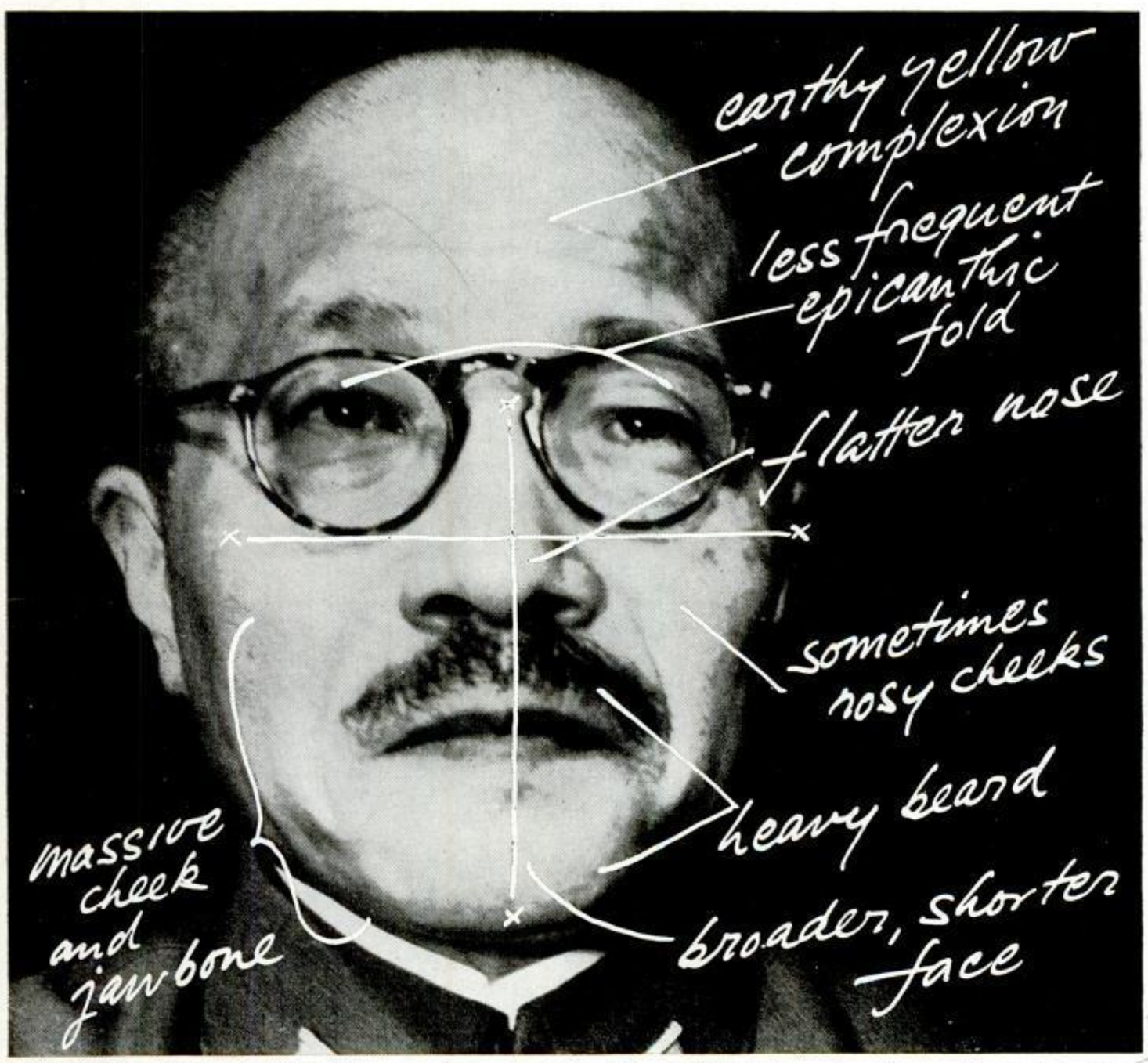
"THE RIBBERS" by Glen Fleischmann



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Chinese public servant, Ong Wen-hao, is representative of North Chinese anthropological group with long, fine-boned face and scant beard. Epicanthic fold of skin above eyelid is found in 85% of Chinese. Southern Chinese have round, broad faces, not as massively boned as the Japanese. Except that their skin is darker, this description fits Filipinos who are often mistaken for Japs. Chinese sometimes pass for Europeans; but Japs more often approach Western types.



Japanese warrior, General Hideki Tojo, current Premier, is a Samurai, closer to type of humble Jap than highbred relatives of Imperial Household. Typical are his heavy beard, massive cheek and jaw bones. Peasant Jap is squat Mongoloid, with flat, blob nose. An often sounder clue is facial expression, shaped by cultural, not anthropological, factors. Chinese wear rational calm of tolerant realists. Japs, like General Tojo, show humorless intensity of ruthless mystics.

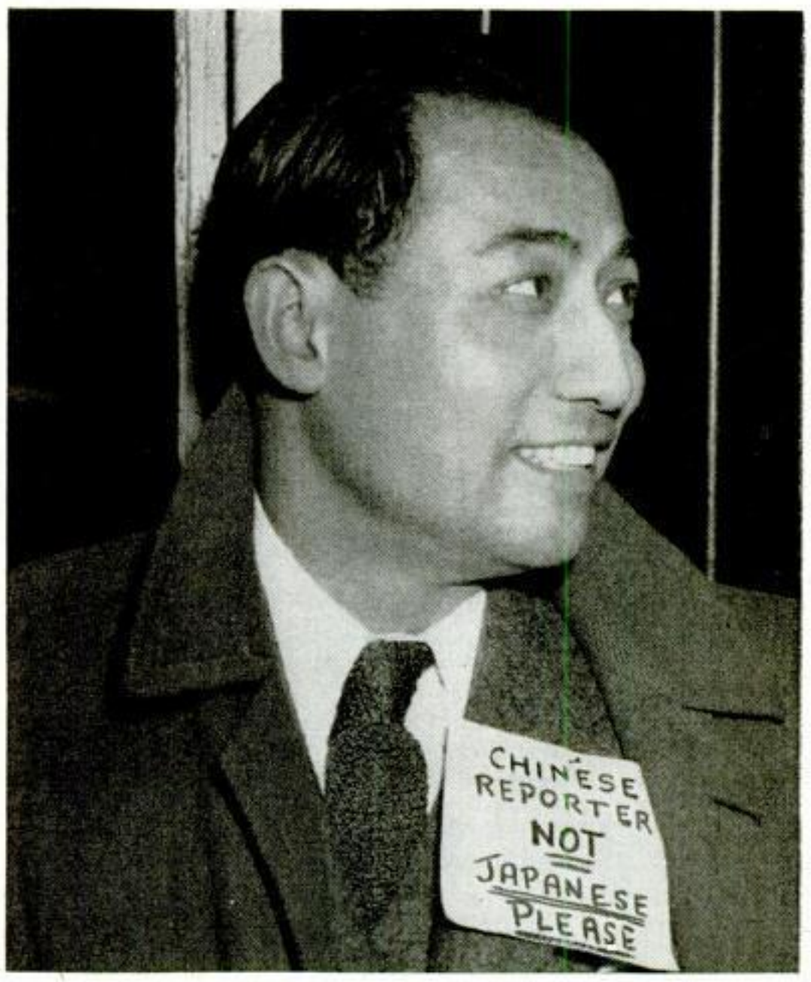
HOW TO TELL JAPS FROM THE CHINESE

ANGRY CITIZENS VICTIMIZE ALLIES WITH EMOTIONAL OUTBURST AT ENEMY

In the first discharge of emotions touched off by the Japanese assaults on their nation, U. S. citizens have been demonstrating a distressing ignorance on the delicate question of how to tell a Chinese from a Jap. Innocent victims in cities all over the country are many of the 75,000 U. S. Chinese, whose homeland is our stanch ally. So serious were the consequences threatened, that the Chinese consulates last week prepared to tag their nationals with identification buttons. To dispel some of this confusion, LIFE here adduces a rule-of-thumb from the anthropometric conformations that distinguish friendly Chinese from enemy alien Japs.

To physical anthropologists, devoted debunkers of race myths, the difference between Chinese and Japs is measurable in millimeters. Both are related to the Eskimo and North American Indian. The modern Jap is the descendant of Mongoloids who invaded the Japanese archipelago back in the mists of prehistory, and of the native aborigines who possessed the islands before them. Physical anthropology, in consequence, finds Japs and Chinese as closely related as Germans and English. It can, however, set apart the special types of each national group.

The typical Northern Chinese, represented by Ong Wen-hao, Chungking's Minister of Economic Affairs (*left, above*), is relatively tall and slenderly built. His complexion is parchment yellow, his face long and delicately boned, his nose more finely bridged. Representative of the Japanese people as a whole is Premier and General Hideki Tojo (*left, below*), who betrays aboriginal antecedents in a squat, long-torsoed build, a broader, more massively boned head and face, flat, often pug, nose, yellow-ocher skin and heavier beard. From this average type, aristocratic Japs, who claim kinship to the Imperial Household, diverge sharply. They are proud to approximate the patrician lines of the Northern Chinese.



Chinese journalist, Joe Chiang, found it necessary to advertise his nationality to gain admittance to White House press conference. Under Immigration Act of 1924, Japs and Chinese, as members of the "yellow race," are barred from immigration and naturalization.

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ZENITH WAVEMAGNET PORTABLE



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WAVEMAGNET

BUILT-IN MOVABLE FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS, PLANES, AUTOS



A NEW INVENTION—*IT'S DIFFERENT*

THE PORTABLE RADIO GUARANTEED TO PLAY WHERE OTHER PORTABLES FAIL . . . OR YOUR MONEY BACK

AT HOME OR AWAY, THE YEAR 'ROUND COMPANION



A most remarkable invention... the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL ... PLAY... OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception.* The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well*... and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

Works on Light Socket or Battery

If you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC.

Under No Other Name But Zenith

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

EARPHONES FOR PRIVACY

Earphones available for sporting events, travelling and the hard-of-hearing. Zenith Hush-a-tone for use in bed. (Both extra equipment.)

IF IT HASN'T A WAVEMAGNET —IT ISN'T A ZENITH

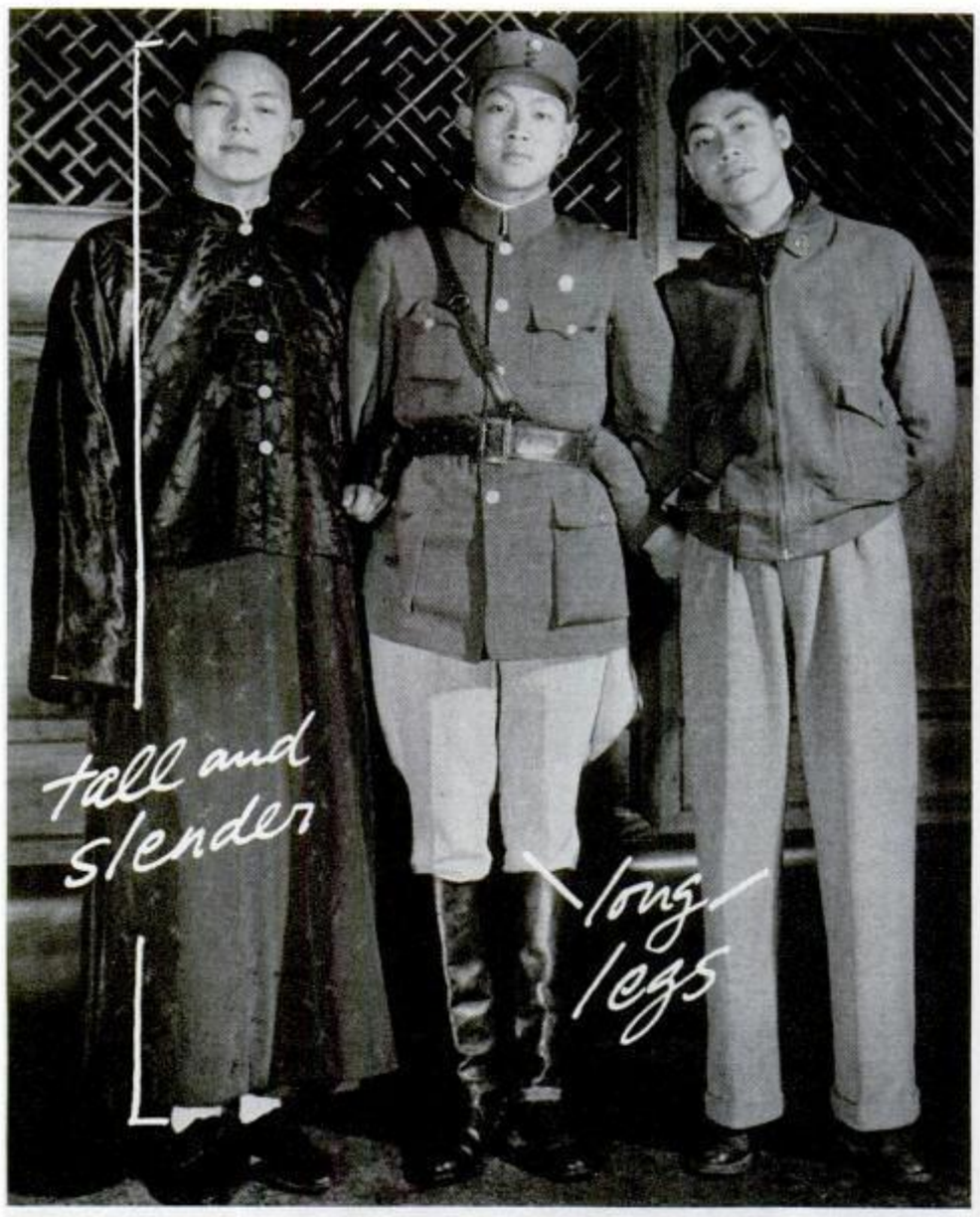
Made in Brown, Gray, Ivory and Brown Airplane Fabric and Alligator and Genuine Cowhide

AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

ZENITH RADIO

•LONG DISTANCE•

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME



Tall Chinese brothers, full length, show lanky, lithe build of northern anthropological group that has suffered most in China's recent history from flood, famine and war with Japs. Average height of Northern Chinese is 5 ft. 7 in., sometimes exceeds 6 ft. Most Chinese in America come from southern and coastal cities, Canton and Shanghai. They are shorter than Northern Chinese, but retain the slight proportions of the young men shown here. When middle-aged and fat, they look more like Japs.



Short Japanese admirals, full length, exhibit the squat, solid, long torso and short stocky legs of the most numerous Japanese anthropological group. Since Navy is relatively new and junior service, Jap naval officer corps numbers fewer Samurai, has more of the round-faced, flat-nosed peasant type. Over 6 ft. tall, Admiral Nomura shows traits of the big, fair-skinned hairy Ainu, aborigines who still live on reservations in Northern Japan. Special Emissary Kurusu, also atypical, looks European.



86.8 Proof
70% Grain
Neutral Spirits

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TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

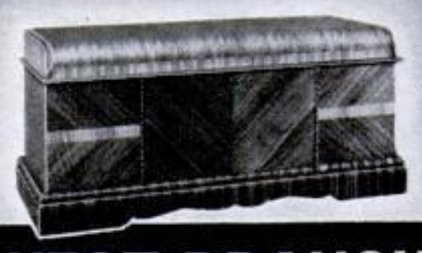
Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Just rub it on the gums

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Buy it from your druggist today

The Present with a Future



WEST BRANCH

Cedar Hope Chests

WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

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from the Employees of Lockheed — Christmas 1941

The American Aircraft Industry produced a lot of airplanes at an ever-increasing tempo during the first nine months of 1941. It actually expanded 900% over the same period a year ago. The count isn't in for the *whole* year yet, but our pace—our output—continues to forge ahead.

There's one real reason for this record—and that's because our hearts are in our jobs . . . but we're not different from any other men in American industry.

We do think however, Americans everywhere should know these aviation facts:

1. No industry in the history of the world has expanded so fast—EVER.

2. No industry has ever expanded so—with NO sacrifice of quality in product.

3. No industry has EVER so led the world in performance, stamina, speed, of product.

4. No country—England, Germany—*any* country—produces better airplanes of any type—big bombers—medium or light or dive bombers—interceptors or pursuits.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

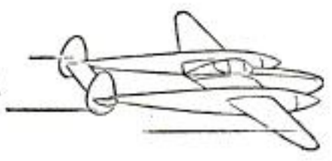
These are strong statements. But we can make them honestly, without boasting; it's been a cooperative job. We've had to make changes and we've learned a lot. We've worked with Washington and Dayton—with OPM—the engine men—with the Army and the Navy. We've fought with them too—but that's the healthy, democratic way of getting the best from the best country in the world. But mind you we've fought *with*—NOT *against* them, and they with us, *not* against us. Without them we would have accomplished little.

Now, the gearing up—the speeding up—is well on its way. Now—REAL production is rolling. Now 'planes to turn the tide are being delivered in fast-increasing quantities.

And from it all we are learning so much that it seems almost unbelievable. Military necessity has taught us new wing structures—new areodynamics that doubtless will be applied to the design of post-war airplanes for you—for the world. And military production techniques are teaching us how to make them cheaper—faster—stronger.

That's why we know that permanent good is coming from this emergency. That's why our jobs are good jobs. That's why we anticipate a future of peace on earth—a future industry that will make your lives—our lives—more prosperous and happy.

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION • BURBANK CALIFORNIA



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Life Goes to a Party

SECOND CLASSMEN OF VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE AND THEIR GIRLS EXECUTE THE ANNUAL RING FIGURE IN SCHOOL GYMNASIUM. EACH GIRL RECEIVED TWO DOZEN ROSES

AFTER FIGURE, COLUMNS WAIT IN LINE WHILE EACH COUPLE PASSES THROUGH ARCH WHERE GIRLS SLIP CLASS RINGS ON ESCORTS. THE DANCERS HAVE COMPLETED CEREMONY

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Life Goes to a Party at V. M. I.

Cadets at the "West Point of the South" receive their class rings

No State in the Union is prouder of her sons and of her soil than Virginia. No State has a greater military tradition than the home of Washington, Lee and Stonewall Jackson, the scene of Yorktown, Chancellorsville and Bull Run. But in their glorious history, many Virginians are proudest of one day when, on May 15, 1864, the student corps of V. M. I., the "West Point of the South," made its heroic charge at New Market. Four days before a courier had come to Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, 80 miles from New Market, with a summons from General Breckinridge, then trying to intercept an advancing Federal Army under General Sigel. Out into the rain marched the corps, 247 strong. The average age was 18. Some of them were only 15, so young that when they marched through Staunton, a veteran band struck up *Rock-a-bye, baby,* but on the field they won awed respect even from the enemy. Up a long hill into Sigel's withering fire swept the corps, as though on dress parade, and captured the Federal batteries at the bayonet point. When the smoke cleared 57 cadets had fallen but the field was V. M. I.'s.

Well aware of this tradition and its present implications for them are the young men on these pages, shown celebrating their annual ceremony of the Ring Figure, when the Second (Junior) Class receive their class rings from their best girls at a big dance in the gymnasium. Some 650 of the 735 cadets now enrolled were there, and for a few who privately gave their girls miniature replicas of the class ring, the occasion was also an engagement party.

This year more than ever, excellent military schools like V. M. I. are of prime importance to the U. S. Since it was founded in 1839 by the State Assembly of Virginia, V. M. I. has contributed 2,154 officers to the U. S. Army. Stonewall Jackson and Matthew Fontaine Maury taught here, and from here came such outstanding graduates as Chief of Staff General George Marshall, Admiral Byrd and Maury Maverick. The course is technical, difficult and complete, the discipline rigorous. Cadets go through a stern "rat" system operated by themselves, which was immortalized in a Broadway play, *Brother Rat.* They learn a strict code of honor. Out of V. M. I. this year the U. S. Army, Marine and Air Corps may expect to find some of its best future officers. For while in time of peace its graduates become reserve officers, the V. M. I. class of 1918 enlisted to a man for active service.

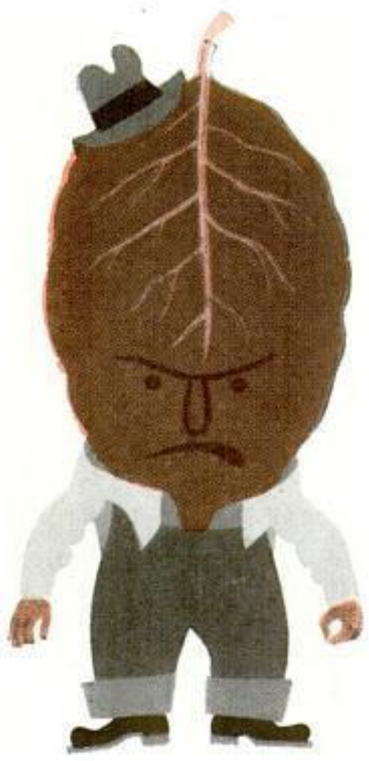


Cadets and girls sit one out in Jackson Memorial Hall under the famous painting by B. West Clinedinst (V. M. I. Class of '80) of the charge at New Market. The boys above are no older than the boys below. When someone once asked Lincoln if the Civil War would be over in three months, he said, "It might be, if it weren't for a certain school in Virginia."

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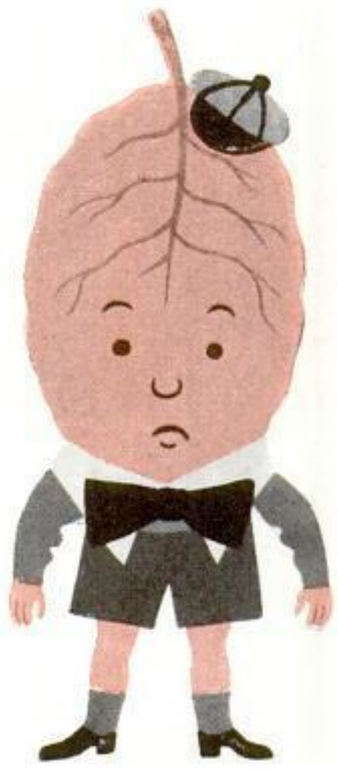
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Two tobaccos who flunked ... and one who didn't



This tobacco leaf wasn't a bad tobacco leaf. But he wasn't nearly aristocratic enough for Briggs Pipe Mixture. He didn't have what it takes—so he couldn't make the grade.

This tobacco leaf was as blue-blooded as they come. But alas, Time hadn't matured and mellowed him enough for Briggs Pipe Mixture! That's why *he* didn't make the grade.





This tobacco leaf was both high born and mellow with years. That's the only kind of tobacco good enough for Briggs!

Yes, finer tobaccos . . . aged for years in fragrant oaken casks . . . aged *longer* than those in many luxury-priced blends . . . give Briggs its extra mellow, bite-free flavor. For a finer pipe treat, try a tin. Only 15¢.

BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE

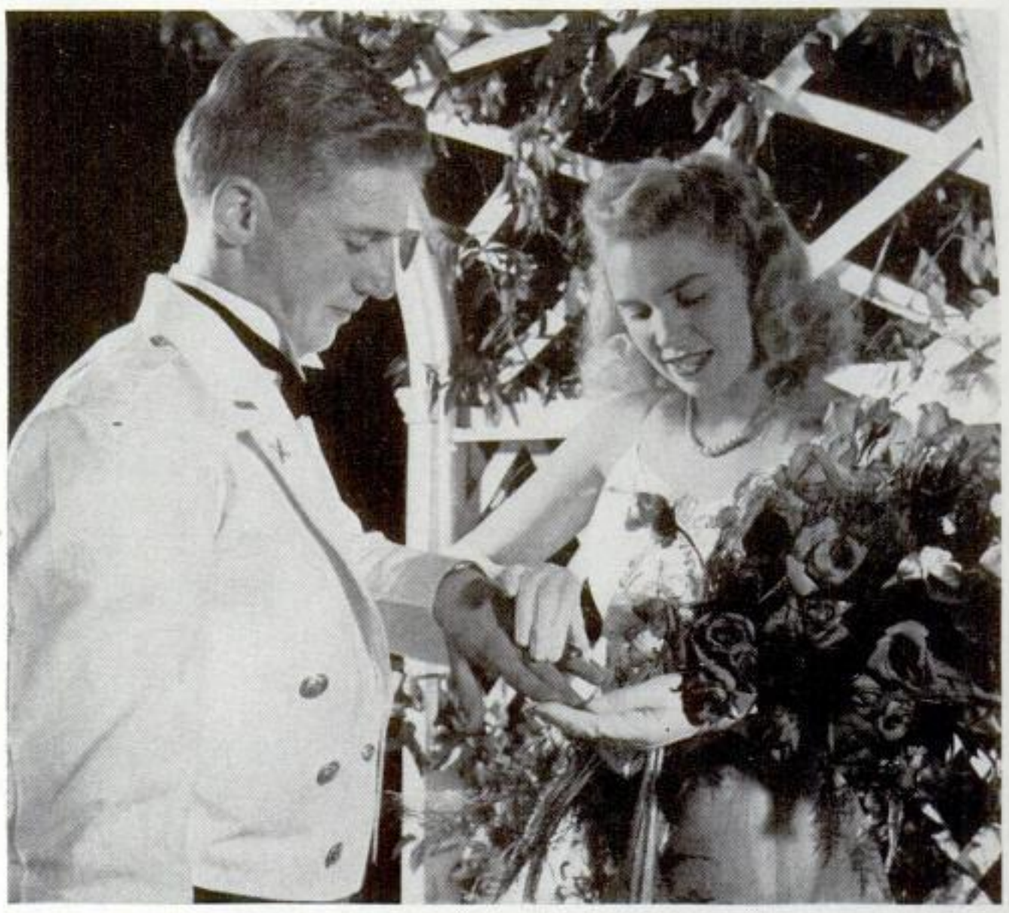
1 Extra Fine Tobaccos

2 Aged Extra Long for Extra Flavor





Cadet Leon M. Sensabaugh receives his class ring from Jean Ratliff. Both are from Birmingham, Ala. Following custom, he brings ring to the arch, where she puts it on.



Vice president of the class, Cadet W. L. Reeves of Madison, N. J., has his ring slipped on by Sara Thornton of Norfolk, Va. For what happened next, see the opposite page.



Jean Mann receives a miniature of class ring from Cadet W. G. McClure Jr., president of the class. She has already given him his ring and this one signifies engagement.

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A fond kiss is given Cadet Reeves as the traditional follow-up of the bestowal of the ring. The Ring Figure is the most important to cadets of all V. M. I. ceremonies.



WHAT would *you* serve a "Man Who Came to Dinner"—and stayed two weeks? Ann Sheridan has a suggestion. One day, after working in her new picture ("T.M.W.C.T.D."), she took Royal Crown's famous cola taste-test. Quicker than you can say "It-happened-on-the-Warner-lot," Ann spotted one cola with *oomph!*

The facts: Miss Sheridan tasted the nation's best-known colas from plain paper cups. She was asked simply to choose the one that tasted best. Quite impartially she picked Royal Crown Cola. "It was *far better* tasting," she said later, as her taste-test was being certified before a notary public. "Now Royal Crown Cola is my year-round favorite."

When you want a "quick-up" this winter—after skiing, skating or a hard day's work—reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola. Your tongue will tell you it's the best cola you ever tasted. And you get an added feature, too! Not one—but *two* full glasses in each 5¢ bottle. Six bottles in the home carton, 25¢.



TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COLA

Best by Taste-Test

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DON'T BE CARELESS! REMEMBER

PERSPIRATION IS ACID ...it ROTS your stockings!

Turn to NEW IVORY SNOW care to guard against this danger! Read how it helps you get up to 1/5 more wear



"Carelessness costs lots, you know, So rinse each day with Ivory Snow."
—*Miss Ivory Snow*

• Do mysterious, embarrassing runs too often ruin your precious stockings? Washing experts now point out a frequently neglected danger that helps to open the way to runs:

It is *perspiration*. The normal human body gives off at least a pint of perspiration *every day*, winter as well as summer. It is frequently unseen, unfelt—yet this perspiration is *acid*, *eats away* delicate stocking fibres!

To guard against this danger—change from careless washing methods . . . give stockings modern, daily Ivory Snow care!

Ivory Snow is a remarkable new soap that comes in tiny "snowdrop" form—dissolves in a jiffy . . . gives rich, active suds in just 3 seconds, even in *cool* water! Yet it is safe, gentle—Ivory-pure.

Tests show daily Ivory Snow care leads to as much as 20% more stocking wear. Helps undies stay bright and fresh far longer, too.

Only Ivory Snow Combines BOTH These Advantages

1. Pure soap made under a patented process in tiny "snowdrop" form...

2. Dissolves like a flash in safe *cool* water—4 times faster, by actual test, than any soap of its kind.

No wonder Ivory Snow acts so surely against acid perspiration, to help stockings last longer.



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PROCTER & GAMBLE

WANT LOVELIER HANDS IN 12 DAYS?



If your hands are red and rough from using one of the 5 leading packaged soaps—change to pure Ivory Snow for all your dishwashing. It cuts grease in a flash. And in just 12 days you'll get softer hands!

RICH, SAFE SUDS IN 3 SECONDS — EVEN IN COOL WATER

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

STORM, FIRE, LUNCH

Sirs:

When lightning from a freak December thunderstorm struck a potato storage house on a Rayners Bros. tenant farm, it started a four-hour blaze which completely roasted some 2,200 bushels of Maryland golden sweets. The little colored girl shown below found the potatoes a culinary treat, was on her second one when I shot this picture.

JAMES E. PERRY
Salisbury, Md.



A BORESOME CHORE

Sirs:

Life on a farm isn't always a succession of vigorous outdoor jobs. Here is an example of the more sedentary type of duty which crops up occasionally. Mr. John Banigan's hired man doesn't appear to be enjoying his job of playing bottle nurse to this adopted orphan shoat.

JOSEF SCAYLEA
South Glastonbury, Conn.



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SINCE THE GEWGAW GIFTS OF THE NINETIES,

Christmas TASTE has changed!



CHRISTMAS....1899

When the gentleman of the Nineties opened his Christmas bundles, he found them loaded with strange gifts.

For instance, the gold toothpick. Hand-painted shaving mug. Moustache cup to keep his weeping willows out of danger!

And, of course, the traditional gift of liquor. Heavy, heady whiskey as far from your today's taste as a bearskin lap robe!

But it was the only kind of bonded whiskey they knew how to make in those days.

CHRISTMAS....1941

May you find bottled-in-bond Signet under your tree! It fits all the other 1941 gifts you'll find there.

It's rich, ripe, mellow, and warming as the Christmas spirit. Yet Signet is gloriously *light!* How come?

First, it's *distilled* for lightness. Then it's aged like the choicest Scotch and Canadian whiskies, the rarest brandies. For 5 years Signet ripens in casks pre-mellowed by prior use in aging other fine Hiram Walker whiskies.

Signet is the first American bonded whiskey to be

AGED IN AGED WOOD!

Warm his heart with the Gift that Thrills his Taste...

HIRAM WALKER'S

Signet

First Bonded Whiskey of its kind

DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT . . . BECAUSE IT'S AGED IN AGED WOOD

Signet is distilled for lightness. It is then aged in charred casks that have been pre-mellowed by repeated prior use. Scotch and Canadian whiskies and the rarest French brandies are also aged in casks that have been thus pre-mellowed.

HIRAM WALKER



This whiskey is 5 years old. 100 proof

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It wouldn't be Christmas without *Whitman's*



More than any other gift, Whitman's has a wonderful way of saying "Merry Christmas" to those you like . . . to those you love!

mother, sister, wife, sweetheart, all those who are near and dear.

the friend next door and the aunt you see so seldom and like so much.

the secretary in the office and the cop on the corner.



the milkman who comes without clatter, the postman who rings only once (and softly!) . . . all who make life pleasanter with their kind and friendly service.

Whitman's is ideal too as a last-minute gift for friends you've "forgotten" but never intended to overlook. And be sure to have a box of Whitman's at home . . . for the enjoyment of your family and the folks who come to call.

YOUR DEALER HAS THESE AND OTHER WHITMAN'S BOXES BEAUTIFULLY WRAPPED FOR CHRISTMAS



THE SAMPLER, $1.50 to $7.50—Exciting selection of nuts, fruits, nougats, nutty and honey caramels, creams . . . the very choicest of choice candies!

THE BOW-KNOT, $1.50 and $3.00—Whitman's newest box of fine chocolates. Thirty varieties with many new specially created pieces. $1.50 lb.

THE FAIRHILL, $1 to $5—America's most popular box of fine candy at $1 a pound. Choice nuts, fruits, creams, other favorites . . . in 1, 2, 3, 5 lb. sizes.

FRUITS and NUTS, $1 and $2—A gift that gets a warm welcome anywhere. Six kinds of fruits, five kinds of nuts and other tempting favorites. $1 lb.

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